LITERATURE READERS

SIXTH YEAR

LEROY E. ARMSTRONG

CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES

LOS GATOS GRAMMAR
SCHOOL
No. 15
Santa Clara Co.
CALIFORNIA

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CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES

SIXTH YEAR LITERATURE READER

BY
LEROY E. ARMSTRONG

REVISED AND ADOPTED
BY THE CALIFORNIA STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

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A TALK WITH THE TEACHER

THE PAST ten years have seen in many sections of our country a decided change in the character and scope of the reading work for the upper grades. The old advanced reader with its assortment of short poems and selected passages from longer poetic and prose productions has gradually been discontinued. An examination of recent courses of study and pedagogical works reveals a pronounced tendency toward a careful consideration of a limited number of classics of considerable length.

TEST OF ANY PLAN IN LITERATURE

It may perhaps be granted that this general movement toward a more careful study of complete classics is for the child's literary welfare. It can not be questioned, however, that many school systems have gone too far in this direction. The expanding life of a child as a citizen of the world demands acquaintance with a considerable portion of the world's best thought as expressed in literature. If literature is to stimulate the child's intellect, kindle his imagination, arouse generous enthusiasms, and develop appreciation of the good and the beautiful, it must not be doled out in workhouse portions like the mush devoted to the sustenance of the youthful Oliver Twist. At the inexhaustible fountain of English literature the child should be led to drink deep. Any plan is at fault that does not develop in him an ever-growing taste for good things to read. It may well be questioned whether limiting the work in literature in the three upper grades to five or six classics a year does not check the natural desire to read. The microscopic study of details, when once the central unity of a production is clearly grasped, is for the grammar-grade child a delusion and a snare. On the other hand, the power to turn on the white light of examination to clear up doubtful meanings and to grasp an author's central purpose should be developed in every child. Such power can come only from a careful study of masterpieces worthy of the child's best efforts; but to insist upon *constant* intensity is to prevent a perfect entrance into that delightful realm of fact and fancy which every child must approach on tiptoe. To insist that he

have a firm ground of understanding at every step is a stupendous folly. It is to forget that the child is straining manward—that the half-perceived truths and beauties of today will be among tomorrow's clearest visions.

PLAN OF THESE READERS

Thus it is the purpose of these books to furnish a plan that will recognize and incorporate the rightful claims of both the intensive and extensive methods of presenting literature. On the extensive, or variety side, the task has been comparatively easy. Many old-time favorites, as well as the best of the new, have been chosen. The two principal deviations from the old plan have been the inclusion (with a very few exceptions) of complete classics only, and the rigid subordination of intellectual and informational materials to the emotional. On the intensive side the task has been more difficult. A new plan is presented. Systematic lesson-plans have been prepared for six classics, viz: Kingsley's "The Argonauts" (from "Greek Heroes"), Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Longfellow's "Evangeline," Whittier's "Snow-Bound," and Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar." (Study plans of Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," and Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" have been included, also, but these may be passed over lightly, if time presses.) Each half-year's work from the low sixth on begins with a careful study of one of these longer classics, a study that will require from four to eight weeks. The remaining weeks are given to the reading and easy discussion of other productions and books.

REASON FOR ARRANGEMENT

This arrangement of the work springs from a recognition of a certain alertness toward the printed page developed by a careful study of a classic. Most people seldom study carefully the printed page. Very few readers take the trouble or have the power to follow the niceties of an author's thought. Usually they stop with a mere approximation to it. If all of a child's reading is of the extensive sort, he is sure to fall into a habit of imperfect grasp. The preventive and corrective of this habit rest in definite and recurrent periods of effort upon

classics of some length. A tonic effect of such effort reveals itself later in increased alertness toward other materials that are to be studied less carefully. Hence the intensive work at the beginning of each term is the best preparation for the extensive materials that are to complete the half-year's work. This mental pulsation makes for increased power and appreciation.

FORMATION OF THE LIBRARY HABIT

In addition to the materials given in these Readers, children should form that wider acquaintance with literature afforded by a good library. Good books should be constantly within reach. To assist teachers in leading children in these grades to an enjoyment of good authors, many pleasing books have been cited for "Pleasure Reading" following the selections; and a list of other books suitable for the grade has been appended to each Reader. Teachers are urged to have these books placed in the school library. They should be made an integral part of the work in literature. If the classrooms are supplied with these books, one recitation period per week may profitably be given to their silent reading, each child for himself, under the guidance of the teacher. As another means of placing the children on the king's highway of good books, oral reports on books read may be commended. A ten-minute report may include a simple resumé of the story in the pupil's own language, supplemented by extracts read from the book itself. But these reports should be voluntary rather than required. Appealing to children's natural liking for stories, these reports are sure of interested auditors; and some of the members of the class will desire to read the book for themselves. Material outside the text must be supplied regularly if the class is to be kept vigorous. Pupils should be encouraged to prepare under the approval of the teacher four or five minute readings from their favorite books. Every effort should be made to make the world of books so inviting that children will enter for the pure pleasure of it. Teachers should never forget that the goal in the teaching of literature is a robust library habit based on worth-while books. A teacher should measure his success in teaching reading by the number of good books his pupils have read intelligently and appreciatively during the term.

MEMORIZING SHORT CHOICE PRODUCTIONS

Another phase of good literature teaching outside the text lies in memorization. Throughout all the grades short complete productions, such as Longfellow's "The Children's Hour," Miller's "Columbus," Holmes' "The Last Leaf," and Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address," should be studied and memorized by the children. Five selections a year committed to memory will enable pupils to leave the grammar school with a choice body of the best English and American shorter classics. This is the kind of work that should be given over to the memory. Children delight in these classics, and the retention of them in memory will prove a lifelong pleasure.

DISCUSSION OF INTENSIVE PLAN

Having endeavored to make adequate provision for helpful variety and a sure approach to the library, we turn now to a consideration of the intensive as outlined in the study-plans accompanying six of the longer classics. Since the success of the general plan depends to a certain extent upon this intensive work, a discussion of the aims and methods involved therein is advisable.

PLAN OF PROGRESSIVE INTERRELATING

One of the causes of the failure to secure thoroughly satisfactory work in literature rests on the practice of treating each masterpiece independently. While most of the other studies provide for systematic reviews and enlargements of the topics treated, no adequate plan has been offered for similar work in literature. An attempt has been made in the study-plans of these six classics (and to a certain extent in the questions upon the other materials) to provide such a plan. By cross-references, comparisons and suggestive questions, the past work is brought to bear upon the classic in hand. This not only reviews and renews the past work, but it also adds strength and interest to the new.

REFERENCES AND ALLUSIONS

In connection with this plan to interrelate the classics as the work goes on, attention is called to the definite provision for

securing for all the work a background of common literary knowledge. Literature is filled with references and allusions that must be understood to appreciate the thought. Longfellow's line,

> *"Simple and brief was the wedding as that of Ruth and of Boaz"*

requires acquaintance with a beautiful Biblical story. A classical story lies back of Shakespeare's lines,

> *"As Æneas, our great ancestor,*
> *Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder*
> *The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber*
> *Did I the tired Cæsar."*

Since the two great sources of reference and allusion are classical mythology and the Bible, a knowledge of the principal stories of each is indispensable and should be developed as early as possible. The study-plan of "The Argonauts" makes a definite effort to secure such acquaintance with classical mythology. In a similar way "The Courtship of Miles Standish" has been used to give a knowledge of the principal Biblical stories.

STUDY OF THE AUTHOR

The common practice of outlining the author's life before studying the classic is unpedagogical. Children are interested in a poem, a song, or a picture for its own sake, not for the sake of the author or artist. If the masterpiece is studied first, the fine glow of appreciation and enthusiasm aroused by it will lead children to desire to know something of the genius who produced it. Then, too, the production itself is generally a more complete revelation of the real self of the author than any biographical sketch may afford. This is especially true when the production is of considerable length. We feel confident that the plan of training children in the intensive work to search for the author in the masterpiece will commend itself to teachers. However, in extensive materials in which the principal aim of a brief biographical note is the association of author and production, it seems a matter of little concern whether this brief note be placed before or after the production.

WORK IN LANGUAGE

Too much language work in connection with literature is worse than not enough. There are two lines, however, that may be profitably followed. The pupil must not be permitted in his analytic work on the stanzas and paragraphs to lose sight of the central unity of the production. To make sure that the parts shall assume their proper relation to the whole, suggestive topic-headings have been prepared. Oral composition may well be a simple reproduction from one or more of these headings, but the written work on the classic should contain an element of originality. It may rest upon the firm ground of the classic as a basis, but from that basis the pupil should take flight of his own. The following topics for short papers will illustrate the character of the desired work: "An Adventure with Jason at Chiron's School," "A Page from John Alden's Diary," "A Day in Ichabod Crane's School," "A Letter from Evangeline to Basil," "A Story Told by the Young Schoolmaster" (Snow-Bound), "A Roman Citizen's Story of the Speeches of Brutus and Anthony." These two lines of oral and written composition may be pursued in the extensive materials, also, as far as time will permit. However, the preparation of topic-headings, requiring as it does a careful analysis of the thought, should be a part of the pupil's regular preparation in the extensive materials. It is suggested that this work in composition, both oral and written, be given during the periods set aside for language.

CORRELATIONS

For the correlation of literature with other subjects a paragraph must suffice. The suggested re-inforcement of the literature work by appropriate language exercises has just been developed at some length. This work is advisable, but the same can not be said of many proposed correlations of literature with geography and history. While literature may often be used profitably to supplement history, the reverse is not true. When it is attempted, the establishment of the correlation is purely intellectual, and is thereby opposed to the fundamental conception of the emotional nature and value of literature. Dragging any considerable amount of geography or history into the literature lesson chokes the generous aspiration aroused by the classic, and reduces the lesson to an intel-

lectual grind from which the highest pleasure and profit are gone. Truly the spirit giveth life. Perhaps the safest plan will be to debar all proposed correlations with geography and history unless they are clearly necessary to an understanding of the thought. They must not be used merely to "embellish" the literature.

USE OF PICTURES IN LITERATURE

On the other hand, the use of pictures in connection with literature should be encouraged. Appealing primarily to the feelings, both pictures and classics are art-forms, and as literature may be used in support of history, geography, or nature study on the principle that the higher emotional study may support the intellectual or the less emotional, so pictures (having for children as high an emotional value as literature) may profitably be used in its support. Geography is apt to throw an intellectual chill over the literature, but the high emotional value of the picture adds life and strength to the classic. In addition to suitable large pictures for the walls of the schoolroom, portfolios of pictures illustrating the classics under consideration should be made by the teacher and pupils. There are several series of small inexpensive pictures, notably Brown's Pictures and the Perry Pictures, that may with little difficulty be so arranged. These portfolios will add greatly to the effectiveness of the literature lessons.

BASIS OF THE GENERAL METHOD

The general method of presenting these classics rests upon the assumption that literature is addressed to the heart and to the conscience, rather than to the intellect. We apprehend our problem most clearly when we look upon literature as a series of organic art-forms, spiritual in nature, appealing to the spiritual within us. Registering this appeal in our consciousness is a simple matter. As the piano is required to actualize Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" with all its mysterious spiritual surges and cadences, so the human voice with its richness and flexibility is required to actualize Whittier's "Snow-Bound" in all its supremely spiritual power. Many people do not care for poetry because they have sought it with the eye instead of the ear. How many would enjoy music if sought in

the same way? Yet the poem requires the voice as fully as the written music requires the piano.

READING BY THE TEACHER

These conclusions point to a practical end. Since an art-form is an organic thing, a classic should be grasped first as a literary whole. The voice is needed to convey the spiritual element of the classic to the spiritual within us. Then the first step in the presentation of a literary masterpiece would seem to be a sympathetic oral rendering of it by the teacher, because he can grasp and express the art-form of the author better than the children. During this first reading it is generally better to make no comments. Present the production in its organic unity, and the resulting impression will be fine and strong. However, if the classic is short and offers no special difficulty, the preliminary reading may be done by the children.

PREPARATION BY THE PUPILS

The story element having been satisfied by this reading, the pupils are ready to undertake the work of making the classic their own. The teacher should now assign the prepared words and questions on one or more stanzas or paragraphs, adding such other directions and suggestions as are deemed necessary. When this assigned work has been prepared, it should be discussed in class. The definitions of the words should usually be synonyms. By revealing the different meanings and the different shades of meaning of the same word in varying contexts, this work will rapidly develop discrimination in the use of words and add largely to the pupil's vocabulary. But beware of too much word work; it soon becomes an intrusion and a bore. Words are known by the company they keep. If the context brings out clearly the meaning of a word, go forward without delay. Word work is distinctly intellectual, and finds justification only in so far as it assists pupils to a better grasp of the author's thought. In literary study we are aiming directly at emotional results.

READING BY THE PUPILS

When the work on words and questions has been completed, the pupils may pass to the oral reading. Impress upon the

children that the chief purpose of oral reading is entertainment. Let each pupil go forward and face the class while reading. During this reading (of not less than one stanza, paragraph, or complete part) the other pupils should close books over fingers and give careful attention. Then invite criticisms, both in approval and disapproval. These criticisms must not be too technical. The general impression of the reading should be sought. The members of the class may point out that the reading was appreciative or mechanical; that the movement was good, or too fast, or too slow; that the secondary materials were properly subordinated by being read more rapidly and in a lower tone, or that the reading was monotonous (of one tone). This work should be handled in a judicious, sympathetic way, so as not to wound the readers and develop self-consciousness in them. By requiring children to form definite opinions upon the reading of their classmates, noting both the good and the weak points, improvement in their own reading will readily follow.

DRAMATIZATION

One specially valuable means of obtaining expressive oral reading based on thorough appreciation is the practice of dramatizing portions of the classics studied. No formal stage properties are needed—in fact, through inducing self-consciousness, they often do more harm than good. A great many classics, both short and long, furnish dramatic situations that may readily be put into dialogue form. As simple a thing as Colton's "The Dervise and the Camel" takes on increased interest and dignity when one pupil impersonates the dervise, while others take the parts of the merchants and the cadi. Every child responds to dramatic representation. A wise teacher is constantly on the lookout to arrange the reading materials so as to appeal to this instinctive love of the dramatic. Of great value in all reading work, this appeal to the dramatic is the best possible means of knitting together the parts of a classic after intensive study. Instead of a perfunctory third reading of "The Argonauts," a few scenes, such as "Chiron's Promise to Eson," "Parting of Jason and Chiron," "Meeting of Jason and Pelias," "Bold Words between Jason and Eetes," "Medea's Offer to Jason," "Jason's Return to Eson," will bring the parts together and thus leave a well-organized,

attractive notion of the story. The importance of this work can not be too strongly emphasized. Though it has been suggested in many places in the study-plans, teachers should watch continually for opportunities for its further use.

EXAMINATIONS

Finally, in the matter of examinations, we face a question that needs consideration. If we say that the thing most worth having in a literary production is the spiritual element, how may we know that the pupil has taken that spiritual element into his own life? Clearly this information lies beyond any questions we may frame. We may arrive at it, however, by requiring the pupil to read selections of the classic to us. His *voice* will tell how much of the essence of the production he has assimilated. He may not be conscious, in fact he probably will not be, of the spiritual influence of the masterpiece. Nor is it necessary that he should be. Of some of the greatest influences that mold our real selves, we are all of us unconscious. A written examination in literature is beset by grave difficulties. It is like attempting to write a man's biography by giving a description of his physical appearance, height, color of eyes and hair, scars. These things can never tell what manner of man he is. The written examination in literature is necessarily a futile attempt to express the spiritual in terms of the intellectual. The intellectual element should be recognized and questioned for, but we should not forget that it is of secondary importance. It is easier to get at, but it is worth less. A written examination should call for a substantial quotation from the masterpiece. Let the pupils give over to their memories the choicest parts of the production, and sooner or later these heart-throbs of literature will bear fruit in increased sweetness and dignity of character.

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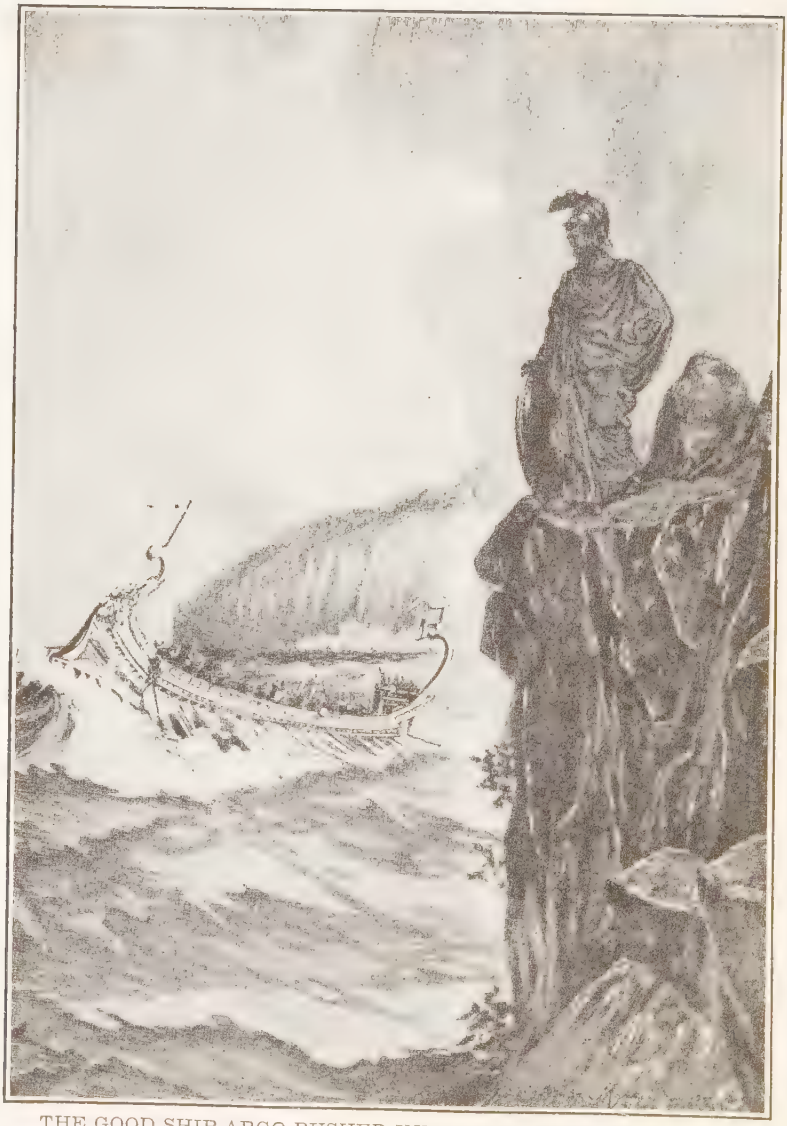

THE GOOD SHIP ARGO RUSHED INTO THE WHISPERING SEA.

THE ARGONAUTS

PART I

"How the Centaur* Trained the Heroes on Pelion"*

I HAVE a tale of heroes who sailed away into a distant land, to win themselves renown forever in the adventure of the Golden Fleece.

2. Whither they sailed, I can not clearly tell. It all happened long ago; so long ago that it has all grown dim, like a dream which you dreamt last year. And why they went I can not tell: some say that it was to win gold. It may be so; but the noblest deeds which have been done on earth have not been done for gold.

3. And what was that first Golden Fleece? The old Greeks said that it hung in Colchis,* nailed to a beech tree in the War-god's wood; and that it was the fleece of the wondrous ram which bore Phrixus* and Helle* across the Euxine* sea. For Phrixus and Helle were the children of the cloud-nymph and of Athamas,* the Minuan king. And when a famine came upon the land, their cruel stepmother Ino wished to kill them, that her own children might reign, and said they must be sacrificed on an altar to turn away the anger of the gods. So the poor children were brought to the altar, and the priest stood ready with his knife, when out of the clouds came the Golden Ram and took them on his back, and vanished. Then madness came upon that foolish king, Athamas, and ruin upon Ino and her children. For Athamas killed one of them in his fury, and Ino fled from him with the other in her arms and leapt from a cliff into the sea, and was changed into a dolphin, which wanders over the waves forever sighing, with its little one clapsed to its breast.

*All names followed by this mark will be found in the Pronunciation of Names at the back of the book.

4. But the people drove out King Athamas because he had killed his child; and he roamed about in his misery till he came to the Oracle in Delphi.* And the Oracle told him that he must wander for his sin till the wild beasts should feast him as their guest. So he went on in hunger and sorrow for many a weary day, till he saw a pack of wolves. The wolves were tearing a sheep; but when they saw Athamas they fled, and left the sheep for him, and he ate of it; and then he knew that the oracle was fulfilled at last. So he wandered no more; but settled and built a town, and became a king again.

5. But the ram carried the two children far away over land and sea, till he came to the Thracian Chersonese,* and there Helle fell into the sea. So those narrow straits are called "Hellespont" after her; and they bear that name until this day.

6. Then the ram flew on with Phrixus to the northeast across the sea which we call the Black Sea now; but the Greeks called it the Euxine.* And at last, they say, he stopped at Colchis; and there Phrixus married Chalciope,* the daughter of Eetes* the king; and offered the ram in sacrifice; and Eetes nailed the ram's fleece to a beech in the grove of Ares the War-god.

7. And after awhile Phrixus died and was buried, but his spirit had no rest; for he was buried far from his native land, and the pleasant hills of Hellas.* So he came in dream to the heroes of the Minuai* and called sadly by their beds, "Come and set my spirit free, that I may go home to my fathers and my kinsfolk and the pleasant Minuan land."

8. And they asked, "How shall we set your spirit free?"

9. "You must sail over the sea to Colchis, and bring home the golden fleece; and then my spirit will come back with it, and I shall sleep with my fathers and have rest."

10. He came thus and called to them often; but when they woke they looked at each other and said, "Who dare sail to Colchis, or bring home the golden fleece?" And in all the

country none was brave enough to try it; for the man and the time were not come.

11. Phrixus had a cousin called Eson,* who was king of Iolcos* by the sea. There he ruled over the rich Minuan heroes, as Athamas his uncle ruled in Beotia,* and, like Athamas, he was an unhappy man. For he had a stepbrother named Pelias,* of whom some said that he was a nymph's son, and there were dark and sad tales about his birth. He grew up fierce and lawless, and did many a fearful deed; and at last he drove out Eson his stepbrother, and took the kingdom to himself and ruled over the rich Minuan heroes in Iolcos by the sea.

12. And Eson, when he was driven out, went sadly away out of the town leading his little son by the hand; and he said to himself, "I must hide the child in the mountains, or Pelias will surely kill him, because he is the heir."

13. So he went up from the sea across the valley, through the vineyards and the olive groves, and across the torrent of Anauros,* toward Pelion,* the ancient mountain, whose brows are white with snow.

14. He went up and up into the mountain, over marsh and crag and down, till the boy was tired and footsore, and Eson had to bear him in his arms, till he came to the mouth of a lonely cave at the foot of a mighty cliff.

15. Above the cliff the snow wreaths hung, dripping and cracking in the sun; but at its foot around the cave's mouth grew all fair flowers and herbs, as if in a garden, ranged in order, each sort by itself. There they grew gaily in the sunshine and the spray of the torrent from above; while from the cave came the sound of music, and a man's voice singing to the harp.

16. Then Eson put down the lad, and whispered, "Fear not, but go in and whomsoever you shall find, lay your hands upon his knees and say, 'In the name of Zeus,* the father of gods and men, I am your guest from this day forth.'"

17. Then the lad went in without trembling, for he too was a hero's son; but when he was within he stopped in wonder to listen to that magic song.

18. And there he saw the singer lying upon bearskins and fragrant boughs: Chiron,* the ancient Centaur,* the wisest of all things beneath the sky. Down to the waist he was a man, but below he was a noble horse; his white hair rolled down over his broad shoulders, and his white beard over his broad brown chest; and his eyes were wise and mild, and his forehead like a mountain wall.

19. And in his hands he held a harp of gold, and struck it with a golden key; and as he struck he sang till his eyes glittered and filled all the cave with light.

20. And he sang of the birth of Time, and of the heavens and the dancing stars; and of the ocean, and the ether, and the fire, and the shaping of the wondrous earth. And he sang of the treasures of the hills, and the hidden jewels of the mine, and the veins of fire and metal, and the virtues of all healing herbs, and of the speech of birds, and of prophecy, and of hidden things to come.

21. Then he sang of health, and strength, and manhood, and a valiant heart; and of music, and hunting, and wrestling, and all the games which heroes love; and of travel, and wars, and sieges, and a noble death in fight; and then he sang of peace and plenty, and of equal justice in the land. And as he sang the boy listened wide-eyed, and forgot his errand in the song.

22. And at the last old Chiron was silent, and called the lad with a soft voice. And the lad ran trembling to him, and would have laid his hands upon his knees; but Chiron smiled and said, "Call hither your father Eson, for I know you and all that has befallen, and saw you both afar in the valley, even before you left the town."

23. Then Eson came in sadly and Chiron asked him, "Why camest you not yourself to me, Eson?"

24. And Eson said, "I thought, Chiron will pity the lad if he sees him come alone; and I wished to try whether he was fearless, and dare venture like a hero's son. But now I entreat you by Father Zeus, let the boy be your guest till better times, and train him among the sons of the heroes that he may avenge his father's house."

25. Then Chiron smiled and drew the lad to him, and laid his hand upon his golden locks, and said, "Are you afraid of my horse's hoofs, fair boy, or will you be my pupil from this day?"

26. "I would gladly have horse's hoofs, like you, if I could sing such songs as yours."

27. And Chiron laughed and said, "Sit here by me till sundown, when your playmates will come home, and you shall learn like them to be a king, worthy to rule over gallant men."

28. Then he turned to Eson and said, "Go back in peace and bend before the storm like a prudent man. This boy shall not cross Anauros again till he has become a glory to you and to your house."

29. And Eson wept over his son and went away; but the boy did not weep, so full was his fancy of that strange cave, and the Centaur, and his song, and the playfellows whom he was to see.

30. Then Chiron put the lyre into his hands and taught him how to play it, till the sun sank low behind the cliff, and a shout was heard outside.

31. And then in came the sons of the heroes, Eneas,* and Hercules, and Peleus,* and many another mighty name.

32. And great Chiron leapt up joyfully and his hoofs made the cave resound, as they shouted, "Come out, Father Chiron; come out and see our game." And one cried, "I have killed two deer"; and another, "I took a wild cat among the crags"; and Hercules dragged a wild goat after him by its horns, for he was as huge as a mountain crag; and Ceneus* carried a

bear-cub under each arm, and laughed when they scratched and bit, for neither tooth nor steel could wound him.

33. And Chiron praised them all, each according to his deserts.

34. Only one walked apart and silent, Asclepius,* the too-wise child, with his bosom full of herbs and flowers, and round his wrist a spotted snake; he came with downcast eyes to Chiron and whispered how he had watched the snake cast its old skin and grow young again before his eyes, and how he had gone down into a village in the vale and cured a dying man with an herb which he had seen a sick goat eat.

35. And Chiron smiled and said, "To each Athene* and Apollo* give some gift, and each is worthy in his place; but to this child they have given an honor beyond all honors, to cure while others kill."

36. Then the lads brought in wood and split it, and lighted a blazing fire; and others skinned the deer and quartered them, and set them to roast before the fire; and while the venison was cooking they bathed in the snow-torrent, and washed away the dust and sweat.

37. And then all ate till they could eat no more (for they had tasted nothing since the dawn), and drank of the clear spring water, for wine is not fit for growing lads. And when the remnants were put away, they all lay down upon the skins and leaves about the fire, and each took the lyre in turn and sang and played with all his heart.

38. And after awhile they all went out to a plot of grass at the cave's mouth, and there they boxed, and ran, and wrestled, and laughed till the stones fell from the cliffs.

39. Then Chiron took his lyre, and all the lads joined hands; and as he played, they danced to his measure, in and out, and round and round. There they danced hand in hand till the night fell over land and sea, while the black glen shone with their broad white limbs and the gleam of their golden hair.

40. And the lad danced with them delighted, and then slept a wholesome sleep upon fragrant leaves of bay, and myrtle, and marjoram, and flowers of thyme; and rose at the dawn, and bathed in the torrent, and became a schoolfellow to the heroes' sons, and forgot Iolcos, and his father, and all his former life. But he grew strong and brave and cunning upon the pleasant downs of Pelion, in the keen hungry mountain air. And he learnt to wrestle, and to box, and to hunt, and to play upon the harp; and next he learnt to ride, for old Chiron used to mount him on his back; and he learnt the virtues of all herbs, and how to cure all wounds; and Chiron called him Jason* the healer, and that is his name until this day.

PART II

How Jason Lost His Sandal in Anauros

1. And ten years came and went, and Jason was grown to be a mighty man. Some of his fellows were gone, and some were growing up by his side. Asclepius was gone into Peloponnese* to work his wondrous cures on men; and some say he used to raise the dead to life. And Hercules was gone to Thebes* to fulfil those famous labors which have become a proverb among men. And Peleus had married a sea-nymph, and his wedding is famous to this day. And Eneas was gone home to Troy, and many a noble tale you will read of him, and of all the other gallant heroes, the scholars of Chiron the just. And it happened on a day that Jason stood on the mountain, and looked north and south and east and west; and Chiron stood by him and watched him, for he knew that the time was come.

2. And Jason looked toward the west and saw the plains of Thessaly;* he looked north, and saw Olympus,* the seat of the Immortals. Then he looked east and saw the bright blue sea, which stretched away forever toward the dawn. Then he looked south, and saw a pleasant land, with white-walled towns

and farms nestling along the shore of a land-locked bay; and he knew it for the bay of Pagasai,* and the rich lowlands of Hemonia,* and Iolcos by the sea.

3. Then he sighed and asked, "Is it true what the heroes tell me—that I am heir of that fair land?"

4. "And what good would it be to you, Jason, if you were heir of that fair land?"

5. "I would take it and keep it."

6. "A strong man has taken it and kept it long. Are you stronger than Pelias the terrible?"

7. "I can try my strength with his," said Jason.

8. But Chiron smiled and said, "You have many a danger to go through before you rule in Iolcos by the sea: many a danger and many a woe; and strange troubles in strange lands, such as man never saw before."

9. "The happier I," said Jason, "to see what man never saw before."

10. And Chiron smiled again and said, "The eaglet must leave the nest when it is fledged. Will you go to Iolcos by the sea? Then promise me two things before you go."

11. Jason promised, and Chiron answered, "Speak harshly to no soul whom you may meet, and stand by the word which you shall speak."

12. Jason wondered why Chiron asked this of him; but he knew that the Centaur was a prophet, and saw things long before they came. So he promised, and leapt down the mountain, to take his fortune like a man.

13. He went down through the arbutus thickets, and across the downs of thyme, till he came to the vineyard walls, and the pomegranates and the olives in the glen; and among the olives roared Anauros, all foaming with a summer flood.

14. And on the banks of Anauros sat a woman, all wrinkled, gray, and old; her head shook palsied on her breast, and her hands shook palsied on her knees; and when she saw Jason, she spoke whining, "Who will carry me across the flood?"

15. Jason was bold and hasty, and was just going to leap into the flood: and yet he thought twice before he leapt, so loud roared the torrent down, all brown from the mountain rains and silver-veined with melting snow; while underneath he could hear the boulders rumbling like the tramp of horsemen or the roll of wheels, as they ground along the narrow channel and shook the rocks on which he stood.

16. But the old woman whined all the more, "I am weak and old, fair youth. For Hera's* sake, carry me over the torrent."

17. And Jason was going to answer her scornfully, when Chiron's words came to his mind. So he said, "For Hera's sake, the Queen of the Immortals on Olympus, I will carry you over the torrent unless we both are drowned midway."

18. Then the old dame leapt upon his back as nimbly as a goat; and Jason staggered in, wondering. The first step was up to his knees, and the second step was up to his waist; and the stones rolled about his feet, and his feet slipped about the stones; so he went on staggering and panting, while the old woman cried from off his back, "Fool, you have wet my mantle! Do you make game of poor old souls like me?"

19. Jason had half a mind to drop her, and let her get through the torrent by herself; but Chiron's words were in his mind, and he said only, "Patience, mother; the best horse may stumble some day."

20. At last he staggered to the shore, and set her down upon the bank: and a strong man he needed to have been, or that wild water he never would have crossed. He lay panting awhile upon the bank, and then leapt up to go upon his journey; but he cast one look at the old woman, for he thought, "She should thank me once at least."

21. And as he looked she grew fairer than all women, and taller than all men on earth; and her garments shone like the summer sea, and her jewels like the stars of heaven; and over her forehead was a veil, woven of the golden clouds of sunset;

and through the veil she looked down on him, with great soft heifer's eyes; with great eyes, mild and awful, which filled all the glen with light.

22. And Jason fell upon his knees, and hid his face between his hands.

23. And she spoke: "I am the Queen of Olympus, Hera the wife of Zeus. As thou hast done to me, so will I do to thee. Call on me in the hour of need, and try if the Immortals can forget."

24. And when Jason looked up, she rose from off the earth, like a pillar of tall white cloud, and floated away across the mountain peaks toward Olympus the holy hill.

25. Then a great fear fell on Jason: but after awhile he grew light of heart; and he blessed old Chiron and said, "Surely the Centaur is a prophet, and guessed what would come to pass, when he bade me speak harshly to no soul whom I might meet."

26. Then he went down toward Iolcos; and as he walked he found that he had lost one of his sandals in the flood.

27. And as he went through the streets, the people came out to look at him, so tall and fair was he; but some of the elders whispered together; and at last one of them stopped Jason and called to him. "Fair lad, who are you and whence come you; and what is your errand in the town?"

28. "My name, good father, is Jason, and I come from Pelion up above; and my errand is to Pelias your king; tell me then where his palace is."

29. But the old man started and grew pale, and said, "Do you not know the oracle, my son, that you go so boldly through the town with but one sandal on?"

30. "I am a stranger here, and know of no oracle; but what of my one sandal? I lost the other in Anauros while I was struggling with the flood."

31. Then the old man looked back to his companions; and one sighed and another smiled; at last he said, "I will tell you

lest you rush upon your ruin unawares. The oracle in Delphi has said that a man wearing one sandal should take the kingdom from Pelias, and keep it for himself. Therefore beware how you go up to his palace, for he is the fiercest and most cunning of all kings."

32. Then Jason laughed a great laugh, like a warhorse in his pride. "Good news, good father, both for you and me. For that very end I came into the town."

33. Then he strode on toward the palace of Pelias, while all the people wondered at his bearing. And he stood in the doorway and cried, "Come out, come out, Pelias the valiant, and fight for your kingdom like a man."

34. Pelias came out wondering, and "Who are you, bold youth?" he cried.

35. "I am Jason, the son of Eson, the heir of all this land."

36. Then Pelias lifted up his hands and eyes, and wept, or seemed to weep; and blessed the heavens which had brought his nephew to him, never to leave him more. "For," said he, "I have but three daughters, and no son to be my heir. You shall be my heir then, and rule the kingdom after me, and marry whichsoever of my daughters you shall choose; though a sad kingdom you will find it, and whosoever rules it a miserable man. But come in, come in, and feast."

37. So he drew Jason in, whether he would or not, and spoke to him so lovingly and feasted him so well that Jason's anger passed; and after supper his three cousins came into the hall, and Jason thought he should like well enough to have one of them for his wife.

38. But at last he said to Pelias: "Why do you look so sad, my uncle? And what did you mean just now when you said that this was a doleful kingdom, and its ruler a miserable man?"

39. Then Pelias sighed heavily again and again and again, like a man who had to tell some dreadful story, and was afraid to begin; but at last: "For seven long years and more have I

never known a quiet night; and no more will he who comes after me, till the golden fleece be brought home."

40. Then he told Jason the story of Phrixus and of the golden fleece; and told him, too, which was a lie, that Phrixus' spirit tormented him, calling to him day and night. And his daughters came and told the same tale (for their father had taught them their parts), and wept and said, "Oh, who will bring home the golden fleece, that our uncle's spirit may rest; and that we may have rest also, whom he never lets sleep in peace!"

41. Jason sat awhile, sad and silent; for he had often heard of that golden fleece; but he looked on it as a thing hopeless and impossible for any mortal man to win.

42. But when Pelias saw him silent, he began to talk of other things, and courted Jason more and more, speaking to him as if he was certain to be his heir, and asking his advice about the kingdom; till Jason, who was young and simple, could not help saying to himself, "Surely he is not the dark man whom people call him. Yet why did he drive my father out?" And he asked Pelias boldly: "Men say that you are terrible, and a man of blood; but I find you a kind and hospitable man; and as you are to me, so will I be to you. Yet why did you drive my father out?"

43. Pelias smiled, and sighed. "Men have slandered me in that, as in all things. Your father was growing old and weary, and he gave the kingdom up to me of his own will. You shall see him tomorrow and ask him; and he will tell you the same."

44. Jason's heart leapt in him when he heard that he was to see his father; and he believed all that Pelias said, forgetting that his father might not dare to tell the truth.

45. "One thing more there is," said Pelias, "on which I need your advice; for, though you are young, I see in you a wisdom beyond your years. There is one neighbor of mine, whom I dread more than all men on earth. I am stronger

than he now, and can command him; but I know that if he stay among us, he will work my ruin in the end. Can you give me a plan, Jason, by which I can rid myself of that man?"

46. After awhile Jason answered, half laughing, "Were I you, I would send him to fetch that same golden fleece; for if he once set forth after it you would never be troubled with him more."

47. And at that a bitter smile came across Pelias' lips, and a flash of wicked joy into his eyes; and Jason saw it, and started; and over his mind came the warning of the old man, and his own one sandal, and the oracle, and he saw that he was taken in a trap.

48. But Pelias only answered gently, "My son, he shall be sent forthwith."

49. "You mean me?" cried Jason, starting up, "because I came here with one sandal?" And he lifted his fist angrily, while Pelias stood up to him like a wolf at bay; and which of the two was the stronger and the fiercer it would be hard to tell.

50. But after a moment Pelias spoke gently, "Why then so rash, my son? You, and not I, have said what is said; why blame me for what I have not done? Had you bid me love the man of whom I spoke, and make him my son-in-law and heir, I would have obeyed you; and what if I obey you now, and send the man to win himself immortal fame? I have not harmed you or him. One thing at least I know, that he will go, and that gladly; for he has a hero's heart within him, loving glory and scorning to break the word which he has given."

51. Jason saw that he was entrapped; but his second promise to Chiron came into his mind, and he thought, "What if the Centaur were a prophet in that also, and meant that I should win the fleece!" Then he cried aloud, "You

have well spoken, cunning uncle of mine! I love glory and I dare keep to my word. I will go and fetch this golden fleece. Promise me but this in return, and keep your word as I keep mine. Treat my father lovingly while I am gone, for the sake of the all-seeing Zeus; and give me up the kingdom for my own on the day that I bring back the golden fleece."

52. Then Pelias looked at him and almost loved him, in the midst of all his hate; and said, "I promise and I will perform. It will be no shame to give up my kingdom to the man who wins that fleece."

53. Then they swore a great oath between them; and afterwards both went in and lay down to sleep.

54. But Jason could not sleep for thinking of his mighty oath, and how he was to fulfil it, all alone and without wealth or friends. So he tossed a long time upon his bed, and thought of this plan and of that; and sometimes Phrixus seemed to call him, in a thin voice, faint and low, as if it came from far across the sea, "Let me come home to my fathers and have rest." And sometimes he seemed to see the eyes of Hera, and to hear her words again—"Call on me in the hour of need, and see if the Immortals can forget."

55. And on the morrow he went to Pelias and said, "Give me a victim, that I may sacrifice to Hera." So he went up and offered his sacrifice; and as he stood by the altar Hera sent a thought into his mind; and he went back to Pelias and said, "If you are indeed in earnest, give me two heralds, that they may go round to all the princes of the Minuai who were pupils of the Centaur with me, that we may fit out a ship together, and take what shall befall."

56. At that Pelias praised his wisdom, and hastened to send the heralds out; for he said in his heart, "Let all the princes go with him, and, like him, never return; for so I shall be lord of all the Minuai, and the greatest king in Hellas."

PART III

How They Built the Ship "Argo" in Iolcos

1. So the heralds went out and cried to all the heroes of the Minuai, "Who dare come to the adventure of the golden fleece?"

2. And Hera stirred the hearts of all the princes, and they came from all their valleys to the yellow sands of Pagasai. And first came Hercules the mighty, with his lion's skin and club, and behind him Hylas his young squire, who bore his arrows and his bow; and Tiphys,* the skilful steersman; and Castor and Pollux the twins, the sons of the magic swan; and Peleus, the father of Achilles,* whose bride was silver-footed Thetis,* the goddess of the sea. And thither came Argus, the famed shipbuilder, and many a hero more, in helmets of brass and gold with tall dyed horse-hair crests, and embroidered shirts of linen beneath their coats of mail, and greaves of polished tin to guard their knees in fight; with each man his shield upon his shoulder, of many a fold of tough bull's hide, and his sword of tempered bronze in his silver-studded belt; and in his right hand a pair of lances of the heavy white ash-staves.

3. So they came down to Iolcos, and all the city came out to meet them, and were never tired with looking at their height, and their beauty, and their gallant bearing, and the glitter of their inlaid arms. And some said, "Never was such a gathering of the heroes since the Hellens conquered the land." But the women sighed over them, and whispered, "Alas! they are all going to their death."

4. Then they felled the pines on Pelion, and shaped them with the axe, and Argus taught them to build a galley, the first long ship which ever sailed the seas. They pierced her for fifty oars—an oar for each hero of the crew—and pitched her with coal-black pitch, and painted her bows with vermilion; and they named her *Argo* after Argus, and worked at

her all day long. And at night Pelias feasted them like a king, and they slept in his palace-porch.

5. But Jason went away to the northward, and into the land of Thrace,* till he found Orpheus,* the prince of minstrels, where he dwelt in his cave among the savage Cicon* tribes. And he asked him, "Will you leave your mountains, Orpheus, my fellow-scholar in old times, to sail with the heroes of the Minuai, and bring home the golden fleece, and charm for us all men and all monsters with your magic harp and song?"

6. Then Orpheus sighed: "Have I not had enough of toil and of weary wandering far and wide since I lived in Chiron's cave, above Iolcos by the sea? In vain is the skill and the voice which my goddess mother gave me; in vain have I sung and labored; in vain I went down to the dead, and charmed all the kings of Hades, to win back Eurydice* my bride. For I won her, my beloved, and lost her again the same day, and wandered away in my madness, even to Egypt and the Libyan* sands, and the isles of all the seas, while I charmed in vain the hearts of men, and the savage forest beasts, and the trees, and the lifeless stones with my magic harp and song, giving rest but finding none. But at last Calliope* my mother delivered me, and brought me home in peace; and I dwell here in the cave alone among the savage Cicon tribes, softening their wild hearts with music and the gentle laws of Zeus. And now I must go out again, to the ends of all the earth, far away into the misty darkness, to the last wave of the Eastern Sea. But what is doomed must be, and a friend's demand obeyed; for prayers are the daughters of Zeus, and who honors them honors him."

7. Then Orpheus rose up sighing, and took his harp. And he led Jason to the southwest to Dodona,* the town of Zeus, where it stood by the side of the sacred lake, and the fountain which breathed out fire, in the darkness of the ancient oak-wood, beneath the mountain of the hundred springs. And he led him to the holy oak, where the black dove settled in old

times and was changed into the priestess of Zeus, and gave oracles to all nations round. And he bade him cut down a bough, and sacrifice to Hera and to Zeus; and they took the bough and came to Iolcos, and nailed it to the beak-head of the ship.

8. And at last the ship was finished, and they tried to launch her down the beach; but she was too heavy for them to move her, and her keel sank deep into the sand. Then all the heroes looked at each other blushing; but Jason spoke and said, "Let us ask the magic bough; perhaps it can help us in our need."

9. Then a voice came from the bough, and Jason heard the words it said, and bade Orpheus play upon the harp, while the heroes waited round, holding the pine-trunk rollers, to help her toward the sea.

10. Then Orpheus took his harp, and began his magic song: "How sweet it is to ride upon the surges, and to leap from wave to wave, while the wind sings cheerful in the cordage, and the oars flash fast across the foam! How sweet it is to roam across the ocean, and see new towns and wondrous lands, and to come home laden with treasure, and to win undying fame!"

11. And the good ship *Argo* heard him, and longed to be away and out at sea; till she shivered in every timber, and heaved from stem to stern, and leapt up from the sand upon the rollers, and plunged onward like a gallant horse; and the heroes fed her path with pine-trunks, till she rushed into the whispering sea.

12. Then they stored her well with food and water, and pulled the ladder up on board, and settled themselves each man to his oar, and kept time to Orpheus' harp; and away across the bay they rowed southward, while the people lined the cliffs; and the women wept, while the men shouted, at the starting of that gallant crew.

PART IV

How the Argonauts Sailed to Colchis

1. And what happened next, whether it be true or not, stands written in ancient songs, which you shall read for yourselves some day. And grand old songs they are, written in grand old rolling verse; and they call them the Songs of Orpheus to this day. And they tell how the heroes came to Aphetai,* across the bay, and waited for the southwest wind, and chose themselves a captain from their crew: and how all called for Hercules, because he was the strongest and most huge; but Hercules refused, and called for Jason, because he was the wisest of them all. So Jason was chosen captain; and Orpheus heaped a pile of wood, and slew a bull, and offered it to Hera, and called all the heroes to stand round, each man's head crowned with olive, and to strike their swords into the bull. Then he filled a golden goblet with the bull's blood, and with wheaten flour, and honey, and wine, and the bitter salt-sea water, and bade the heroes taste. So each tasted the goblet, and passed it round, and vowed an awful vow: and they vowed before the sun, and the night, and the blue-haired sea who shakes the land, to stand by Jason faithfully in the adventure of the golden fleece; and whosoever shrank back, or disobeyed, or turned traitor to his vow, then justice should minister against him, and the spirits who track guilty men.

2. Then Jason lighted the pile, and burnt the carcass of the bull; and they went to their ship and sailed eastward, like men who have a work to do. Three thousand years and more they sailed away, into the unknown Eastern seas; and great nations have come and gone since then, and many a storm has swept the earth; and many a mighty armament, to which *Argo* would be but one small boat; English and French, Turkish and Russian, have sailed those waters since; yet the fame of that small *Argo* lives forever, and her name is become a proverb among men.

3. So they sailed on and turned to the northward toward Pelion; and their hearts yearned for the dear old mountain, as they thought of pleasant days gone by, and of the sports of their boyhood, and their hunting, and their schooling in the cave beneath the cliff. And at last Peleus spoke: "Let us land here, friends, and climb the dear old hill once more. We are going on a fearful journey; who knows if we shall see Pelion again? Let us go up to Chiron our master, and ask his blessing ere we start. And I have a boy, too, with him, whom he trains as he trained me once—the son whom Thetis brought me, the silver-footed lady of the sea, whom I caught in the cave and tamed her, though she changed her shape seven times. For she changed, as I held her, into water, and to vapor, and to burning flame, and to a rock, and to a black-maned lion, and to a tall and stately tree. But I held her and held her ever, till she took her own shape again, and led her to my father's house, and won her for my bride. And all the rulers of Olympus came to our wedding, and the heavens and the earth rejoiced together, when an Immortal wedded mortal man. And now let me see my son; for it is not often I shall see him upon earth: famous will he be, but short-lived, and die in the flower of youth."

4. So Tiphys the helmsman steered them to the shore under the crags of Pelion; and they went up through the dark pine-forests toward the Centaur's cave.

5. And they came into the misty hall, beneath the snow-crowned crag, and saw the great Centaur lying, with his huge limbs spread upon the rock; and beside him stood Achilles, the child whom no steel could wound, and played upon his harp right sweetly, while Chiron watched and smiled.

6. Then Chiron leapt up and welcomed them, and kissed them every one, and set a feast before them of swine's flesh, and venison, and good wine; and young Achilles served them, and carried the golden goblet round. And after supper all the heroes clapped their hands, and called on Orpheus to sing;

but he refused, and said, "How can I, who am the younger, sing before our ancient host?" So they called on Chiron to sing, and Achilles brought him his harp; and he began a wondrous song: a famous story of old time, of the fight between the Centaurs and the heroes of Thessaly. He sang how his brothers came to ruin by their folly, when they were mad with wine; and how they and the heroes fought with fists, and teeth, and the goblets from which they drank; and how they tore up the pine trees in their fury, and hurled great crags of stone, while the mountains thundered with the battle, and the land was wasted far and wide; till the heroes drove them from their home in the rich Thessalian plains to the lonely mountain glens, leaving Chiron all alone. And the heroes praised his song right heartily; for some of them had helped in that great fight.

7. Then Orpheus took his lyre, and sang of the making of the wondrous World, and how all things sprang from Love. And as he sang, his voice rose from the cave, above the crags, and through the tree-tops, and the glens of oak and pine. And the trees bowed their heads when they heard it, and the gray rocks cracked and rang, and the forest beasts crept near to listen, and the birds forsook their nests and hovered round. And old Chiron clapt his hands together, and beat his hoofs upon the ground, for wonder at that magic song.

8. Then Peleus kissed his boy, and wept over him, and they went down to the ship; and Chiron came down with them, weeping, and kissed them one by one, and blest them, and promised to them great renown. And the heroes wept when they left him; for he was kind and just and pious, and wiser than all beasts and men. Then he went up to a cliff and prayed for them, that they might come home safe and well; while the heroes rowed away, and watched him standing on his cliff above the sea, with his great hands raised toward heaven, and his white locks waving in the wind; and they strained

their eyes to watch him to the last, for they felt that they should look on him no more.

9. So they rowed on over the long swell of the sea till they came through the narrow Dardanelles* into what is now known as the Sea of Marmora.* And there they met with Cyzicus,* ruling in Asia, who, the songs say, was the son of Eneas, of whom you will hear many a tale some day. For Homer tells us how he fought at Troy, and Virgil how he sailed away and founded Rome. Now Cyzicus, the songs say, welcomed the heroes, for his father had been one of Chiron's scholars; so he welcomed them, and feasted them, and stored their ship with corn and wine, and cloaks and rugs, and shirts, of which no doubt they stood in need.

10. But at night, while they lay sleeping, came down on them terrible men, who lived with the bears in the mountains, like Titans or giants in shape; for each of them had six arms, and they fought with young firs and pines. But Hercules killed them all before morn with his deadly poisoned arrows; but among them, in the darkness, he slew Cyzicus the kindly prince.

11. Then they got to their ship and to their oars, and Tiphys bade them cast off the hawsers and go to sea. But as he spoke a whirlwind came, and spun the *Argo* round, and twisted the hawsers together so that no man could loose them. Then Tiphys dropped the rudder from his hand, and cried, "This comes from the gods above." But Jason went forward, and asked counsel of the magic bough.

12. Then the magic bough spoke, and answered, "This is because you have slain Cyzicus your friend. You must appease his soul, or you will never leave this shore."

13. Jason went back sadly and told the heroes what he had heard. And they leapt on shore and searched till dawn, and at dawn they found the body, all rolled in dust and blood, among the corpses of those monstrous beasts. And they wept over their kind host, and laid him on a fair bed, and heaped

a huge mound over him, and offered black sheep at his tomb, and Orpheus sang a magic song to him, that his spirit might have rest. And then they held games at the tomb, after the custom of those times, and Jason gave prizes to each winner. To Anceos* he gave a golden cup, for he wrestled best of all; and to Hercules a silver one, for he was the strongest of all; and to Castor, who rode best, a golden crest; and Pollux the boxer had a rich carpet, and to Orpheus for his song, a sandal with golden wings. But Jason himself was the best of all the archers, and the Minnai crowned him with an olive crown; and so, the songs say, the soul of the good Cyzicus was appeased, and the heroes went on their way in peace.

14. Then they rowed away, the songs say, till they found a pleasant bay. And there they ran the ship ashore upon the yellow sand, and furled the sail, and took the mast down, and lashed it in its crutch. And next they let down the ladder, and went ashore to sport and rest.

15. And there Hercules went away into the woods, bow in hand, to hunt wild deer; and Hylas the fair boy slipped after him, and followed him by stealth, until he lost himself among the glens, and sat down weary to rest himself by the side of a lake; and there the water-nymphs came up to look at him, and loved him, and carried him down under the lake to be their playfellow, forever happy and young. And Hercules sought for him in vain, shouting his name till all the mountains rang; but Hylas never heard him, far down under the sparkling lake. So while Hercules wandered searching for him, a fair breeze sprang up, and Hercules was nowhere to be found; and the *Argo* sailed away, and Hercules was left behind to return home to Hellas by land.

16. But the Argonauts went eastward, and out into the open sea, which we now call the Black Sea, but it was called the Euxine then. No Greek had ever crossed it, and all feared that dreadful sea, and its rocks, and shoals, and fogs, and bitter freezing storms; and they told strange stories of

it, some false and some half-true, how it stretched northward to the ends of the earth, and the everlasting night, and the regions of the dead. So the heroes trembled, for all their courage, as they came into that wild Black Sea, and saw it stretching out before them, without a shore, as far as eye could see.

17. And first Orpheus spoke and warned them, "We shall come now to the wandering blue rocks; my mother warned me of them, Calliope, the immortal muse."

18. And soon they saw the blue rocks shining like spires and castles of gray glass, while an ice-cold wind blew from them and chilled all the heroes' hearts. And as they neared they could see them heaving, as they rolled upon the long sea-waves, crashing and grinding together, till the roar went up to heaven. The sea sprang up in spouts between them, and swept round them in white sheets of foam; but their heads swung nodding high in air, while the wind whistled shrill among the crags.

19. The heroes' hearts sank within them, and they lay upon their oars in fear, but Orpheus called to Tiphys the helmsman, "Between them we must pass; so look ahead for an opening, and be brave, for Hera is with us." But Tiphys the cunning helmsman stood silent, clenching his teeth, till he saw a heron come flying mast-high toward the rocks, and hover awhile before them, as if looking for a passage through. Then he cried, "Hera has sent us a pilot; let us follow the cunning bird."

20. Then the heron flapped to and fro a moment, till he saw a hidden gap, and into it he rushed like an arrow, while the heroes watched what would befall.

21. And the blue rocks clashed together as the bird fled swiftly through; but they struck but a feather from his tail, and then rebounded apart at the shock.

22. Then Tiphys cheered the heroes, and they shouted; and the oars bent like withes beneath their strokes as they

rushed between those toppling ice-crags and the cold blue lips of death. And ere the rocks could meet again they had passed them, and were safe out in the open sea.

23. And after that they sailed on wearily along the Asian coast, till they came to Wolf the river, and to Wolf the kindly king. And there died two brave heroes, Idmon and Tiphys the wise helmsman: one died of an evil sickness, and one a wild boar slew. So the heroes heaped a mound above them, and set upon it an oar on high, and left them there to sleep together, on the far-off Asian shore. But Idas killed the boar, and avenged Tiphys; and Anceos took the rudder and was helmsman, and steered them on toward the east.

24. And at day-dawn they looked eastward, and midway between the sea and the sky they saw white snow-peaks hanging, glittering sharp and bright above the clouds. And they knew that they were come to Caucasus,* at the end of all the earth: Caucasus the highest of all mountains, the father of the rivers of the East. On his peak lies chained the Titan, while a vulture tears his heart; and at his feet are piled dark forests round the magic Colchian land.

25. And they rowed three days to the eastward, while Caucasus rose higher hour by hour, till they saw the dark stream of Phasis rushing headlong to the sea, and, shining above the tree-tops, the golden roofs of King Eetes,* the child of the Sun.

26. Then out spoke Anceos the helmsman: "We are come to our goal at last, for there are the roofs of Eetes, and the woods where all poisons grow; but who can tell us where among them is hid the golden fleece? Many a toil must we bear ere we find it, and bring it home to Greece."

27. But Jason cheered the heroes, for his heart was high and bold; and he said: "I will go alone up to Eetes, though he be the child of the Sun, and win him with soft words. Better so than to go all together, and to come to blows at once." But the Minuai would not stay behind, so they rowed boldly up the stream.

28. And a dream came to Eetes, and filled his heart with fear. He thought he saw a shining star, which fell into his daughter's lap; and that Medea* his daughter took it gladly, and carried it to the riverside, and cast it in, and there the whirling river bore it down, and out into the Euxine Sea.

29. Then he leapt up in fear, and bade his servants bring his chariot that he might go down to the riverside and appease the nymphs and the heroes whose spirits haunt the bank. So he went down in his golden chariot, and his daughters by his side, Medea the fair witch-maiden, and Chalciope, who had been Phrixus' wife, and behind him a crowd of servants and soldiers, for he was a rich and mighty prince.

30. And as he drove down by the reedy river, he saw *Argo* sliding up beneath the bank, and many a hero in her, like Immortals for beauty and for strength, as their weapons glittered round them in the level morning sunlight, through the white mist of the stream. But Jason was the noblest of all; for Hera, who loved him, gave him beauty and tallness and terrible manhood.

31. And when they came near together and looked into each other's eyes the heroes were awed before Eetes as he shone in his chariot, like his father, the glorious Sun; for his robes were of rich gold tissue, and the rays of his diadem flashed fire; and in his hand he bore a jewelled sceptre, which glittered like the stars; and sternly he looked at them under his brows, and sternly he spoke and loud—"Who are you, and what want you here, that you come to this shore? Do you take no account of my rule, nor of my people the Colchians who serve me, who never tired yet in the battle, and know well how to face an invader?"

32. And the heroes sat silent awhile before the face of that ancient king. But Hera the awful goddess put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer: "We are no pirates nor lawless men. We come not to plunder and to ravage, or carry away slaves from your land; but my uncle,

Pelias the Minuan king, he it is who has sent me on a quest to bring home the golden fleece. And these too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men; for some are the sons of Immortals, and some of heroes far renowned. And we too never tire in battle, and know well how to give blows and to take; yet we wish to be guests at your table: it will be better so for both."

33. Then Eetes' rage rushed up like a whirlwind, and his eyes flashed fire as he heard; but he crushed down his anger in his breast, and spoke mildly a cunning speech: "If you will fight for the fleece with my Colchians, then many a man must die. But do you indeed expect to win from me the fleece in fight? So few are you that if you be worsted I can load your ship with your corpses. But if you will be ruled by me, you will find it better far to choose the best man among you, and let him fulfil the labors which I demand. Then I will give him the golden fleece for a prize and a glory to you all."

34. So saying, he turned his horses and drove back in silence to the town. And the Minuai sat silent with sorrow, and longed for Hercules and his strength; for there was no facing the thousands of the Colchians and the fearful chance of war.

35. But Chalciope, Phrixus' widow, went weeping to the town; for she remembered her Minuan husband, and all the pleasures of her youth, while she watched the fair faces of his kinsmen, and their long locks of golden hair. And she whispered to Medea her sister, "Why should all these brave men die? Why does not my father give them up the fleece, that my husband's spirit may have rest?"

36. And Medea's heart pitied the heroes, and Jason most of all; and she answered, "Our father is stern and terrible, and who can win the golden fleece?"

37. But Chalciope said, "These men are not like our men; there is nothing which they can not dare nor do."

38. And Medea thought of Jason and his brave countenance, and said, "If there was one among them who knew no fear, I could show him how to win the fleece."

39. So in the dusk of the evening they went down to the river-side, Chalciope, Medea the witch-maiden, and Argus, Phrixus' son. And Argus the boy crept forward, among the bed of reeds, till he came where the heroes were sleeping, on the thwarts of the ship, beneath the bank, while Jason kept ward on shore, and leant upon his lance full of thought. And the boy came to Jason and said, "I am the son of Phrixus, your cousin; and Chalciope my mother waits for you, to talk about the golden fleece."

40. Then Jason went boldly with the boy, and found the two princesses standing; and when Chalciope saw him she wept, and took his hands and cried, "O cousin of my beloved, go home before you die!"

41. "It would be base to go home now, fair princess, and to have sailed all these seas in vain." Then both the princesses besought him; but Jason said, "It is too late."

42. "But you know not," said Medea, "what he must do who would win the fleece. He must tame the two brazen-footed bulls, who breathe devouring flame; and with them he must plow ere nightfall four acres in the field of Ares; and he must sow them with serpents' teeth, of which each tooth springs up into an armed man. Then he must fight with all those warriors; and little will it profit him to conquer them, for the fleece is guarded by a serpent, more huge than any mountain pine; and over his body you must step if you would reach the golden fleece."

43. Then Jason laughed bitterly. "Unjustly is that fleece kept here, and by an unjust and lawless king; and unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt it ere another sun be set."

44. Then Medea trembled and said, "No mortal man can reach that fleece unless I guide him through. For round it,

beyond the river, is a wall full nine ells high, with lofty towers and buttresses, and mighty gates of three fold brass; and over the gates the wall is arched, with golden battlements above. And over the gateway sits Brimo,* the wild witch-huntress of the woods, brandishing a pine torch in her hands, while her mad dogs howl around. No man dare meet her or look on her, but only I her priestess, and she watches far and wide lest any stranger should come near."

45. "No wall so high but it may be climbed at last, and no wood so thick but it may be crawled through; no serpent so wary but he may be charmed, or witch-queen so fierce but spells may soothe her; and I may yet win the golden fleece, if a wise maiden help bold men."

46. And he looked at Medea cunningly, and held her with his glittering eye, till she blushed and trembled, and said, "Who can face the fire of the bull's breath, and fight ten thousand armed men?"

47. "He whom you help," said Jason, flattering her, "for your fame is spread over all the earth. Are you not the queen of all enchantresses, wiser even than your sister Circe,* in her fairy island in the West?"

48. "Would that I were with my sister Circe in her fairy island in the West, far away from sore temptation and thoughts which tear the heart! But if it must be so—for why should you die?—I have an ointment here; I made it from the magic ice-flower which sprang from Prometheus'* wound, above the clouds on Caucasus, in the dreary fields of snow. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you seven men's strength; anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword can harm you. But what you begin you must end before sunset, for its virtue lasts only one day. And anoint your helmet with it before you sow the serpents' teeth; and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among their ranks, and the deadly crop of the War-god's field will mow itself and perish."

49. Then Jason fell on his knees before her, and thanked her and kissed her hands; and she gave him the vase of ointment, and fled trembling through the reeds. And Jason told his comrades what had happened, and showed them the box of ointment; and all rejoiced but Idas, and he grew mad with envy.

50. And at sunrise Jason went and bathed, and anointed himself from head to foot, and his shield, and his helmet, and his weapons, and bade his comrades try the spell. So they tried to bend his lance, but it stood like an iron bar; and Idas in spite hewed at it with his sword, but the blade flew to splinters in his face. Then they hurled their lances at his shield, but the spear-points turned like lead; and Ceneus tried to throw him, but he never stirred a foot; and Pollux struck him with his fist a blow which would have killed an ox, but Jason only smiled, and the heroes danced about him with delight; and he leapt, and ran, and shouted in the joy of that enormous strength, till the sun rose, and it was time to go and claim Eetes' promise.

51. So he sent up two heroes to tell Eetes that he was ready for the fight; and they went up among the marble halls, and beneath the roofs of gold, and stood in Eetes' hall, while he grew pale with rage.

52. "Fulfil your promise to us, child of the blazing sun. Give us the serpents' teeth, and let loose the fiery bulls; for we have found a champion among us who can win the golden fleece."

53. And Eetes bit his lips, for he fancied that they had fled away by night; but he could not go back from his promise; so he gave them the serpents' teeth.

54. Then he called for his chariot and his horses, and sent heralds through all the town; and all the people went out with him to the dreadful War-god's field.

55. And there Eetes sat upon his throne, with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands, clothed from

head to foot in steel chain-mail. And the people and the women crowded to every window and bank and wall; while the Minuai stood together, a mere handful in the midst of that great host.

56. And Chalciope was there, and Argus, trembling, and Medea, wrapped closely in her veil; but Eetes did not know that she was muttering cunning spells between her lips.

57. Then Jason cried, "Fulfil your promise, and let your fiery bulls come forth."

58. Then Eetes bade open the gates, and the magic bulls leapt out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground, and their nostrils sent out sheets of flame, as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason; but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept around him, but it singed not a hair of his head; and the bulls stopped short and trembled when Medea began her spell.

59. Then Jason sprang upon the nearest and seized him by the horn; and up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell groveling on his knees; for the heart of the brute died within him, and his mighty limbs were loosed, beneath the steadfast eye of that dark witch-maiden and the magic whisper of her lips.

60. So both the bulls were tamed and yoked; and Jason bound them to the plough, and goaded them onward with his lance till he had ploughed the sacred field.

61. And all the Minuai shouted; but Eetes bit his lips with rage, for the half of Jason's work was over, and the sun was yet high in heaven.

62. Then he took the serpents' teeth and sowed them, and waited what would befall. But Medea looked at him and at his helmet, lest he should forget the lesson she had taught.

63. And every furrow heaved and bubbled, and out of every clod arose a man. Out of the earth they rose by thousands, each clad from head to foot in steel, and drew their swords and rushed on Jason, where he stood in the midst alone.

64. Then the Minuai grew pale with fear for him; but Eetes laughed a bitter laugh. "See! if I had not warriors enough already round me, I could call them out of the bosom of the earth."

65. But Jason snatched off his helmet, and hurled it into the thickest of the throng. And blind madness came upon them, suspicion, hate, and fear; and one cried to his fellow, "Thou didst strike me!" and another, "Thou art Jason; thou shalt die!" So fury seized those earth-born phantoms, and each turned his hand against the rest; and they fought and were never weary, till they all lay dead upon the ground. Then the magic furrows opened, and the kind earth took them home into her breast; and the grass grew up all green again above them, and Jason's work was done.

66. Then the Minuai shouted and shouted, till Prometheus heard them from his crag. And Jason cried, "Lead me to the fleece this moment, before the sun goes down."

67. But Eetes thought, "He has conquered the bulls and sown and reaped the deadly crop. Who is this who is proof against all magic? He may kill the serpent yet." So he delayed, and sat taking counsel with his princes till the sun went down and all was dark. Then he bade a herald cry, "Every man to his home for tonight! Tomorrow we will meet these heroes, and speak about the golden fleece."

68. Then he turned and looked at Medea. "This is your doing, false witch-maid! You have helped these yellow-haired strangers, and brought shame upon your father and yourself!"

69. Medea shrank and trembled, and her face grew pale with fear; and Eetes knew that she was guilty, and whispered, "If they win the fleece, you die!"

70. But the Minuai marched toward their ship, growling like lions cheated of their prey; for they saw that Eetes meant to mock them, and to cheat them out of all their toil. And Oileus* said, "Let us go to the grove together, and take the fleece by force."

71. And Idas the rash cried, "Let us draw lots who shall go in first; for, while the dragon is devouring one, the rest can slay him and carry off the fleece in peace." But Jason held them back, though he praised them; for he hoped for Medea's help.

72. And after awhile Medea came trembling, and wept a long time before she spoke. And at last—"My end is come, and I must die; for my father has found out that I have helped you. You he would kill if he dared; but he will not harm you, because you have been his guests. Go, then, go, and remember poor Medea when you are far away across the sea."

73. But all the heroes cried, "If you die, we die with you; for without you we can not win the fleece, and home we will not go without it, but fall here fighting to the last man."

74. "You need not die," said Jason. "Flee home with us across the sea. Show us first how to win the fleece; for you can do it. Why else are you the priestess of the grove? Show us but how to win the fleece, and come with us, and you shall be my queen, and rule over the rich princes of the Minuai, in Iolcos by the sea."

75. And all the heroes pressed round, and vowed to her that she should be their queen.

76. Medea wept, and shuddered, and hid her face in her hands; for her heart yearned after her sisters and her playfellows, and the home where she was brought up as a child. But at last she looked up at Jason, and spoke between her sobs: "Must I leave my home and my people, to wander with strangers across the sea? The lot is cast, and I must endure it. I will show you how to win the golden fleece. Bring up your ship to the wood-side, and moor her there against the bank; and let Jason come up at midnight, and one brave comrade with him, and meet me beneath the wall."

77. Then all the heroes cried together, "I will go!" "and I!" "and I!" And Idas the rash grew mad with envy; for he longed to be foremost in all things.

78. But Medea calmed them, and said, "Orpheus shall go with Jason, and bring his magic harp; for I hear of him that he is the king of all minstrels, and can charm all things on earth."

79. And Orpheus laughed for joy, and clapped his hands, because the choice had fallen on him; for in those days poets and singers were as bold warriors as the rest.

80. So at midnight they went up the bank, and found Medea; and beside came Absyrtus* her young brother, leading a yearling lamb.

81. Then Medea brought them to a thicket beside the War-god's gate; and there she bade Jason dig a ditch, and kill the lamb, and leave it there, and strew on it magic herbs and honey from the honeycomb.

82. Then sprang up through the earth, with the red fire flashing before her, Brimo the wild witch-huntress, while her mad hounds howled around. She had one head like a horse's, and another like a ravening hound's, and another like a hissing snake's, and a sword in either hand. And she leapt into the ditch with her hounds, and they ate and drank their fill, while Jason and Orpheus trembled, and Medea hid her eyes. And at last the witch-queen vanished, and fled with her hounds into the woods; and the bars of the gates fell down, and the brazen doors flew wide, and Medea and the heroes ran forward and hurried through the poison wood, among the dark stems of the mighty beeches, guided by the gleam of the golden fleece, until they saw it hanging on one vast tree in the midst. And Jason would have sprung to seize it; but Medea held him back, and pointed, shuddering, to the tree-foot, where the mighty serpent lay, coiled in and out among the roots, with a body like a mountain pine. His coils stretched many a fathom, spangled with bronze and gold; and half of him they could see, but no more, for the rest lay in the darkness far beyond.

83. And when he saw them coming he lifted up his head, and watched them with his small bright eyes, and flashed his

forked tongue, and roared like the fire among the woodlands, till the forest tossed and groaned. For his cries shook the trees from leaf to root, and swept over the long reaches of the river, and over Eetes' hall, and woke the sleepers in the city, till mothers clasped their children in their fear.

84. But Medea called gently to him, and he stretched out his long spotted neck, and licked her hand, and looked up in her face, as if to ask for food. Then she made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song.

85. And as he sung, the forest grew calm again, and the leaves on every tree hung still; and the serpent's head sank down, and his brazen coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child, while Orpheus called to pleasant Slumber, who gives peace to men, and beasts, and waves.

86. Then Jason leapt forward warily, and stept across that mighty snake, and tore the fleece from off the tree-trunk; and the four rushed down the garden, to the bank where the *Argo* lay.

87. There was silence for a moment, while Jason held the golden fleece on high. Then he cried, "Go now, good *Argo,* swift and steady, if ever you would see Pelion more."

88. And she went, as the heroes drove her, grim and silent all, till the pine-wood bent like willow in their hands, and stout *Argo* groaned beneath their strokes.

89. On and on, beneath the dewy darkness, they fled swiftly down the swirling stream; underneath black walls, and temples, and the castles of the princes of the East; past sluice-mouths, and fragrant gardens, and groves of all strange fruits; past marshes where fat kine lay sleeping, and long beds of whispering reeds; till they heard the merry music of the surge upon the bar, as it tumbled in the moonlight all alone.

90. Into the surge they rushed, and *Argo* leapt the breakers like a horse, for she knew the time was come to show her mettle, and win honor for the heroes and herself.

91. Into the surge they rushed, and *Argo* leapt the breakers like a horse, till the heroes stopped all panting, each man upon his oar, as she slid into the still broad sea.

92. Then Orpheus took his harp and sang a pean, till the heroes' hearts rose high again; and they rowed on stoutly and steadfastly, away into the darkness of the West.

PART V

How the Argonauts Were Driven Into the Unknown Sea

1. So they fled away in haste to the westward; but Eetes manned his fleet and followed them. And Lynceus* the quick-eyed saw him coming, while he was still many a mile away, and cried, "I see a hundred ships, like a flock of white swans, far in the east." And at that they rowed hard, like heroes; but the ships came nearer every hour.

2. Then Medea, the dark witch-maiden, laid a cruel and a cunning plot; for she killed Absyrtus, her young brother, and cast him into the sea, and said, "Ere my father can take up his corpse and bury it, he must wait long, and be left far behind."

3. And all the heroes shuddered, and looked one at the other for shame; yet they did not punish that dark witch-woman, because she had won for them the golden fleece.

4. And when Eetes came to the place he saw the floating corpse; and he stopped a long while, and bewailed his son, and took him up, and went home. But he sent on his sailors toward the westward, and bound them by a mighty curse - "Bring back to me that dark witch-woman, that she may die a dreadful death. But if you return without her, you shall die by the same death yourselves."

5. So the Argonauts escaped for that time: but Father Zeus saw that foul crime; and out of the heavens he sent a storm, and swept the ship far from her course. Day after day the storm drove her, amid foam and blinding mist, till they knew

no longer where they were, for the sun was blotted from the skies. And at last the ship struck on a shoal, amid low isles of mud and sand, and the waves rolled over her and through her, and the heroes lost all hope of life.

6. Then Jason cried to Hera, "Fair queen, who hast befriended us till now, why hast thou left us in our misery, to die here among unknown seas? It is hard to lose the honor which we have won with such toil and danger, and hard never to see Hellas again, and the pleasant bay of Pagasai."

7. Then out and spoke the magic bough which stood upon the *Argo's* beak, "Because Father Zeus is angry, all this has fallen on you; for a cruel crime has been done on board, and the sacred ship is foul with blood."

8. At that some of the heroes cried, "Medea is the murderess. Let the witch-woman bear her sin, and die!" And they seized Medea, to hurl her into the sea, and atone for the young boy's death; but the magic bough spoke again, "Let her live till her crimes are full. Vengeance waits for her, slow and sure; but she must live, for you need her still. She must show you the way to her sister Circe, who lives among the islands of the West. To her you must sail, a weary way, and she shall cleanse you from your guilt."

9. Then all the heroes wept aloud when they heard the sentence of the oak; for they knew that a dark journey lay before them, and years of bitter toil. And some upbraided the dark witch-woman, and some said, "Nay, we are her debtors still; without her we should never have won the fleece." But most of them bit their lips in silence, for they feared the witch's spells.

10. And now the sea grew calmer, and the sun shone out once more, and the heroes thrust the ship off the sand-bank, and rowed forward on their weary course under the guiding of the dark witch-maiden, into the wastes of the unknown sea.

11. Whither they went I can not tell, nor how they came to Circe's isle. Some say they went to the westward, and up the

Danube, and so came into the Adriatic,* dragging their ship over the snowy Alps. And others say that they went southward, into the Red Indian Sea, and past the sunny lands where spices grow, round Ethiopia* toward the West; and that at last they came to Libya, and dragged their ship across the burning sands, and over the hills into the Syrtis. But all these are but dreams and fables, and dim hints of unknown lands.

12. But all say that they came to a place where they had to drag their ship across the land nine days with ropes and rollers, till they came into an unknown sea. Here the wild wind came down, dark and roaring, and caught the sail, and strained the ropes. And away they drove twelve nights, on the wide wild western sea, through the foam, and over the rollers, while they saw neither sun nor stars. And they cried again, "We shall perish, for we know not where we are. We are lost in the dreary damp darkness, and can not tell north from south."

13. But Lynceus the long-sighted called gaily from the bows, "Take heart again, brave sailors, for at last we are in sight of Circe's home; it is indeed the fairy island of the West."

14. And there Jason bid them land, and seek about for any sign of living man. And as they went inland Circe met them, coming down toward the ship; and they trembled when they saw her, for her hair, and face, and robes shone like flame.

15. And she came and looked at Medea; and Medea hid her face beneath her veil.

16. And Circe cried, "Ah, wretched girl, have you forgotten all your sins, that you come hither to my island, where the flowers bloom all the year round? Where is your aged father, and the brother whom you killed? Little do I expect you to return in safety with these strangers whom you love. I will send you food and wine; but your ship must not stay here, for it is foul with sin, and foul with sin its crew."

17. And the heroes prayed her, but in vain, and cried "Cleanse us from our guilt!" But she sent them away, and

said, "Go on to Malea,* and there you may be cleansed, and return home."

18. Then a fair wind rose, and they sailed eastward, till they came to the pillars of Hercules, and the Mediterranean Sea. And thence they sailed on through the deeps of Sardinia,* till they came to a flowery island, upon a still bright summer's eve. And as they neared it, slowly and wearily, they heard sweet songs upon the shore. But when Medea heard it, she started and cried, "Beware, all heroes, for these are the rocks of the Sirens! You must pass close by them, for there is no other channel; but those who listen to that song are lost."

19. Then Orpheus spoke, the king of all minstrels, "Let them match their song against mine. I have charmed stones, and trees, and dragons, how much more the hearts of men!" So he caught up his lyre, and stood up, and began his magic song.

20. And now they could see the Sirens on Anthemusa,* the flowery isle; three fair maidens sitting on the beach, beneath a red rock in the setting sun, among beds of crimson poppies and golden asphodel. Slowly they sung and sleepily, with silver voices, soft and clear, which stole over the golden waters, and into the hearts of all the heroes, in spite of Orpheus' song.

21. And all things stayed around and listened; the gulls sat in white lines along the rocks; on the beach great seals lay basking, and kept time with lazy heads; while silver shoals of fish came up to hearken, and whispered as they broke the shining calm. The Wind overhead hushed his whistling, as he shepherded his clouds toward the west; and the clouds stood in mid blue and listened dreamily, like a flock of golden sheep.

22. And as the heroes listened, the oars fell from their hands, and their heads dropped on their breasts, and they closed their heavy eyes; and they dreamed of bright still gardens, and of slumbers under murmuring pines, till all their toil seemed foolishness, and they thought of their renown no more.

23. Then one lifted his head suddenly, and cried, "What use in wandering forever? Let us stay here and rest awhile." And another, "Let us row to the shore and hear the words they sing." And another, "I care not for the words, but for the music. They shall sing me to sleep, that I may rest."

24. Then Medea clapped her hands together, and cried, "Sing louder, Orpheus, sing a bolder strain; wake up these hapless sluggards, or none of them will see the land of Hellas more!"

25. Then Orpheus lifted his harp, and crashed his cunning hand across the strings; and his music and his voice rose like a trumpet through the still evening air; into the air it rushed like thunder, till the rocks rang and the sea; and into their souls it rushed like wine, till all hearts beat fast within their breasts.

26. And he sung the song of Perseus,* how the gods led him over land and sea, and how he slew the loathly Gorgon, and won himself a peerless bride; and how he sits now with the gods upon Olympus, a shining star in the sky, immortal with his immortal bride, and honored by all men below.

27. So Orpheus sang, and the Sirens, answering each other across the golden sea, till Orpheus' voice drowned the Sirens', and the heroes caught their oars again.

28. And they cried, "We will be men like Perseus, and we will dare and suffer to the last. Sing us his song again, brave Orpheus, that we may forget the Sirens and their spell."

29. And as Orpheus sang, they dashed their oars into the sea, and kept time to his music, as they fled fast away; and the Sirens' voices died behind them, in the hissing of the foam along their wake.

30. Then they came to the straits by Lilybeum,* and saw Sicily, the three-cornered island, under which Enceladus* the giant lies groaning day and night, and when he turns the earth quakes, and his breath bursts out in roaring flames from the highest cone of Etna, above the chestnut woods. And there Charybdis* caught them in its fearful coils of wave and rolled

mast-high about them, and spun them round and round; and they could go neither back nor forward, while the whirlpool sucked them in.

31. And while they struggled they saw near them, on the other side the strait, a rock stand in the water, with its peak wrapped round in clouds—a rock which no man could climb, though he had twenty hands and feet, for the stone was smooth and slippery, as if polished by man's hand; and half-way up a misty cave looked out toward the west.

32. And when Orpheus saw it he groaned, and struck his hands together. And "Little will it help us," he cried, "to escape the jaws of the whirlpool; for in that cave lives Scylla,* the sea-hag with a young whelp's voice; my mother warned me of her ere we sailed away from Hellas; she has six heads and six long necks, and hides in that dark cleft. And from her cave she fishes for all things which pass by—for sharks, and seals, and dolphins, and all the herds of Amphitrite.* And never ship's crew boasted that they came safe by her rock, for she bends her long necks down to them, and every mouth takes up a man. And who will help us now? For Hera and Zeus hate us, and our ship is foul with guilt; so we must die whatever befalls."

33. Then out of the depths came Thetis, Peleus' silver-footed bride, for love of her gallant husband, and all her nymphs around her; and they played like snow-white dolphins, diving on from wave to wave, before the ship, and in her wake, and beside her, as dolphins play. And they caught the ship and guided her and passed her on from hand to hand, as maidens toss the ball. And when Scylla stooped to seize her, they struck back her ravening heads, and foul Scylla whined, as a whelp whines, at the touch of their gentle hands. But she shrank into her cave affrighted—for all bad things shrink from good—and *Argo* leapt safe past her, while a fair breeze rose behind. Then Thetis and her nymphs sank down to their coral caves beneath the sea, and their gardens of green and purple, where

live flowers bloom all the year round; while the heroes went on rejoicing, yet dreading what might come next.

34. Then the heroes rowed away to the eastward, to reach Hellas, their beloved land; but a storm came down upon them, and swept them far away toward the south. And they rowed till they were spent with struggling, through the darkness and the blinding rain; but where they were they could not tell, and they gave up all hope of life. And at last they touched the ground, and when daylight came they waded to the shore; and saw nothing round but sand and desolate salt pools, for they had come to the quicksands and the dreary treeless flats on the burning shore of Africa. And there they wandered starving for many a weary day, ere they could launch their ship again, and gain the open sea. And there Canthus was killed, while he was trying to drive off sheep, by a stone which a herdsman threw.

35. At last they rowed away toward the northward, for many a weary day, till their water was spent, and their food eaten; and they were worn out with hunger and thirst. But at last they saw a long steep island, and a blue peak high among the clouds; and they knew it for the peak of Ida, and the famous land of Crete.* And they said, "We will land in Crete, and see Minos the just king, and all his glory and his wealth; at least he will treat us hospitably, and let us fill our water-casks upon the shore."

36. But when they came nearer to the island they saw a wondrous sight upon the cliffs. For on a cape to the westward stood a giant, taller than any mountain pine, who glittered aloft against the sky like a tower of burnished brass. He turned and looked on all sides round him, till he saw the *Argo* and her crew; and when he saw them he came toward them, more swiftly than the swiftest horse, leaping across the glens at a bound, and striding at one step from down to down. And when he came abreast of them he brandished his arms up and down, as a ship hoists and lowers her yards, and shouted with

his brazen throat like a trumpet from off the hills, "You are pirates, you are robbers! If you dare land here, you die!"

37. Then the heroes cried, "We are no pirates. We are all good men and true, and all we ask is food and water."

38. But the giant cried the more, "You are robbers, you are pirates all; I know you; and if you land, you shall die the death."

39. Then he waved his arms again as a signal, and they saw the people flying inland, driving their flocks before them, while a great flame rose among the hills. Then the giant ran up a valley and vanished, and the heroes lay on their oars in fear.

40. But Medea stood watching all from under her steep black brows, with a cunning smile upon her lips and a cunning plot within her heart. At last she spoke, "I know this giant. I heard of him in the East. Vulcan the Fire King made him in his forge in Etna beneath the earth, and called him Talus,* and gave him to Minos as a servant, to guard the coast of Crete. Thrice a day he walks round the island, and never stops to sleep; and if strangers land, he leaps into his furnace, which flames there among the hills; and when he is red-hot he rushes on them and burns them in his brazen hands."

41. Then all the heroes cried, "What shall we do, wise Medea? We must have water, or we die of thirst. Flesh and blood we can face fairly; but who can face this red-hot brass?"

42. "I can face red-hot brass, if the tale I hear be true. For they say he has but one vein in all his body, filled with liquid fire; and that this vein is closed with a nail: but I know not where that nail is placed. But if I can get it once into these hands, you shall water your ship here in peace."

43. Then she bade them put her on shore, and row off again, and wait what would befall.

44. And the heroes obeyed her unwillingly, for they were ashamed to leave her so alone; but Jason said, "She is dearer to me than to any of you, yet I will trust her freely on shore;

she has more plots than we can dream of in the windings of that fair and cunning head."

45. So they left the witch-maiden on the shore; and she stood there in her beauty all alone, till the giant strode back red-hot from head to heel, while the grass hissed and smoked beneath his tread.

46. And when he saw the maiden alone, he stopped; and she looked boldly up into his face without moving, and began her magic song:—"Life is short, though life is sweet; and even men of brass and fire must die. The brass must rust, the fire must cool, for time gnaws all things in their turn. Life is short, though life is sweet: but sweeter to live forever; sweeter to live ever youthful like the gods who have ichor in their veins—ichor which gives life, and youth, and joy, and a bounding heart."

47. Then Talus said, "Who are you, strange maiden, and where is this ichor of youth?"

48. Then Medea held up a flask of crystal, and said, "Here is the ichor of youth. I am Medea the enchantress; my sister Circe gave me this, and said, 'Go and reward Talus, the faithful servant, for his fame is gone out into all lands.' So come, and I will pour this into your veins, that you may live forever young."

49. And he listened to her false words, that simple Talus, and came near; and Medea said, "Dip yourself in the sea first, and cool yourself, lest you burn my tender hands; then show me where the nail in your vein is, that I may pour the ichor in."

50. Then that simple Talus dipped himself in the sea, till it hissed, and roared, and smoked; and came and knelt before Medea, and showed her the secret nail.

51. And she drew the nail out gently, but she poured no ichor in; and instead the liquid fire spouted forth, like a stream of red-hot iron. And Talus tried to leap up, crying, "You have betrayed me, false witch-maiden!" But she lifted up her hands before him, and sang, till he sank beneath her spell.

And, as he sank, his brazen limbs clanked heavily, and the earth groaned beneath his weight; and the liquid fire ran from his heel, like a stream of lava, to the sea; and Medea laughed, and called to the heroes, "Come ashore, and water your ship in peace."

52. So they came, and found the giant lying dead; and they fell down, and kissed Medea's feet; and watered their ship, and took sheep and oxen, and so left that inhospitable shore.

53. At last, after many more adventures, they came to the cape of Malea, at the southwest point of the Peloponnese. And there they offered sacrifices, and Orpheus purged them from their guilt. Then they rowed away again to the northward, past the Laconian* shore, until they came, all worn and tired, within sight of Pelion and Iolcos by the sea.

54. And they ran the ship ashore; but they had no strength left to haul her up the beach; and they crawled out on the pebbles, and sat down, and wept till they could weep no more. For the houses and the trees were all altered; and all the faces which they saw were strange; and their joy was swallowed up in sorrow, while they thought of their youth, and all their labor, and the gallant comrades they had lost.

55. And the people crowded round and asked them, "Who are you, that you sit weeping here?"

56. "We are the sons of your princes, who sailed out many a year ago. We went to fetch the golden fleece, and we have brought it, and grief therewith. Give us news of our fathers and our mothers, if any of them be left alive on earth."

57. Then there was shouting, and laughing, and weeping; and all the princes came to the shore, and they led away the heroes to their homes, and bewailed the valiant dead.

58. Then Jason went up with Medea to the palace of his uncle Pelias. And when he came in Pelias sat by the hearth, crippled and blind with age; while opposite him sat Eson, Jason's father, crippled and blind likewise; and the two old

men's heads shook together as they tried to warm themselves before the fire.

59. And Jason fell down at his father's knees, and wept, and called him by his name. And the old man stretched his hands out, and felt him, and said, "Do not mock me, young hero. My son Jason is dead long ago at sea."

60. "I am your son Jason, whom you trusted to the Centaur upon Pelion; and I have brought home the golden fleece, and a princess of the Sun's race for my bride. So now give me up the kingdom, Pelias my uncle, and fulfil your promise as I have fulfilled mine."

61. Then his father clung to him like a child, and wept, and would not let him go; and cried, "Now I shall not go down lonely to my grave. Promise me never to leave me till I die."

PART VI

What Was the End of the Heroes

1. And now I wish that I could end my story pleasantly; but it is no fault of mine that I can not. The old songs end it sadly, and I believe that they are right and wise; for though the heroes were purified at Malea, yet sacrifices can not make bad hearts good, and Jason had taken a wicked wife, and he had to bear his burden to the last.

2. And first she laid a cunning plot to punish that poor old Pelias instead of letting him die in peace.

3. For she told his daughters, "I can make old things young again; I will show you how easy it is to do." So she took an old ram and killed him, and put him into a cauldron with magic herbs; and whispered her spells over him, and he leapt out again a young lamb.

4. Then she said to Pelias' daughters, "Do to your father as I did to this ram, and he will grow young and strong again." But she only told them half the spell; so they failed, while Medea mocked them; and poor old Pelias died, and his

daughters came to misery. But the songs say she cured Eson, Jason's father, and he became young and strong again.

5. But Jason could not love her, after all her cruel deeds. So he was ungrateful to her, and wronged her; and she revenged herself on him. And a terrible revenge she took—but you will hear of it yourselves when you grow up, for it has been sung in noble poetry and music; and whether it be true or not, it stands forever as a warning to us not to seek for help from evil persons, or to gain good ends by evil means. For if we use an adder even against our enemies, it will turn again and sting us.

6. But of all the other heroes there is many a brave tale left, which I have no space to tell you, so you must read them for yourselves;—of the hunting of the boar in Calydon,* which Meleager* killed; and of Hercules' twelve famous labors; and of the seven who fought at Thebes; and of the noble love of Castor and Pollux, the twin brothers—how when one died the other would not live without him, so they shared their immortality between them; and Zeus changed them into the two twin stars which never rise both at once.

7. And what became of Chiron, the good immortal beast? That, too, is a sad story; for the heroes never saw him more. He was wounded by a poisoned arrow, when Hercules opened the fatal wine-jar, which Chiron had warned him not to touch. And the Centaurs smelt the wine, and flocked to it, and fought for it with Hercules; but he killed them all with his poisoned arrows, and Chiron was left alone. Then Chiron took up one of the arrows, and dropped it by chance upon his foot; and the poison ran like fire along his veins, and he lay down and longed to die; and cried, "Through wine I perish, the bane of all my race. Why should I live forever in this agony? Who will take my immortality, that I may die?"

8. Then Prometheus answered, the good Titan, whom Hercules had set free from Caucasus, "I will take your immortality and live forever, that I may help poor mortal men." So

Chiron gave him his immortality, and died, and had rest from pain. And Hercules and Prometheus wept over him, and went to bury him on Pelion; but Zeus took him up among the stars, to live forever, grand and mild, low down in the far southern sky.

9. And in time the heroes died, all but Nestor, the silver-tongued old man; and left behind them valiant sons, but not so great as they had been. Yet their fame, too, lives till this day, for they fought at the ten years' siege of Troy: and their story is in the book which we call Homer, in two of the noblest songs on earth—the "Iliad," which tells us of the siege of Troy; and the "Odyssey" which tells the wanderings of Ulysses after the fall of Troy in his efforts to return home to Ithaca* his beloved island, and to Penelope* his faithful wife, and Telemachus* his son.

—*Charles Kingsley*

STUDY-PLAN OF "THE ARGONAUTS"

PART I

"HOW THE CENTAUR TRAINED THE HEROES ON PELION"

Paragraphs 1-10—Phrixus and the Wonderful Ram

Words: renown, adventure, wondrous, bore, cloud-nymph,[1] sacrificed, altar, madness, dolphin, fulfilled, straits, kinsfolk.

Questions: In what country were Phrixus and Helle born? Where do we now think Colchis was situated?[2] What was the Black Sea called in those days? What was the golden fleece? What does "the Oracle in Delphi" mean?[3] What god had his temple built there? (For a picture of Apollo, see Guerber, p. 66; for one of Apollo slaying the Python, see "Story of the Golden Age," p. 43.) What answer did the Oracle give Athamas? Why was the Hellespont so named? (The Hellespont is now called the Dardanelles. Find it on the map of Europe.) What prompted Phrixus to offer the ram as a sacrifice? To what god was the offering made? What had to be done that the spirit of Phrixus might find rest? Memorize: "The noblest deeds which have been done on earth have not been done for gold."

Notes: [1]**Cloud-nymph**—According to the old classical mythology, nymphs were goddesses of the mountains, forests, meadows, waters, and clouds. They had not the power of the goddesses on Olympus. (See the picture of a nymph, Guerber, p. 191.) [2]**Colchis**—The country at the eastern end of the Black Sea, which was then called the Euxine Sea. (See the map, Guerber, p. 8.) [3]**Oracle in Delphi**—At Delphi, near Mount Parnassus in Greece, where Apollo slew the Python, stood the beautiful temple of that god. It was built over a cleft in the rocks from which at times rose intoxicating fumes. When the priestess of Apollo inhaled these fumes, she was given power to read the future. Many people in distress came to the temple seeking knowledge of future happenings. The replies of the priestess to their inquiries were termed oracles, and finally the temple itself became known as the Oracle of Apollo in Delphi.

Suggestions: For the proper development of this work on "The Argonauts," the following books should be on the teacher's desk: Guerber's "Myths of Greece and Rome," Baldwin's "Story of the Golden Age," Baldwin's "Old Greek Stories," Hall's "Homeric Stories," and Haaren and Poland's "Famous Men of Greece."

In connection with this lesson the teacher may read to the class "Old Greek Stories," pp. 7–13; and the children may read for themselves "Famous Men of Greece," pp. 9–19, "Old Greek Stories," pp. 46–52, and "Story of the Golden Age," pp. 37–46.

Paragraphs 11-29—Eson's Visit to Chiron

Words: lawless, heir, torrent, down, magic, ether,[1] virtues, prophecy, sieges, befallen, entreat, avenge, gallant, glory, fancy.

Questions: Ask your teacher to show you on the map of Greece where the ancient kingdoms of Iolcos and Beotia were located. (See Guerber pp. 8–9.) Did the kings in those days have large or small kingdoms? Do you think *king* meant more or less than it does now? Why did Eson wish to hide his son? Where did he take the boy? Find this mountain on the map. What was a Centaur? (See the picture, Guerber, p. 222.) Name some of the "hidden jewels of the mine." Explain *hidden things to come.* What part of Chiron's song do you think the boy liked best? Why did Eson wish his boy trained? What did Chiron mean when he advised Eson to "bend before the storm"? What promise did Chiron make Eson?

Note: [1]**Ether**—Here simply the air.

Paragraphs 30-40—Jason at Chiron's School

Words: resound, game, deserts, vale, venison, plot, measure, glen, bay, marjoram, thyme, cunning, virtues.

Questions: Who was Eneas?[1] Hercules?[2] Peleus?[3] Asclepius?[4] Which one of the boys do you think had done the finest thing during

the day? Who was Athene? (See Guerber, pp. 55–57.) What city was named in her honor? (See Suggestion below.) By what name was this goddess known to the Romans? What did Chiron teach the new boy to do? What name did he give him?

Notes: [1]**Eneas**—A hero of Troy who escaped when that city was captured by the Greeks. After many wanderings he reached Italy and founded the Roman nation. [2]**Hercules**—One of the greatest heroes of mythology. If you would like to know about his interesting adventures, read "Famous Men of Greece," pp. 41–51, and "The Three Golden Apples" in Hawthorne's "Wonder Book." See the pictures in Guerber, pp. 217; 222; 231; 237. [3]**Peleus**—The hero who married the sea-nymph Thetis. It was at their wedding that the famous golden apple that later caused the Trojan War was thrown. Read Baldwin's "Story of the Golden Age," pp. 95–101. [4]**Asclepius**—Generally written Esculapius. He was the son of Apollo and Coronis. He is considered the first physician among mortals. Read "Old Greek Stories," pp. 61–74.

Suggestion: Read to the class the story of Athene and Arachne in "Old Greek Stories," pp. 40–45, and of Athene and Neptune, pp. 137–146.

PART II

"HOW JASON LOST HIS SANDAL IN ANAURUS"

Paragraphs 1-12—Jason's Promise to Chiron

Words: mighty, fellows, proverb, seat, heir, woe, fledged, prophet, fortune.

Questions: How many years have now passed in our story? Who were the parents of Asclepius? How did Asclepius finally meet his death? (Read "Old Greek Stories," pp. 61–74.) What is the Peloponnese?[1] How many famous labors were performed by Hercules? What were some of them? What was the name of the sea-nymph whom Peleus married? (Read "Story of the Golden Age," pp. 95–101.) What does the last clause in the first paragraph mean? Ask your teacher to point out on a map Troy and the other places mentioned in paragraph 2. (See map in Guerber, pp. 8–9.) Over what sea did Jason look toward the east? Why was that sea so named? (Read the story of Theseus in "Famous Men of Greece," pp. 62–70, or in Kingsley's "Greek Heroes," the book from which "The Argonauts" is taken.) Why did Chiron say, "The eaglet must leave the nest when it is fledged"? What did Jason promise Chiron before leaving Pelion?

Note: [1]**Peloponnese**—That part of Greece south of the Gulf of Corinth. It is usually written Peloponnesus. See the map.

Paragraphs 13-25—Hera's Test at the Anauros

Words: arbutus, palsied, ground, scornfully, mantle, heifer, pillar, soul.

Questions: To what does Kingsley compare the rumbling of the boulders? Who asked Jason for help? Why did Jason do as she wished? At what was Jason wondering (par. 18)? How was the old woman unreasonable? Why did she speak as she did? Whom did the old woman prove to be? (See the picture in Guerber, p. 50.) What did she tell Jason in parting? Whom did Hera mean by the *Immortals.*

Paragraphs 26-44—Meeting of Jason and Pelias

Words: sandals, fair, started, ruin, end, bearing, doleful, mortal, courted, simple, dark, hospitable, slandered.

Questions: Why did Jason say "good father" in speaking to the old man? Find another expression used in a similar way a little farther on. Whose oracle was situated in Delphi? Why was the temple built there? Why should Jason say, "Good news, good father, both for you and me"? Did Pelias really weep upon meeting Jason? What reason did Pelias give for being glad to see Jason? Why was Pelias so slow in beginning his story? Explain *their father had taught them their parts.* Why did not Jason offer to go in search of the golden fleece? Explain *a man of blood.*

Paragraphs 45-56—A Cunning Trap

Words: bitter, forthwith, bay, rash, bid, immortal, mighty, victim, heralds, befall.

Questions: Can you point out the flattery in paragraph 45 with which Pelias baited his trap? What was Pelias' purpose in asking Jason's advice? What first made Jason fear that he had been trapped? Do you believe all that Pelias said in paragraph 50? What was Jason's second promise to Chiron? On what condition did Jason agree to go in search of the golden fleece? Explain *they swore a great oath between them.* Why did Jason offer a sacrifice to Hera? What do you think the sacrifice was? What did Pelias think of Jason's plan?

PART III

"HOW THEY BUILT THE SHIP 'ARGO' IN IOLCOS"

Paragraphs 1-4—The Gathering of the Heroes

Words: squire, steersman, thither, helmets, crests, greaves, tempered, bronze, inlaid, felled, pierced, pitched, bows, vermilion.

Questions: Why were the princes of the Minuai willing to go in search of the golden fleece? How did Hercules get his lion's skin?

For what are Castor and Pollux famous?[1] Who were the parents of Achilles? Why is their wedding famous? How were shields held in fighting? Of what were swords made in those days? Of what are they made now? Explain *all the city came out to meet them.* What made the women of Iolcos sorrowful? Of what did the heroes build their ship? What name did they give her? Why? How many heroes made up the crew? Why is this story called "The Argonauts"?[2]

Notes: [1]**Castor and Pollux**—Twin heroes, brothers of the beautiful Helen who later caused the Trojan War. Castor is famous as a tamer of horses, and Pollux as a wrestler and boxer. Their love for each other still stands as the great example of brotherly affection. [2]**Argonauts**—The word means the sailors of the *Argo.*

Paragraphs 5-12—Launching of the "Argo"

Words: minstrels, delivered, doomed, beak-head, surges, cordage, heaved.

Questions: Who was Orpheus?[1] Why does Kingsley call him "the prince of minstrels"? What does *in vain* mean? Have you read of another mortal who made a trip into Hades? Explain the last expression in paragraph 6. Point out Dodona on the map. (See Guerber, pp. 8–9.) Whose oracle was located at Dodona? Of what other oracle have you read? What did Jason get at Dodona? How did this soon prove helpful? Picture the launching of the *Argo.* To what does Kingsley compare the vessel? What is peculiar about the expression *whispering sea*? From what city did the *Argo* start? Why did the women weep?

Note: [1]**Orpheus**—The son of Apollo and Calliope, one of the Muses. He was the greatest musician among mortals, as his father was the greatest among the gods. See the picture of Orpheus and Eurydice in Guerber, p. 78.

PART IV

"HOW THE ARGONAUTS SAILED TO COLCHIS"

Paragraphs 1-8—A Last Visit to Chiron

Words: vowed, minister, carcass, armament, proverb, vapor, stately, wedded, right, swine, host, mad, forsook, hovered, pious.

Questions: In what language are the ancient songs about the Argonauts written? Who was chosen captain of the *Argo*? Why not Hercules? What ceremony was then performed? Who proposed a last visit to Chiron? What special reason had he? Why is the wedding of Peleus and Thetis famous? Why was the hall of Chiron misty? What does *snow-crowned* mean? Is it true that Achilles

could not be wounded? (Read "Famous Men of Greece," pp. 79-89.) Who was the better musician, Chiron or Orpheus? Why did Chiron sing first? Why did Peleus weep upon parting from his son? Why were the heroes so fond of Chiron? What was their last view of their old teacher and friend?

Paragraphs 9-15—The Sad Death of Cyzicus

Words: swell, deadly, hawsers, rudder, appease, fair, offered, archers, furled, stealth, fair.

Questions: Trace on the map the course of the *Argo* from Iolcos to the Marmora. How did Cyzicus treat the heroes? Why? In what language did Virgil write his poem about Eneas? Explain how Cyzicus met his death. How did the magic bough again prove helpful? Recall the previous instance of its help. What funeral custom of the Greeks was practiced at the tomb of Cyzicus? Does the present that Jason gave Orpheus suggest one of the gods? (See the picture in Guerber, p. 133.) What prize was given Jason? Do you know of anything else used by the Greeks to make the victor's crown? (Read "Old Greek Stories," pp. 52–56.) What did the Argonauts use besides oars to drive the vessel along? How did Hercules become separated from the others? What are water-nymphs? (See Guerber, p. 191.)

Paragraphs 16-24—The Wandering Blue Rocks

Words: shoals, for (par. 16), spires, spouts, lay, clenching, heron, cunning, rebounded, withes, toppling, ere, avenged, vulture.

Questions: What were some of the beliefs in those days concerning the Black Sea? What do you think the wandering blue rocks were? Why? Explain *for Hera is with us.* Why did Tiphys clench his teeth? How did Hera help the heroes? Why does Kingsley say "the cold blue lips of death"? Who were the first of the crew to die? What mountain did the Greeks think marked the eastern end of the world? Why is this mountain called "the father of the rivers of the East"? Who was the Titan chained on Caucasus? Why was he punished in this way? (Read "Old Greek Stories," pp. 14–25.)

Paragraphs 25-34—Meeting of the Argonauts and Eetes

Words: goal, reedy, awed, diadem, sceptre, invader, ravage, quest, nameless, worsted, fulfil.

Questions: Why did Caucasus rise higher hour by hour? What did Jason mean by *soft words*? Who were the daughters of Eetes? (See the picture in Guerber, p. 272, and the one in "Famous Men of Greece," p. 58.) How did Eetes greet the Argonauts? Was Jason wise in answering as he did? Could the Argonauts reasonably expect to win the fleece in fight? Why? Explain *if you will be ruled by me.* Why did Eetes make this offer? Why were the heroes sorrowful?

Paragraphs 35-49—The Assistance of Medea

Words: thwarts, ward, base, besought, brazen-footed, devouring, ells, buttresses, battlements, brandishing, wary, spells, enchantresses, sore, anoint, virtue.

Questions: How did the Greeks differ from the Colchians in appearance? Why did Chalciope pity the strangers? What had to be done before any man could win the fleece? Was Jason discouraged at what Medea told him? Why did he not give up? How was the grove containing the fleece protected? Why did Medea tell Jason about these great difficulties and obstacles? What effect did her statements have upon him? Why did Medea consent to help Jason? What were her instructions to Jason? What was the trouble with Idas?

Paragraphs 50-56—Jason's Mighty Tasks

Words: champion, host, singed, groveling, loosed, steadfast, bound, lest, suspicion, phantoms.

Questions: How did Jason's companions test the magic ointment? For what fight was Jason ready in the morning? Why was Eetes surprised when Jason's messengers arrived? Explain *the heart of the brute died within him.* Who helped Jason conquer the bulls? How? How many acres did Jason plough? What happened when the serpents' teeth were sown? How do we know that the Minuai did some loud cheering when the earth-born warriors were all slain? Why was Jason in a hurry to be led to the fleece?

Paragraphs 67-79—Jason's Promise to Medea

Words: counsel, doing, mock, endure, moor, envy, king.

Questions: Why did Eetes delay? Why did he think Medea had helped Jason? What threat did he make to her? Do you believe he would have carried it out? Why were the Minuai angry? What did some of them suggest? Why did not Jason follow their advice? Why was Medea so sorrowful when she came? How did Jason and the heroes comfort her? Explain *The lot is cast.* How did the heroes prove their courage? Can you guess why Orpheus was chosen? Do you recall the use of *heralds* in a preceding paragraph?

Paragraphs 80-92—The Capture of the Fleece

Words: yearling, strew, ravening, stems, fathom, spangled, reaches, grim, strokes, swirling, kine, mettle, pean.

Questions: For what purpose was the lamb brought? What guided Medea, Absyrtus, and the two heroes through the wood? How large was the serpent that guarded the fleece? How was he soothed to rest? What was done as soon as the four reached the Argo? Why did not the Argonauts cheer? Why were the heroes in such a hurry? Do you think they were justified in taking the fleece as they did?

PART V

"HOW THE ARGONAUTS WERE DRIVEN INTO THE UNKNOWN SEA"

Paragraphs 1-17—A Cruel Crime and Its Punishment

Words: manned, bewailed, bear, atone, vengeance, sentence, dark, upbraided, debtors, strained, wretched, cleanse.

Questions: Who were the better rowers, the Minuai or the Colchians? Why did Eetes cease following the *Argo*? What were his instructions to his sailors? Why was the *Argo* swept from her course? Do you think it would have been right to throw Medea into the sea? Why did the heroes weep? In what continent are Ethiopia and Libya? What do you think was the "unknown sea" into which the Argonauts were driven? Why could not the Argonauts tell north from south during the storm? How long did the storm last? Why does Kingsley say *nights* rather than *days*? Why were the heroes afraid of Circe? What reply did she make to their request? How did Circe know that Medea had murdered Absyrtus?

Paragraghs 18-29—The Argonauts and the Sirens

Words: deeps, asphodel, basking, shoals, blue, strain, hapless, loathly, peerless, wake.

Questions: What are the pillars of Hercules?[1] Locate Sardinia on the map. To what are the wind and the clouds compared? How did the song of the sirens affect the heroes? How was the influence of the sirens overcome? Who was the bride of Perseus? (Read the story of Perseus in "Famous Men of Greece," pp. 31–40, or in Kingsley's "Greek Heroes.") What does *the golden sea* mean?

Note: [1]**Pillars of Hercules**—The rocky points at the entrance of the Strait of Gibraltar. The ancients believed that Hercules tore this passageway from the Mediterranean Sea to the Atlantic.

Paragraphs 30-34—Between Scylla and Charybdis

Words: cone, whelp, cleft, ravening, foul, desolate, quicksands.

Questions: On what island is Mount Etna? What is peculiar about this mountain? What was the opinion of the ancients concerning it? Between what dangers did the heroes next pass? Which was the more dangerous? Who had told Orpheus about Scylla? How did the Argonauts manage to pass Scylla without losing any of their number? Who was Amphitrite?[1] What do you think her *herds* were?

Note: [1]**Amphitrite**—The queen of Poseidon (Neptune), the ruler of the sea.

Paragraphs 35-52—Medea and the Brazen Giant

Words: hospitably, burnished, brandished, hoists, thrice, windings, tread, bounding, simple, clanked, lava, inhospitable.

Questions: What strange sight met the eyes of the Argonauts as they drew near Crete? Why were the heroes afraid? Judging from the manner in which Canthus came to his death, do you think Talus was far wrong in his opinion of the Argonauts? What did Medea tell the heroes concerning this giant? Why did not the heroes pass on without landing? What cunning plan was formed and carried out by Medea? Do you think Medea really had ichor in the flask? How did Talus get himself hot? What proved that he certainly was hot? In what part of his body was the nail? How did the heroes show their thankfulness to Medea? Explain *watered their ship.*

Paragraphs 53-61—A Sad Home-Coming

Words: purged, bewailed, valiant, mock.

Questions: What is the Peloponnese? Locate the cape of Malea on the map. To whom do you think the heroes offered sacrifices? Who served as priest in these ceremonies? In what condition were the Argonauts when they reached the beach at Iolcos? Why did they weep instead of rejoicing upon returning home? How many years do you think they had been gone? How had the years told upon Pelias and Eson? What did Eson fear when Jason first spoke to him? What promise to Pelias had Jason fulfilled? What promise did Jason now make his father? Why?

PART VI

"WHAT WAS THE END OF THE HEROES"

Paragraphs 1-5—Unhappiness of Jason and Medea

Words: purified, burden, cauldron, ungrateful, revenged, adder.

Questions: Who was now king at Iolcos? Why was he not happy? How did Medea plan to put Pelias to death? (See the picture in "Famous Men of Greece," p. 58.) Who was made young again by Medea? Explain *to gain good ends by evil means.* From the advice given by Kingsley in paragraph 5, can you guess what his work in life was?

Paragraphs 6-9—Other Famous Stories

Words: boar, bane, agony, siege.

Questions: Do you know the story of the famous hunt in Calydon? (Read "Old Greek Stories," pp. 115–132.) Which one of Hercules' great labors is perhaps the best known? Who were the famous twin brothers of this story? What woman, who became famous later, was their sister? What became of the famous twins? How did Chiron meet his death? Who took Chiron's immortality that the good

Centaur might die? Which one of the Argonauts lived longest? Why does Kingsley call him "the silver-tongued old man"? In what great fight did the sons of many of the Argonauts take part? In what poem are their gallant deeds recorded? Who wrote the poem? What other great poem was written by this man? What does it describe? (If you would like to know more about the Trojan War and the wanderings of Ulysses, read Hall's "Homeric Stories.")

DRAMATIZATION

After finishing the study of *The Argonauts*, review it by means of a series of simple dialogues, using Kingsley's words: Chiron's Promise to Eson, Parting of Jason and Chiron, Meeting of Jason and Pelias, Bold Words between Jason and Eetes, Medea's Offer to Jason, Jason's Return to Eson.

GENERAL QUESTIONS

1. Who did the old Greeks believe was the first woman?
2. Who gave her to Epimetheus?
3. How did troubles come into the world?
4. Where did the Greeks and Romans believe their gods and goddesses lived?
5. Who was the greatest among the gods?
6. By what name was he known to the Romans?
7. By what name was his queen known to the Greeks? to the Romans?
8. Give the Greek and Roman names for the god of war; the goddess of love; the blacksmith of the gods; the goddess of wisdom; the messenger of the gods; the god who had charge of the ocean; the king and the queen of Hades.
9. For what talent was Orpheus famous?
10. Who were the parents of Orpheus?
11. Tell the story of Orpheus and Eurydice.
12. Who were the parents of Achilles?
13. For what was their wedding famous?
14. What was an oracle?
15. Locate the two greatest oracles in Greece, and name the god in charge of each.
16. How and why was Prometheus punished by the gods?
17. Tell the story of King Midas.
18. What one of Hercules' famous labors do you like best?
19. What caused the Trojan War?

CHARLES KINGSLEY

NO DOUBT you have enjoyed the interesting adventures of the Argonauts. You may have read, also, about Tom in "The Water Babies." The author of these pleasing stories was born in Devonshire in the southwestern part of England in 1819.

Kingsley's father was a clergyman, and Charles had several brothers and sisters. When the boy was quite small, his father was made rector of a church in Nottinghamshire in central England. Here the Kingsleys lived in a house that was said to be haunted by a ghost called Button-Cap. In later years Kingsley wrote of him: "He lived in the great north room at Barnak. I knew him well. He used to walk across the room in flopping slippers, and turn over the leaves of books to find the missing deed whereof he had defrauded the orphan and the widow. He was an old rector of Barnak. Nobody ever saw him; but, in spite of that, he wore a flowered dressing-gown and a cap with a button on it." Kingsley next relates that Button-Cap would sometimes get cross at night and roll the barrels around in the cellar; but he always put each in its place before morning. Kingsley finishes his account of Button-Cap with these words: "He was rats."

Charles Kingsley owed much to his mother. She was a lover of nature, and through her influence Charles early became interested in the world that lies out-of-doors. The habits of the birds, butterflies, and animals of their neighborhood attracted him, and it was not long before the young naturalist had learned many things that are hidden from most eyes. To the eye of an artist the beauty of a bird is the principal thing, but little Charles Kingsley was not so much interested in the appearance of a bird as he was in its ways of doing things; to him its habits were the principal thing—he saw with the eye of a naturalist.

When Charles was eleven years of age the family returned to Devonshire. The father was now rector in a seacoast town,

The Penny Pictures

CHARLES KINGSLEY

and the new life within hearing of the great ocean was very different from that in the quiet level country whence they had come. The new plants, animals, and insects of the shore interested the boy greatly. The life itself in sight of the breakers was stimulating. Many of the townspeople were fishermen, and before the fishing fleet put to sea Kingsley's father would hold a short service at the quay, commending the sailors to the care of God. In later years the remembrance of these scenes of his boyhood suggested to Kingsley his well-known poem "The Three Fishers":

Three fishers went sailing away to the West—
  Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
  And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work and women must weep;
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
  Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower
  And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
  And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown.
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
  And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
  In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
  For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
  And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

At school Charles was quiet and studious. Though strong and well-built, he cared more for his studies than for games and liked natural history best of all. He became a great reader, enjoying especially poetry and heroic tales. After passing through the lower schools, young Kingsley entered Cambridge University. He was well-liked by his classmates and teachers, for he was always kind and cheerful. He proved himself a fine scholar and was graduated from Cambridge at the head of his class.

Kingsley now decided to be a clergyman, and so prepared himself for that honorable calling. He was made rector of the church at Eversley in Hampshire. The people of Eversley greatly admired and loved their talented young rector. He lived and worked among them for thirty-three years. "He could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swath with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the haymakers in the pasture. With the farmer he could discuss the rotation of crops; with the laborer his hedging and ditching; and in giving sympathy he gained power."

Soon after entering the ministry Kingsley married a sweet-souled woman. To the Kingsley home came three children. (You may find their names at the beginning of the "Greek Heroes," for this book was written for them.) The home life of this family was exceedingly happy. Kingsley was very fond of his children. "When his parish work was done, he would join them, bringing them some fresh treasure picked in his walk, a choice wild flower or fern, and sometimes a rare beetle, a lizard, or a field mouse; ever waking up their sense of wonder, calling out their powers of observation, and teaching them, without any sense of effort upon lessons, out of God's great green book."

With such a father and with such training as this, it is no wonder that Kingsley's little girl rushed into the breakfast room one morning, hand clasped tight and eyes shining; to

open her hand and cry: "Oh, father, look at this delightful worm!"

During the years at Eversley, Kingsley was becoming famous. He was a great lover of nature, but he loved men more. He became deeply interested in bettering the condition of the laboring-men of England. To that end he wrote several books pleading for a fuller and a happier life for these poor people. In his pulpit Kingsley argued the same cause, and people came from far and near to hear him. He believed that he loves God best who best loves his fellowmen.

Having risen to a wider acquaintance and greater influence, in 1860 Kingsley was made professor of modern history at Cambridge University. While engaged in this work he was appointed one of the instructors of the Prince of Wales, who later became King Edward VII. Kingsley was popular with the students at Cambridge, but he liked the work of a minister better than that of a teacher, so after nine years at Cambridge he returned to the ministry, and held high positions at Chester and at Westminster Abbey.

Kingsley worked so long and so faithfully without sufficient rest that his health finally gave way under the strain. He made a visit to the United States in 1874 to rest and regain his strength. In a letter to his wife, written from Cambridge, Massachusetts, he says, "Here is a little haven of rest, where we arrived last night. Longfellow came to dinner, and we dine with him tonight. Yesterday, in Boston, dear old Whittier called on me, and we had a most loving and like-minded talk about the other world. He is an old saint. This morning I have spent chiefly with Asa Gray and his plants, so that we are in good company."

After spending a little time in the eastern states and Canada, Kingsley came west to California. He made a visit to the wonderful Yosemite* Valley and the Big Trees. While in San Francisco he took a bad cold, which soon developed into pleurisy. Seeking sunshine and drier air, he went at once

to Colorado Springs near Denver. He was so delighted with the Colorado climate and scenery that he spent considerable time there.

Feeling well and strong at last, Kingsley grew eager to go home and get to work again. So bidding his friends in America good-bye, he returned to Eversley in August. With many duties pressing upon him, he soon overdid himself. His strength failed him again, and he passed away in January, 1875. Let us remember Charles Kingsley as author, naturalist, clergyman; and more than all these, as a true Christian gentleman who loved his neighbor as himself.

—*Leroy E. Armstrong*

Questions: Where and when was Charles Kingsley born? What occupation did Kingsley's father follow? For what did little Charles early show a liking? From whom did he get this taste? How was Kingsley different from most boys at school? From what university was Kingsley graduated? After graduation, what occupation did Kingsley choose? Name Kingsley's best-known poem. Explain how this poem came to be written. What reasons have you for thinking that Kingsley was fond of children? For what purpose did Kingsley write several books? What work besides the ministry did Kingsley follow for nine years? Who was one of his pupils during this time? Why did Kingsley make a visit to the United States in 1874? Name two American authors that he met while in this country. Where and when did he die? What caused his death? Give a quotation from Kingsley.

TO A LITTLE GIRL

BE GOOD, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song!

—*Charles Kingsley*

ALICE BRAND

(This ballad is taken from *The Lady of the Lake,* Sir Walter Scott's most popular poem. The author was a warm-hearted, whole-souled Scotchman, who wrote many fine novels as well as several stirring poems. *Ivanhoe, Quentin Durward,* and *The Talisman* are books that will give you pleasure.)

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and the merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold° by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,°
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest° of pall,° thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd deer,
To keep the cold away."

"O Richard! If my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair° no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey,
As gay the forest-green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

II

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who woned° within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christen'd man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For mutter'd word or ban.

Brown's Famous Pictures

SIR WALTER SCOTT

"Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

III

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have still'd their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,—
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly° blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,—
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?"

IV

" 'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

"And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once—she cross'd him twice—
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold:
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,
When all the bells were ringing.

—*Sir Walter Scott*

Words: hold—live; **glaive**—sword; **vest**—vestment; clothing; **pall**—costly cloth; **vair**—fur; **woned**—dwelt; **kindly**—kindred.

Questions: What has made Alice and Richard outlaws? Who takes the more contented view of their new life? What arouses the anger of the Elfin King? Whom does he choose as his messenger? Why this one? What seems to you the most interesting verse in the ballad? Into how many parts is this poem divided? Write a topic heading for each part. What other stories of fairy enchantment have you read?

Pleasure Reading:

Webster and Coe's Tales and Verse from Sir Walter Scott
Mabie's Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know

A STORY FOR PRINCES

(This little story was written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge,* an English poet, to rebuke the kings of Europe. Coleridge was born in 1772. His most famous poem is *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*)

DURING his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian* came to a strange people in Africa. Dwelling in a remote and secluded° corner in peaceful huts, they knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their chief, who received him hospitably,° and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold.

"Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander.

"I take it for granted," replied the chief, "that thou wert able to find edible° food in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come among us?"

"Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Alexander, "but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs."

"So be it," rejoined[3] the other; "sojourn among us as long as pleaseth thee."

At the close of this conversation two citizens entered as into their court of justice. The plaintiff[6] said: "I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I bargained only for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it."

The defendant[7] answered: "I hope that I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its existing advantages, and consequently the treasure was included."

The chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, repeated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or not he understood them aright.

Then, after some reflection, he said, "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And thou," said the judge, turning to the other, "a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let the son marry the daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage-portion."

Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed.

"Think you my sentence unjust?" the chief asked him.

"Oh, no," replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me."

"And how, then," rejoined the chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?"

"To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have taken both parties into custody,[8] and have seized the treasure for the king's use."

"For the king's use!" exclaimed the chief, now in his turn astonished. "Does the sun shine on that country?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Does it rain there?"

"Assuredly."

"Wonderful! but are there in that country tame animals which live on the grass and green herbs?"

"Very many, and of many kinds."

"Ay," that must be the cause," said the chief, "for the sake of those innocent animals, the All-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country."

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

Words: **secluded**—quiet, shut apart; **hospitably**—kindly; **edible**—fit to eat; **rejoined**—answered; **plaintiff**—one who makes complaint in a lawsuit; **defendant**—one against whom the complaint is made; **custody**—under arrest; **ay**—yes.

Questions: Is this a true story? Why does Coleridge take this way of reproving kings and princes? What does satire mean? What else have you read containing satire?

Dramatization: Will four boys volunteer to put this story into dialogue and present it to the class?

Pleasure Reading:

Haaren and Poland's Famous Men of Greece, pp. 215–226

THE CHERRY-SNOWS

THE cherry-snows are falling now;
Down from the blossom-clouded sky
Of zephyr-troubled twig and bough,
In widely settling whirls they fly.

The orchard earth, unclothed and brown,
Is wintry-hued with petals bright;
E'en as the snow they glimmer down;
Brief as the snow's their stainless white.

—*Clark Ashton Smith*

HORATIUS* AT THE BRIDGE

(This stirring poem, describing an event in the early history of Rome, was written by Thomas Babington Macaulay, one of England's greatest essayists and historians. To make the poem more interesting, the author tells the story as if he were a Roman citizen living perhaps a hundred years after the time of Horatius.

The events leading up to the story are about as follows: Sextus, the son of King Tarquin the Proud of Rome, grossly insulted a Roman matron. The people rose in indignation and drove out both father and son. In his efforts to regain his throne, Tarquin secured the assistance of Porsena, King of Clusium, and several other princes. The poem narrates their attempt to capture Rome.

The poem will be a little difficult to read because of the names of persons and places. The pronunciation of these names is given at the back of the book. The martial spirit of the poem will easily carry you over all difficulties.)

LARS PORSENA* of Clusium*
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting° day,
And bade his messengers ride forth
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

— 2 —

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
  Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
  is on the march for Rome.

— 3 —

The horsemen and the footmen
  Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market place;
  From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
  Which hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
  Of purple Apennine.

— 4 —

The harvests of Arretium,*
  This year old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
  Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
  This year, the must° shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
  Whose sires have marched to Rome.

— 5 —

There be thirty chosen prophets,
  The wisest of the land,
Who always by Lars Porsena
  Both morn and evening stand.
Evening and morn the Thirty
  Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
  By mighty seers of yore.

— 6 —

And with one voice the Thirty
  Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
  Go forth, beloved of Heaven;

Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's* altars
The golden shields of Rome."

— 7 —

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale° of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium*
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

— 8 —

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign°
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

— 9 —

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

— 10 —

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,*
  Could the wan burghers° spy
The line of blazing villages
  Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
  They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
  With tidings of dismay.

— 11 —

To eastward and to westward
  Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
  In Crustumerium* stands.
Verbenna* down to Ostia
  Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,*
  And the stout guards are slain.

— 12 —

I wis,° in all the Senate,
  There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
  When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
  Up rose the fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
  And hied° them to the wall.

— 13 —

They held a council standing
  Before the River Gate.
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
  For musing or debate.

Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

— 14 —

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul,
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

— 15 —

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

— 16 —

Fast by the royal standard,°
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.

By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

— 17 —

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament°
From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed;
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

— 18 —

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

— 19 —

Then out spake brave Horatius,*
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods,

— 20 —

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

— 21 —

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait° path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

— 22 —

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,*
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius,*
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

— 23 —

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Went forth the dauntless Three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrels
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

— 24 —

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness° on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax;
And Fathers, mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

— 25 —

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light;
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

— 26 —

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:

And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

— 27 —

Aunus* from green Tifernum,*
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius,* whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus,* long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum* lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

— 28 —

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus, brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

— 29 —

Then Ocnus of Falerii*
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus* of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;

And Aruns of Volsinium,
  Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,°
And wasted fields and slaughtered men,
  Along Albinia's shore.

— 30 —

Herminius smote down Aruns;
  Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
  Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
  No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's* hinds° shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
  Thy thrice-accursèd sail."

— 31 —

But now no sound of laughter
  Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
  From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
  Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
  To win the narrow way.

— 32 —

But hark! the cry is Astur;
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

— 33 —

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stands savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow
If Astur clears the way?"

— 34 —

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh.
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

— 35 —

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

— 36 —

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus*
A thunder-smitten oak;
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs,° muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

— 37 —

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo° comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

— 38 —

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.

There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's* noblest
Were round the fatal place.

— 39 —

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three.
And from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys, who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

— 40 —

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away.

— 41 —

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three
And they gave him greeting loud,

"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

— 42 —

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

— 43 —

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

— 44 —

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

— 45 —

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

— 46 —

And like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

— 47 —

Alone stood brave Horatius;
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

48

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven° ranks to see;

Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus*
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

— 49 —

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

— 50 —

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank.
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

— 51 —

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armor,
  And spent with changing blows.
And oft they thought him sinking;
  But still again he rose.

52

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
  "Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day,
  We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
  "And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
  Was never seen before."

53

And now he feels the bottom;
  Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
  To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
  And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
  Borne by the joyous crowd.

— 54 —

They gave him of the corn land,
  That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
  Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
  And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
  To witness if I lie.

— 55 —

It stands in the Comitium,*
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

56

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian* home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

— 57 —

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus*
Roar louder yet within;

— 58 —

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;

When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

— 59 —

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom,—
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

—*Thomas Babington Macaulay*

STUDY SUGGESTIONS

Words: **trysting**—assembling; **Must**—juice of the grape; **tale**—share; **champaign**—a plain; **burghers**—residents of a city (Rome); **wis**—suppose; **hied**—hastened; **standard**—banner; **firmament**—sky; **strait**—narrow; **harness**—armor; **fen**—marsh; **hinds**—pheasants; **augurs**—prophets (See Stanza 5); **Lucumo**—title of an Etruscan prince; **prowess**—valor; **craven**—cowardly.

Questions: From whom had Lars Porsena received encouragement? How did the rock Tarpeian (Stanza 10) receive its name? (See Haaren and Poland's "Famous Men of Rome," pp. 17–24, or Guerber's "Story of the Romans," pp. 28–31.) How did the Romans regard Sextus? Memorize Stanza 19. Do you understand lines 5–6 of Stanza 20? (See Guerber's "Story of the Romans," pp. 22–25. Additional material and two fine pictures may be found in Guerber's "Myths of Greece and Rome," pp. 198–202.) Do you know why Astur referred to the Romans as "the she-wolf's litter"? (See "Famous Men of Rome," pp. 9–17.) Point out the sarcasm and the taunt in Stanza 41. Write topic headings for Stanzas 1–7; 8–13; 14–18; 19–24; 25–37; 38–42; 43–53; 54–59.

Pleasure Reading:

Montgomery's Heroic Ballads
Mabie's Heroes Every Child Should Know
Scollard's Ballads of American Bravery

THE PROFESSOR OF SIGNS

WHEN James VI removed to London he was waited on by the Spanish ambassador who had a notion in his head that there should be a Professor of Signs in every kingdom. He lamented to the King one day that no country in Europe had such a professor, and that even for himself he was thus deprived of the pleasure of communicating his ideas in that manner.

The King replied, "Why, I have a Professor of Signs in the northernmost College of my dominion, at Aberdeen,* but it is a great way off, perhaps six hundred miles."

"Were it ten thousand leagues off, I shall see him, and am determined to set out in two or three days."

The King saw that he had committed° himself, and wrote to the University of Aberdeen, stating the case, and asking the professors to put him off in some way, or make the best of him.

The Ambassador arrived—was received with great solemnity, and soon inquired which of them had the honor to be Professor of Signs. He was told that the professor was absent in the Highlands, and would return nobody could tell when.

"I will await his return though it be a year."

Seeing that this would not do, as they had to entertain him at great expense, they contrived° a stratagem.°

There was one Sandy, a butcher, blind in one eye, a droll fellow, with some wit and roguery about him. They told him the story, instructing him to be a Professor of Signs; but not to speak a word under pain of losing the promised five pounds° for his success.

To the great joy of the Ambassador, he was informed that the professor would be home the next day.

Sandy was dressed in a wig and gown, and placed in a chair of state in one of the college halls. The Ambassador was conducted to Sandy's door and shown in, while all the professors waited in another room in suspense and with anxiety for the success of their scheme.

The Ambassador approached Sandy and held up one finger; Sandy held up two. The Ambassador held up three; Sandy clenched his fist and looked stern. The Ambassador then took an orange from his pocket and held it up; Sandy took a barley-cake from his pocket and held that. The Ambassador then bowed and returned to the other professors, who anxiously inquired the result.

"He is a wonderful man, a perfect miracle of knowledge; he is worth all the wealth of the Indies."

"Well," inquired the professors, "tell us the particulars."

"Why," the Ambassador replied, "I held up one finger, denoting there is one God; he held up two, signifying there are Father and Son. I held up three to indicate the Holy Trinity; he clenched his fist to show that these three are one. I then showed him an orange, to illustrate the goodness of God in giving to his creatures the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life; and this most wonderful philosopher presented a piece of bread to show that the staff of life is preferable to every luxury."

The professors were, of course, highly delighted, and the Ambassador departed for London to thank the King for the honor of knowing a Professor of Signs.

The professors then called upon Sandy to give his version of the interview.

"The rascal!" said Sandy. "What do you think he did first? He held up one finger, as much as to say, you have only one eye. Then I held up two, to show that I could see as much with one as he could with two. And then the fellow held up three fingers, to say that we had but three eyes between us. That made me angry, and I doubled up my fist to give him a whack for his impudence, and I would have done it but for my promise to you not to offend him. Yet that was not the end of his provocations; but he showed me an orange, as much as to say, your poor, rocky, beggarly, cold country can not produce that. I showed him an oatmeal bannock that I

had in my pocket, to let him know that I did not care a farthing for all his trash, and signs neither, so long as I have this. And, by all that's good, I am angry yet that I did not thrash the hide off the scoundrel!"

So much for two ways of understanding a thing.

—*Author Unknown*

Words: **lamented**—regretted; **committed**—entangled; **contrived**—planned; **stratagem**—trick; **five pounds**—English money amounting to nearly twenty-five dollars; **provocations**—insults.

Pantomime: Will two boys impersonate Sandy and the Ambassador, giving the scene without speaking a word?

THE PILOT

JOHN MAYNARD was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest, and intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon—at that time those steamers seldom carried boats—smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out:

"Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

Then "fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

"How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steaming."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger, here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet:

"John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east and run her on shore," said the captain.

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out:

"John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will."

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set; with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to its God.

—*John B. Gough*

Questions: Does it add to your interest to know that this is a true story? Which do you think the braver deed, John Maynard's or the soldier's who leads a bayonet charge?

Pleasure Reading:

Baldwin's American Book of Golden Deeds
Yonge's Book of Golden Deeds

COLUMBUS[1]

(This stirring poem by Joaquin Miller, the California poet, is widely known and greatly admired. An English critic said recently, "In point of power, workmanship, and feeling, among all the poems written by Americans, we are inclined to give first place to 'Columbus' by Joaquin Miller.")

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,*
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;°
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak: what shall I say?"
"Why say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "

"My men grow mutinous° day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!' "

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched° mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way;
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

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[1]*From Joaquin Miller's Poems. Copyrighted by Whitaker & Ray-Wiggin Company.*

Brown's Famous Pictures — Piloty

COLUMBUS ON THE DECK OF THE SANTA MARIA

They sailed: they sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew; a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—*Joaquin Miller*

Words: Gates of Hercules—The headlands between which lies the Strait of Gibraltar; **mutinous**—disobedient, rebellious; **blanched**—white with fear.

Questions: Do you know how the Gates of Hercules received their name? Why did the men grow mutinous? What quality of Columbus's character does this poem clearly reveal?

NATURE'S SONG

THERE is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no meter that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.

—*Madison Cawein*

THE CADI'S DECISIONS[1]

BOU-AKAS,* an Arab sheik,° had heard that the cadi° of one of his twelve tribes administered justice in a manner worthy of King Solomon himself, and so determined to test the truth of the report.

Accordingly, dressed like a private person, and mounted on a docile Arabian steed, he set out for the cadi's town. He was just entering the gate when a cripple seized the border of his garment and asked him for alms. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still held the garment fast.

"What do you want?" asked the sheik. "I have already given you alms."

"Yes," replied the beggar, "but the law says not only, 'Thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'Thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'"

"Well: and what can I do for you?"

"You can save me from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules, and camels, a fate that would certainly befall me in passing through the crowded square where the fair is now going on."

"And how can I save you?"

"By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business."

"Be it so," replied Bou-Akas; and stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind him.

The strangely-assorted riders attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets, and at length they reached the market-place.

"Is this where you wished to stop?" asked Bou-Akas.

"Yes."

"Then get down."

"Get down yourself."

[1] *From Alderman's Classics Old and New, Fourth Reader. Copyrighted by American Book Company.*

"What for?"

"To leave me the horse."

"To leave you my horse! What mean you by that?"

"I mean that he belongs to me. Know you not that we are in the town of the just cadi, and that if we bring the case before him, he will certainly decide in my favor?"

"Why should he do so when the animal belongs to me?"

"Don't you think that when he sees us two,—you with your strong, straight limbs, which Allah has given you for the purpose of walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted feet,—he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has most need of him?"

"Should he do so, he would not be the *just* cadi," said Bou-Akas.

"Oh, as to that," replied the cripple, laughing, "although he is just, he is not infallible."°

"So," thought the sheik to himself, "this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge." He said aloud, "I am content; we will go before the cadi."

When they reached the tribunal,° they found that they must wait, as two trials were ahead of theirs. The first of these trials was between a learned man and a peasant. The disputed point was one in reference to the philosopher's wife, who the peasant asserted was his own. The woman remained perfectly silent, not declaring the slightest word in favor of either. The judge heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here, and return tomorrow."

The learned man and the laborer each bowed and retired, and the next case was called. This was a difference between a butcher and an oil seller. The latter appeared covered with oil. The butcher spoke first:—

"I went to buy some oil from this man, and in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go. Here we are,

having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist. Now I assert that this money is truly my own."

Then the oil merchant spoke:—

"This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, 'Have you change for a piece of gold?' I searched my pocket and drew out a handful of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking off with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist and cried out, 'Robber!' In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money. So I brought him here that your worship might decide the case. Now I assert that this money is truly my own."

The cadi caused each plaintiff to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original statement. He reflected a moment, and then said, "Leave the money with me, and return tomorrow."

The butcher placed the coins on the edge of the cadi's mantle, after which he and his opponent bowed to the tribunal and departed.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

"My lord cadi," said the former, "I came hither from a distant country with the intention of visiting this city. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd. I consented; but when we reached the market-place he refused to get down, asserting that my horse belonged to him, and that your worship would surely adjudge it to him who needed it most. That, my lord cadi, is precisely the state of the case."

"My lord," said the cripple, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the road-side, apparently half dead with fatigue. I good-naturedly offered to take him on the crupper, and let him ride as far as the market-place, for which

he eagerly thanked me. But what was my astonishment when, on our arrival, he refused to get down, and said that my horse was his! I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us. That is the true state of the case."

Having made each repeat his deposition,° and having reflected for a moment, the cadi said, "Leave the horse here, and return tomorrow."

It was done, and the cripple and Bou-Akas withdrew in different directions.

II

On the morrow a number of persons besides those immediately interested in the trials assembled to hear the judge's decisions. The learned man and the peasant were called first.

"Take away thy wife," said the cadi to the former, "and keep her."

Then turning toward an officer, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows." He was instantly obeyed, and the philosopher took away his wife.

Then came forward the oil merchant and the butcher.

"Here," said the cadi to the butcher, "is thy money. It is truly thine, and not his." Then turning to the oil merchant, he said to his officer, "Give this man fifty blows." It was done, and the butcher went away in triumph with his money.

The third cause was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward.

"Wouldst thou recognize thy horse among twenty others?" asked the judge of Bou-Akas.

"Yes, my lord."

"And thou?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple.

"Follow me," said the cadi to Bou-Akas.

They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse amongst the twenty which were standing side by side.

" 'Tis well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary° hither."

The disguised sheik obeyed, delivered the message, and the cripple hastened to the stable as quickly as his distorted limbs allowed. He possessed quick perception,° and having observed accurately, was able, without the slightest hesitation, to place his hand on the right animal.

" 'Tis well," said the cadi; "return to the tribunal."

His worship resumed his place, and when the cripple arrived, justice was pronounced.

"The horse is thine," said the cadi to Bou-Akas; "go to the stable and take him." Then to the officer, "Give this cripple fifty blows."

When the cadi had finished the business of the day, and was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him.

"Art thou discontented with my award?" asked the judge.

"No, quite the contrary," replied the sheik, "but I want to know by what inspiration° thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not the other two cases were rendered as equitably° as mine. I am Bou-Akas, Sheik of Algeria, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom."

The cadi bowed to the ground, and kissed his master's hand.

"I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to learn the reasons that determined thy three decisions."

"Nothing, my lord, could be more simple. Your highness saw that I detained for a night the three things in dispute?"

"I did."

"Well, early in the morning I caused the woman to be called, and I said to her suddenly, 'Put fresh ink in my ink-stand.' Like a person that had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put the cotton in again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dispatch.° So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about ink-stands. She must belong to the philosopher.' "

"Good!" said Bou-Akas, nodding his head, "and the money?"

"Did your highness remark that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?"

"Certainly, I did."

"I took the money and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'If this money belonged to the oil merchant, it would be greasy from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be correct.'"

Bou-Akas again nodded approval. "Good!" said he, "and my horse?"

"Ah! that was a different business; and until this morning I was greatly puzzled."

"The cripple, I suppose, did not recognize the animal?"

"On the contrary, he pointed him out immediately."

"How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?"

"My object in bringing you separately to the stable was, not to see whether you would know the horse, but whether the horse would acknowledge you. Now, when you approached him, the creature turned toward you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the cripple touched him he kicked. Then I knew that you truly were his master."

Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said:

"Allah has given thee great wisdom. Thou shouldst be in my place, and I in thine. But I fear that I could not fill thy place as cadi."

—*Arabian Tale*

Words: **sheik**—head of an Arab tribe; **cadi**—judge in a town or village; **infallible**—not capable of making an error; **tribunal**—court; **plaintiff**—claimant; **deposition**—a sworn statement; **adversary**—opponent; **perception**—power of seeing things clearly; **inspiration**—knowledge given from above; **equitably**—justly; **dispatch**—promptness.

Dramatization: This selection may easily be rendered in dialogue.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

(Few scenes in our history are more interesting than the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth on December 21, 1620. The story of the landing has been told in prose, in paintings, and in poetry. This stirring poem was written by Felicia D. Hemans, an English poet. Be sure you get the fine swing of the verses.)

THE BREAKING waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth:
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?—
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

—*Felicia D. Hemans*

IN MEN WHOM MEN CONDEMN[1]

IN MEN whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, where God has not.

—*Joaquin Miller*

[1]From *Joaquin Miller's Poems*. Copyrighted by Whitaker & Ray-Wiggin Company.

THE HOPE OF OUR COUNTRY

(Speeches of great orators are usually hard for boys and girls to understand; but occasionally there is one who clothes noble thoughts in words so simple and so clear that all may understand and enjoy. Henry W. Grady was a brilliant American orator who had this gift of simple speech. Note carefully the two pictures that he draws.)

I WENT to Washington the other day and I stood on one of its hills, and my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's capitol. A mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, of the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the president, and the Congress and the courts, and all that were gathered there.

I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided[1] therein, the world would at last owe its final uplifting to that great house in which the ark of the covenant[2] of my country is lodged.

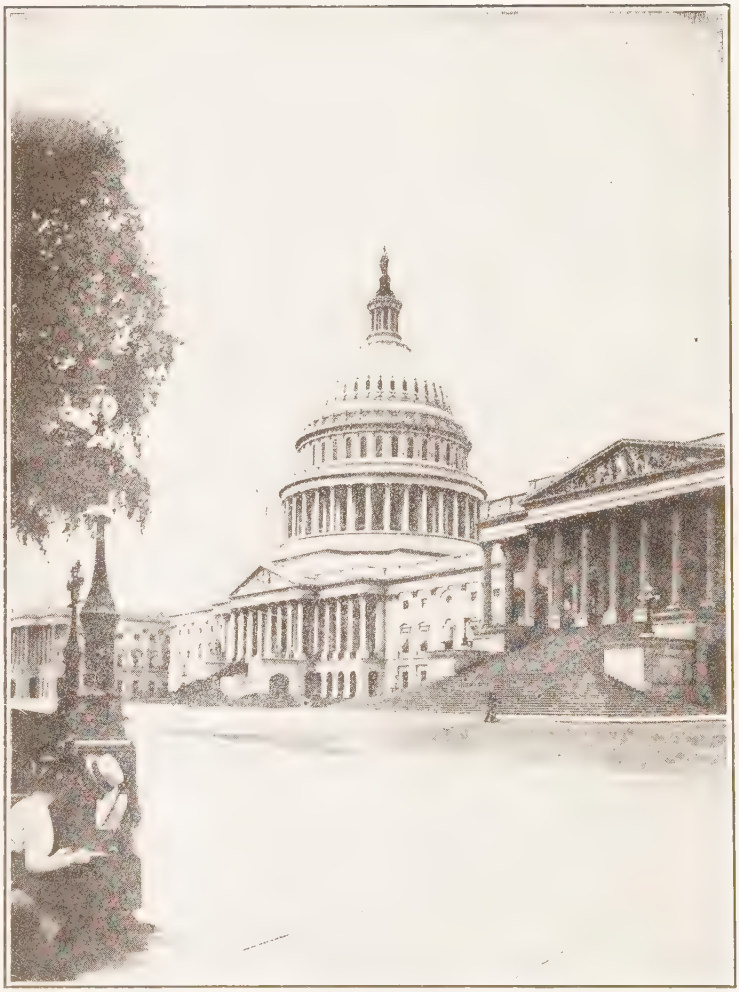
But a few days afterward I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple house, set about with great trees and encircled with meadows and fields rich with the promise of harvest.

The fragrance of the pink and the hollyhock in the yard was mingled with the aroma[3] of the orchard and the garden, and the clucking of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort.

Outside there stood my friend, the master,—a simple, independent, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his land and master of himself.

There was his old father, an aged and trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And, as he started to enter his home, the hand of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and honorable father.

As we approached the door, the mother came, a happy smile



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THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

lighting up her face, while with the rich music of her heart she bade her husband and her son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her domestic affairs, the loving helpmate of her husband. Down the lane came the children after the cows, singing sweetly, as like birds they sought the quiet of their nest.

So the night came down on that house, falling gently as the wing from an unseen dove. Then, while a startled bird chirped in the forest and the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were twinkling in the sky, the father called the family around him and took the Bible from the table, while they reverently bowed their knees. The little baby hid in the folds of its mother's dress while the record of the day was closed by calling down God's blessing on that simple home.

While I gazed, the vision of the marble capitol faded; forgotten were its treasuries and its majesty; and I said, "Surely here in the homes of the people lodge at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic."

—*Henry W. Grady*

Words: abided—lived; **Ark of the Covenant**—The sacred chest of the Israelites in which were placed the tables of stone containing the Ten Commandments. When King Solomon's Temple was built, the Ark was placed therein. So the orator imagined a sacred ark in the capitol at Washington, containing liberty for all mankind; **aroma**—odor.

Questions: Explain *no mortgage on his roof; no lien on his growing crops.* In what sentence does the orator state the central thought of his speech?

THE SHEPHERD'S PSALM

(PSALM XXIII)

(This beautiful hymn was written by David, King of Israel. It should be committed to memory.)

THE LORD is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

—*The Bible*

Pleasure Reading:
Knight's The Song of the Syrian Guest

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA

(The great German composer Beethoven* was born at Bonn, a little city on the Rhine, in 1770. His life on the whole was a sad one. During his later years he became quite deaf, so deaf that he could not hear his own beautiful symphonies. Something of the impulsive kindness and the remarkable genius of the man shows forth in this story. If you care to know more about Beethoven, you will find an interesting sketch of his life in Scobey and Horne's *Stories of Great Musicians.*)

IT HAPPENED at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterward to sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from my symphony° in F," he said, eagerly. "Hark, how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling; and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the finale° there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. "I can not play any more—it is so beautiful, it is so utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh! what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne?"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish, for once in my life, to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it!" And before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord,° sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.°

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the fraulein°——"

He paused and colored up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered; "but I had not perceived before. Then you play from ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we lived at Bruhl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night! And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sunk, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation.° It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose, and approaching him eagerly, yet reverently—"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kingly. "Listen!" he said, and he played the opening bars of the symphony in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but they held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise° a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars—then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in

triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale*—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning towards the door; "farewell to you."

"You will come again?" asked they in one breath.

He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the fraulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it!" We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

—*Author Unknown*

Words: symphony—musical composition for an orchestra; **finale**—the last movement of an instrumental composition; **harpsichord**—an instrument somewhat like the piano; **involuntarily**—without willing to do it; **fraulein**—young lady; **meditation**—deep thought; **improvise**—compose on the spur of the moment; **compassionately**—pityingly.

Pleasure Reading:

Scobey and Horne's Stories of Great Musicians

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM*

(The great battle of Blenheim was fought in Bavaria, now a part of Germany, in 1704. The allied forces of England and Austria defeated the combined armies of France and Bavaria. The battle was the result of conflicting claims as to who should be made ruler of Spain. It is plain that the common soldiers could have no concern in such a matter. They were obliged to give their lives for no worthy cause.

The English poet, Robert Southey,* endeavors in this poem to show the uselessness, cruelty, and wickedness of wars that have no righteous cause. Be sure that you get the charming satire with which the poet drives home the lesson he would teach.)

IT WAS a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;

For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries,
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream, hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So, with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a nursing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;

But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our young Prince Eugene."
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 't was a glorious victory."

—*Robert Southey*

Dramatization: Let children take the parts of Kaspar, Peterkin, and Wilhelmine. It will help secure expressive reading.

THE SERGEANT AND THE CHILD

(Here we have another poem showing that "the glory of war" blinds our eyes to the awful slaughter of the soldiers, and to the dreadful misery war brings to thousands of homes.)

IT WAS a sergeant old and gray,
Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake,°
Along the turnpike of the village.

For days and nights the winding host
Had through the little place been marching,
And ever loud the rustics° cheered,
Till every throat was hoarse and parching.

The squire and farmer, maid and dame,
All took the sight's electric stirring,
And hats were waved and songs were sung,
And countless kerchiefs white were stirring.

They only saw a gallant show
Of heroes stalwart° under banners,
And in the fierce heroic glow,
'Twas theirs to yield but wild hosannas.°

The sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs,
Where he behind in step was keeping;
And glancing down beside the road,
He saw a little maiden weeping.

"Well, how is this?" he gruffly said,
A moment pausing to regard her;—
"Why weepest thou, my little friend?"
And then she only cried the harder.

"And how is this, my little dear?"
The sturdy trooper straight repeated.
"When all the village cheers us on,
You, here in tears, apart are seated.

"We march two hundred thousand strong,
And that's a sight, my baby beauty,
To quicken silence into song
And glorify the soldier's duty."

"It's very, very grand, I know,"
The little maid gave soft replying;
"And father, mother, brother, too,
All shout 'Hurrah' while I am crying.

"But think—O Mr. Soldier, think,—
How many little sisters' brothers
Are going far away to fight
And may be *killed,* as well as others!"

"Why, bless thee, child," the sergeant said,
His brawny hand her curls caressing,
" 'Tis left for little ones like thee
To find that war's not all a blessing."

And "Bless thee!" once again he cried;
Then cleared his throat and looked indignant,
And marched away with wrinkled brow
To stop the struggling tear benignant.

And still the ringing shouts went up
From doorway, thatch, and fields of tillage,—
The pall behind the standard seen
By one alone of all the village.

—*Robert Henry Newell*

Words: **sergeant**—an officer of low rank; **wake**—rear; **rustics**—country people; **stalwart**—strong, brave; **hosannas**—cheers; **benignant**—kindly.

Questions: What picture does the next line to the last bring to you? Some one has said that no matter who wins in a war, everybody loses. How can this be true?

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

INTO a ward of the white-washed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! So young and brave,
Wearing yet, on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now;
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low.
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand has rested there:
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;

Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay—
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies—with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead;
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
"Somebody's darling slumbers here!"

—*Author Unknown*

THE SCULPTOR BOY

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy
With a marble block before him.
His face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision.
In heaven's own light the image shone,—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,—
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

—*George W. Doane*

A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE

AS A RULE, practical jokes are not to be commended, but the example which I shall offer is a happy exception.

A certain German nobleman provided his son with a tutor,° who was to attend closely to him, and improve his mind. This tutor, it seems, took for his example a certain predecessor° of his, who used to coach young Alexander indoors and out. Both these tutors, each in his own country and his own generation,° had the brains to see that to educate a young fellow you must not merely set him tasks to learn indoors, and then let him run wild in the open air, but must accompany him wherever he goes, and guide him with your greater experience in his practical judgment of the various events that pass before his eyes. For how shall he learn to apply an experience which he does not really possess?

One day these two came to the side of a wood, and there they found a tree half felled, and a pair of wooden shoes. The woodman was cooling his hot feet in a neighboring stream. The young nobleman took up some pebbles, and said, "I'll put these in that old fellow's shoes, and we'll see his grimaces."°

"Hum," says the tutor, "I don't think you'll get much fun out of that. You see he's a poor man, and probably thinks his lot hard enough without his having stones put into his shoes. I can't help thinking that if you were to put a little money in, instead, the old fellow would be far more confused, and his grimaces would be more entertaining, and you would be more satisfied with yourself."

The generous youth caught fire at the idea, and put a dollar into each shoe. Then the two confederates° hid behind a hedge and watched the result of their trick. They had not long to wait. An elderly man came back to his hard work—work a little beyond his years—and slipped his right foot into his right shoe. Finding something hard in it, he took it off

again and discovered a dollar. His grave face wore a look of amazement, and the spies behind the hedge chuckled.

He laid the coin in the palm of his hand, and mechanically° slipped his foot into the other shoe. There he found another coin. He took it up, and holding out both his hands, gazed with wonder at them. Then he suddenly clasped his hands together, and fell on his knees, and cried out in a loud voice, "O God, this is your doing. Nobody but you knows the state we are in at home, my wife in her bed, my children starving, and I hardly able to earn a crust with these old hands. It is you who have sent me these blessed coins by one of your angels."

Then he paused, and another idea struck him:—

"Perhaps it is not an angel from heaven. There are human angels, even in this world; kind hearts that love to feed the hungry, and succor° the poor. One of these has passed by, like sunshine in winter, and has seen the poor old man's shoes, and has dropped all this money into them, and gone on again, and not even waited to be thanked. But a poor man's blessing flies fast, and shall overtake him and be with him to the end of the world, and to the end of his own time. May God and his angels go with you, keep you from poverty and from sickness, and may you feel in your own heart a little of the warmth and the joy you have brought to me and mine. I'll do no more work today. I'll go home to my wife and children, and they shall kneel and bless the hand that has given us this comfort, and then gone away and thought nothing of it."

He put on his shoes, shouldered his ax, and went home. Then the spies had a little dialogue.°

"This I call really good fun," said the tutor, in rather a shaky voice; "but what are you sniveling about?"

" 'Tisn't I that am sniveling; it is you."

"Well, then, we are both sniveling," said the tutor; and with that, they embraced, and did not conceal their emotion any longer.

"Come on," said the boy.

"Where next?" asked the tutor.

"Why, follow me, to be sure. I want to know where he lives. Do you think I will let his wife be sick and his children starve after this?"

"Dear boy," said the tutor, "I don't for a moment think you will. Yours is not the age, nor the heart, that does things by halves."

So they followed their victim home, and the young nobleman secured° a modest competence° from that hour to a very worthy and poverty-stricken family.

—*Charles Reade*

Words: **tutor**—a private teacher; **predecessor**—one who formerly held a similar position; **generation**—time; **grimaces**—twistings of his face; **confederates**—companions in a plot; **mechanically**—from habit, without thought; **succor**—relieve, help; **dialogue**—conversation; **secured**—gave; **competence**—living.

Questions: Do you know who was the tutor of young Alexander? If you care to read about the boyhood of the famous conqueror, see Guerber's Story of the Greeks, pp. 227-232.

Pleasure Reading:
Kupfer's Lives and Stories Worth Remembering

NOBILITY

TRUE worth is in *being*, not *seeming*.—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—*Alice Cary*

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

(This legend has been told and retold in Germany for many centuries. But Robert Browning, a great English poet, has told the story here in English so well that the children of England and the United States now know and love the story fully as well as the German children do. Robert Browning had wonderful skill in drawing clear pictures in verse.)

I

HAMELIN* Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser,* deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,°
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;°
And as for our Corporation°—shocking

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,°
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.°

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder° I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!

V

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger,
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,

Brown's Famous Pictures

Kaulbach

THE PIED PIPER

And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
  All creatures living beneath the sun,
  That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
  A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
  And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,*
  Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam*
  Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
  If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,°
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
To Rat-land home his commentary:°
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,°
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;°

But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate° a stiver!°
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald°
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling° at pitching and hustling;

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft°
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow° deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's° pate°
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,

If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six":
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where anyone playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry° or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania° there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous° prison
Into which they were trepanned°
Long time ago in a mighty band

Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

—*Robert Browning*

Words: **sprats**—herrings; **noddy**—simpleton; **Corporation**—city council; **obese**—fat; **consternation**—fear; **guilder**—a coin worth about forty cents in our money; **adept**—one skilled; **commentary**—a brief account; **puncheon**—a large cask; **poke**—bag, pocket; **bate**—take off; **stiver**—a coin worth about two cents; **ribald**—rascal; **justling**—jostling; **bereft**—deprived; **fallow**—yellow; **burgher**—townsman; **pate**—head; **hostelry**—hotel, inn; **Transylvania**—part of Austria-Hungary; **subterraneous**—underground; **trepanned**—trapped.

Questions: Why do we not need to know the exact location of places mentioned in a story like this? Of whom does the Pied Piper remind you in the story of "The Argonauts"? What remarkable things were done by that minstrel? Why does Browning save one rat and one child from the Piper? As you read the lame child's story, are you glad or sorry that he was saved? Why? Have you heard the saying that one must always pay the piper finally? Dramatize the conversations between the Mayor and the Piper.

THREE GATES OF GOLD

IF YOU are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold;
These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
Then: "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer, and the next
Is last and closest, "Is it kind?"
And, if to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

—*Author Unknown*

THE FARMER AND THE FOX

A FARMER, whose poultry-yard had suffered severely from the foxes, succeeded at last in catching one in a trap.

"Ah, you rascal!" said he, as he saw him struggling, "I'll teach you to steal my fat geese!—you shall hang on the tree yonder, and your brothers shall see what comes of thieving!"

The farmer was twisting a halter to do what he threatened, when the fox, whose tongue had helped him in hard pinches before, thought there could be no harm in trying whether it might not do him one more good turn.

"You will hang me," he said, "to frighten my brother foxes. On the word of a fox, they won't care a rabbit-skin for it; they'll come and look at me, but you may depend upon it they will dine at your expense before they go home again!"

"Then I shall hang you for yourself, as a rogue and a rascal," said the farmer.

"I am only what nature, or whatever you call the thing, chose to make me," the fox answered. "I didn't make myself."

"You stole my geese," said the man.

"Why did nature make me like geese, then?" said the fox. "Live and let live; give me my share, and I won't touch yours; but you keep them all to yourself."

"I don't understand your fine talk," answered the farmer; "but I know that you are a thief, and that you deserve to be hanged."

"His head is too thick to let me catch him so; I wonder if his heart is any softer," thought the fox. "You are taking away the life of a fellow-creature," he said; "that's a responsibility,—it is a curious thing, that life, and who knows what comes after it? You say I am a rogue. I say I am not; but at any rate I ought not to be hanged,—for if I am not, I don't deserve it; and if I am, you should give me time to repent!"

"I have him now," thought the fox; "let him get out if he can."

"Why, what would you have me do with you?" said the man.

"My notion is that you should let me go, and give me a lamb, or goose or two, every month, and then I could live without stealing; but perhaps you know better than I, and I am a rogue; my education may have been neglected; you should shut me up, and take care of me, and teach me. Who knows but in the end I may turn into a dog?"

"Very pretty," said the farmer; "we have dogs enough and more, too, than we can take care of, without you. No, no, Master Fox, I have caught you, and you shall swing, whatever is the logic of it. There will be one rogue less in the world, anyhow."

"It is mere hate and unchristian vengeance," said the fox.

"No, friend," the farmer answered, "I don't hate you, and I don't want to revenge myself on you; but you and I can't get on together, and I think I am of more importance than you. If nettles and thistles grow in my cabbage garden, I don't try to persuade them to grow into cabbages. I just dig them up. I don't hate them; but I feel somehow that they mustn't hinder me with my cabbages, and that I must put them away. And so, my poor friend, I am sorry for you, but I am afraid you must swing."

—*James Anthony Froude*

Questions: Can you write a moral for this fable in one short sentence? Do you recall one of Æsop's fables dealing with a fox? If you are interested in fox stories, see below.

Dramatization: Two pupils to read this selection responsively.

Pleasure Reading:

Seton's Lobo, Rag and Vixen
Seton's The Silver Fox
Burroughs' Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers
Long's Ways of Wood Folk

Brown's Famous Pictures

AUTUMN

Chaffee

A SONG OF AUTUMN

(This musical nature-poem was written by a California teacher—Henry Meade Bland of the San Jose State Normal School.)

'TIS old autumn, the musician,
Who, with pipe and tabor, weaves
The sweet music lovers sigh for
In the falling of the leaves.

I have heard his distant anthem
Go a-sighing through the trees
Like the far-off shouts of children,
Or the hum of swarming bees.

When he plays the leaflets flutter
On the boughs that hold them fast;
Or they scurry through the forest
Or they spin before the blast.

And they frolic and they gambol,
And they cling to autumn's gown
As the children to the Piper's
In the famous Hamelin Town.

Then they rustle and they hurry
To a canyon dark and deep;
And the Piper, dear old autumn,
Pipes till all are fast asleep.

—*Henry Meade Bland*

Questions: What famous story is alluded to in the fourth stanza? Does not this entire poem strongly suggest that story?

Pleasure Reading:
Lovejoy's Nature in Verse

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

(This is one of the most famous short poems in the English language. No doubt your grandparents were familiar with it and perhaps recited it when they were children. It was written by Thomas Campbell, a noted poet and critic, who was born in Scotland in 1777. Among other well-known poems, he wrote *The Soldier's Dream* and *The Battle of Hohenlinden*.)

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,*
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.°

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny° bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,°
The water-wraith° was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing;

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across the stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

—*Thomas Campbell*

Words: heather—a low flowering shrub; **bonny**—beautiful, attractive; **apace**—quickly; **water-wraith**—spirit of the waters.

Questions: Where is the scene of this poem laid? Which one of the characters do you admire most? Can you suggest a reason for the popularity of this poem? Where was the author born? Do you know other famous authors who were born in the same country?

SONG TO THE OAK

A SONG to the oak,
The brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long.
Here's health and renown
To his broad green crown
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown
When the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might
On a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.
Then here's to the oak!
The brave old oak!
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he,
A hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

—*H. F. Chorley*

SIEGFRIED* AND THE DRAGON

(The ancient peoples who lived in the countries which are now Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Holland had their hero-tales just as the Greeks and the Romans did. But the stories of these Northmen or Norsemen are somewhat different from those told by Homer and Virgil. While the Greek and Roman stories often have lightness and humor, and frequently end pleasantly, the Norse stories are all serious and they all end tragically. They are full of great deeds, but the hero always dies. There were no great Norse writers, like Homer or Virgil, to pass the stories along in magnificent verse. The spirit of these stories has perhaps been grasped and expressed best by the German composer Wagner in his great operas *Tannhauser*, *Lohengrin*, *Rheingold*, *Die Walkure*, and *Siegfried*.

This selection deals with Siegfried, the greatest of the Norse heroes. He was the son of Sigmund, king of the Volsungs. A short time before Sigmund died in battle, he arranged with the good King of the Danes to care for Siegfried, and train him befitting the son of a king.)

THE wise old king chose for Siegfried a teacher to show him all those things that princes should know, to instruct him in all games of skill, in speech of many languages, in metal work, in woodcraft, and in shipcraft. This teacher was Regin,* the master smith. A strange being was he, misshapen yet not a dwarf, silent and grim unto all save only Siegfried; skilled in the lore of many lands, and in metal work, so that the people whispered of his kinship to the underground folk, who have all metals in their keeping. But he was full of evil, and throughout the years of Siegfried's growth he plotted how he might use the lad for his own wicked ends, and be his undoing.

And it came to Siegfried's mind that he should have a horse, and he went to the King and begged a horse of him, and the King said: "Go choose thee one from the herd by Busilwater; they are the best, and all that is mine is thine, brave son."

Siegfried blithely thanked the King, and took his way to the meadow far up the woods, where the Busilwater ran. On the way he met an aged man with a long gray beard and one eye, who asked whither he fared.

"To choose me a horse, O Ancient One. If thou art a judge, come with me to help my choice."

And the old man journeyed with him, telling him of his father, Sigmund, and his forefather, Volsung, whom the Aged One had known. Then Siegfried knew that this must be one of the god folk, to have lived so long. As they talked, they came to the green meadow where the horses were, and the old man said, "Now will we drive the horses through the river of roaring water, and watch what will betide."

And the force of the water, rushing down from the mountains, frighted the horses, so that they turned and swam to land again, save one gray horse with a broad, strong chest, who feared naught. He alone swam to the far side, and there landed, neighing and stamping with pride; then plunged into the torrent once more and swam back to the Ancient One and Siegfried.

"This one must I choose: is it not so?" asked the lad; and the old man answered: "Thou choosest well, for he is of the race of Sleipnir,* All-Father's horse, that never tires," and, as he spoke, he vanished away; and Siegfried knew that this must be Odin himself. Then he took the horse, which he named Grane, and went back well pleased.

Now the crafty Regin, seeing that Siegfried was equipped for a long journey, tried to make him greedy for gold, for what purpose you will soon see. He asked, "Where is the treasure of thy father, the Volsung?"

"It is in the treasure-room of my mother," Siegfried replied; "it is a fair treasure, but I have heard of greater, gathered by some kings."

"Why is it not thine?" asked Regin.

Siegfried laughed and said: "What should I, a boy, do with this treasure? It has no magic in it."

"And wouldst thou have a magic treasure?" asked Regin, keenly.

"I know not," answered the lad. "A great hero can I be without gold or magic."

"But if I could help thee to great treasure and glory, wouldst thou refuse?"

"Why, surely, nay," quoth Siegfried; "is it not for glory that the Volsungs live?"

"Come, then, and I will unfold to thee a tale that hitherto no man has known." And the old man and the young laid them down under a spreading oak in the greenwood, and Regin told this wondrous story.

The king of the dwarf folk was my father, and I had two brothers. Fafnir, the elder, was greedy and grim; ever would he take the best, and all of the best that he could, for he loved gold. Otter was the second, and his will was to be ever fishing, so that our father gave him the power of changing into an otter, and thus he spent most of his life on the river rocks, landing only to bring in fish. I was the third son, a weak, misshapen thing, but, as thou hast seen, with skill in all metal work.*

It chanced one day as Otter slumbered beside a half-eaten salmon, that Odin and Loki passed by. Now, Loki, the wicked one, would ever be at evil, and he caught up a sharp stone and hit Otter, so that he died. Rejoicing, he stripped off Otter's skin, and casting it over his shoulder, went on with Odin to my father's hall—a golden house of beauty that I had built for him. He, knowing the skin for that of Otter, his son, seized the gods and cried: "By the beard of Odin, ye go not forth until ye pay me, for my son, as much gold as will cover his skin inside and out."*

"We have no gold," said Loki.

"The worse for thee," said my father.

Loki, the crafty, thought awhile; then he said, "If thou will give me leave, I will go take Andvari's gold." Now Andvari was a dwarf, who lived in Otter's river, under a waterfall that was called Andvari's Fall. He guarded a great treasure that he had stolen long years before, from the Rhine maidens in the*

Southern land. For the most part he took the shape of a pike, so that with the greater comfort he might guard his treasure.

My father gave leave, and Loki hurried away, begged a magic net of the sea goddess, and, casting it under the fall, drew forth Andvari, the pike. "What ransom wilt thou, evil one?" cried Andvari in terror.

"All thy ill-gotten gold, O dwarf."

"That shalt thou never have."

So Loki hung the net of the goddess upon a tree, and sat down to watch the great pike struggling and gasping. At last Andvari said feebly, "Put me back in the stream; thou shalt have my gold." And he brought it forth.

But Loki, as he gathered it up, espied one little gold ring around his fin, and said, "Thy red-gold ring must I have also."

Then Andvari shrieked with rage and threw the ring at him, cursing him and the Rhine gold and all that should own it. "To every man that owns it," said he, "shall it bring woe, until it return to the Rhine daughters." And he plunged into the stream and was seen no more.

Back went Loki to the House Beautiful and cast the gold at my father's feet; but the ring gave he to Odin. Now this ring had the power of making, every ninth night, eight rings equal in weight to itself.

Then was the fur spread out and covered with gold, first on the one side, then on the other, till but one hair remained uncovered. And my father spake, "There is yet one hair showing."

The gods looked upon one another; then Odin drew the ring from his finger and cast it upon the skin, so that the hair was hidden. And the gods departed.

Then Fafnir, my brother, looking covetously on the gold, slew our father for it; and me, being weak, he drove away; and taking it to a secret place in the Desolate Land, he changed himself into an awful dragon, the better to guard it; and there is no serpent like unto him, for he is made up of sin and evil.

So I have no part in that which is rightfully mine, and I would that thou shouldst win it for thyself, O Siegfried.

Then up sprang Siegfried and cried, "Forge thou me a sword of power, and I will go up with thee against thy brother, and get thee the gold thou cravest."

And Regin rejoiced that his plan worked, and they went back to the hall of the kings, speaking of the sword that should be forged. After some days he put a sword into the hands of Siegfried, and the lad, looking at it, laughed in mirth.

"Why dost thou laugh?" asked the master.

"Because thy hand hath lost its skill. See!" and Siegfried smote the sword upon the anvil so that it flew in pieces.

Then Regin forged yet another, and said, "Hard art thou to please. Mayhap this may be to thy mind."

And Siegfried looked at it, and smote it upon the anvil, so that it split in half. Then he looked keenly upon Regin and frowned, saying: "Mayhap thou also art a traitor like thy kin. Is it thy will that Fafnir should slay me, and so thou forgest me swords of wood? Canst thou do no better than that?" And he turned from the smithy and went to his mother; but Regin was angered at his words and hated him.

The Queen sat broidering with her maidens, when her son cast himself down by her side, and seeing that he spoke not, she said: "What ails my son? Needs he aught that the King and I can give him?"

"All love and much honor have I ever from thee, mother mine, and for this I owe thee all thanks and obedience. Yet one thing I lack. Have I heard aright that thou hast the pieces of the sword that my father, Sigmund, gave thee at his death?"

"It is true," the Queen said, but her heart was sad, for she knew that their parting time had come.

"Fain would I have them, for with no sword but Gram can I do my life's work."

Then she led him to her treasure chamber, and from its silken coverings in the old oak chest she drew the pieces of the sword, glittering and bright, and she gave them to Siegfried with a kiss.

Blithely went the lad forth, but his mother looked after him, wistful, yet rejoicing because the prophecies of Sigmund were to be fulfilled, and her son with the eyes like stars, should be the hero of all the ages.

At the smithy door Regin met him, frowning. "Will naught serve thee but Gram?" he asked in wrath.

"Naught but Gram!" Siegfried said, and laughed. "Gram shall slay the serpent; take it and do thy best."

Regin took it and shut himself for many days in the smithy with his men, and after much labor the sword was wrought; but the smiths told how, as Regin bore it from the forge, fire ran adown its edge. To Siegfried, waiting at the smithy door, he gave the sword, saying sullenly, "If this be not good, then indeed is my craft gone."

Then Siegfried took the sword and smote the anvil, to test its strength, and the anvil broke in pieces, but the sword held firm. Then ran he joyfully down to the stream and cast therein a lock of wool, and as it floated down, it met the edge of Gram, and the lock became two, and Siegfried laughed again.

Then said Regin, "Bethink thee, now thou hast a sword to thy mind, of thy promise to go up against Fafnir!"

After a while the lad spoke. "Tomorrow will I ride with thee to the Waste, Regin, if thou wilt; maybe I shall slay thy brother."

"Two shall go forth," said Regin, gloomily, "but neither shall return."

"No matter," quoth Siegfried, "we will try our best for the hoard!"

Ere the dawn Siegfried arose, and going silently, he went to his mother and kissed her gently, for he knew he should see

her no more; then saddling Grane, he rode forth to the Lonesome Waste, with Regin at his side. Ever inland and upward they rode as the days went by, leaving meadows, trees, and all green things behind. At last they came out upon the Waste beside a mountain torrent where Fafnir was wont to drink, and Siegfried traced the broad band of slime that he made as he crawled back and forth. "Surely," said he, "this dragon brother of thine is greater than all other serpents, from the breadth of his track?"

"Yea," said Regin. "But dig thou a pit in his path and sit therein; then canst thou stab him from beneath. As for me, since in naught can I help thee, I will get me to a place of safety"; and he rode down the rocks.

Then Siegfried put Grane in shelter, and as he returned there met him a graybeard with one eye, who asked him whither he went and what he was about to do, and Siegfried told him. "That counsel is evil," said the Ancient One; "bide thou here and dig many pits, else the dragon's blood will flow into one and drown thee as thou standest." And ere the youth could answer he was gone.

So Siegfried spent the night in digging pits in the path of Fafnir; and at early dawn, as he sat in the largest, he felt the trembling of the earth, and knew that Fafnir was nigh. Snorting and spitting venom as he went, the great serpent crept slowly on, fearing naught, and as he passed over the pit, Siegfried thrust up Gram with all his strength behind the dragon's left shoulder, and drew it forth black to the hilt; and Fafnir's blood gushed forth and covered Siegfried as he stood, save only in one spot between his shoulders, where a dead leaf had lighted. Then he leaped from the pit and stood afar off, as the mighty serpent lashed out in the pain of his death wound, crying, "Who art thou, and whence, thou that are the undoing of Fafnir?"

"I am Siegfried, son of Sigmund, the Volsung. Tell me of the days that are to come to me." For all men believed

that to the dying was the future clear, and Siegfried wished to see what he would foretell.

"I see evil come unto thee from the gold, Andvari's hoard, and from the fatal ring. Take thy horse and ride away, and flee from the evil."

"Nay," quoth Siegfried, "for thy gold I came, and without it will I not go. Without gold can not man live."

Then Fafnir poured forth words of wisdom; and as the sun went down he quivered and lay a chill gray heap upon the Waste, and the sunset light shone upon the bright hair of the Golden Siegfried, as, sword in hand, he looked down on Fafnir's huge body.

Then came Regin, who had watched from afar, hastening to greet Siegfried. "Hail, lord and conqueror!" he cried, "henceforth shalt thou be known throughout the ages as the slayer of Fafnir."

"Small aid wert thou," laughed Siegfried, "hiding while I fought."

"Yet," said Regin, grimly, "were it not for the sword I forged, thou hadst now lain low before Fafnir. And since he was my brother, and thou hast slain him, for atonement shalt thou roast me his heart with fire, that I may eat it."

"That will I," said Siegfried, and he set to gather sticks while Regin slept, and the birds gathered round, and he set Fafnir's heart upon a stick to roast. When it should have been ready, Siegfried laid his fingers upon it, and the fat, hissing out, burnt them so that he put them in his mouth to cool; and behold straightway he knew the words of the woodpeckers that chattered as they hopped around.

The first said, "Thou foolish Siegfried, to roast for Regin. Eat thou the heart and so become wisest of men." The second said, "Thou crafty Regin, that wouldst betray the trusting youth." The third said, "Smite thou the crafty one, Siegfried, and become thyself lord of the gold." The fourth said, "That is good counsel, to take the treasure and hie

over the mountains to sleeping Brynhild."* The fifth fluttered and said, "Siegfried is a fool if he spareth him whose brother he has just slain."

Then up sprang Siegfried, saying, "Regin shall not plot my death. He shall follow his brother." And he smote Regin with Gram, so that his head rolled away. Then he leapt on Grane and rode by the dragon's slimy trail until he came to the great cavern; and although it was now night, the cavern shone with a light as of day, by reason of the golden shine of the Hoard.

So he set Andvari's ring on his finger, and put on the golden mail and the helmet of darkness, and putting the Hoard into two chests, he fastened them upon the back of Grane, being minded to walk himself because of their weight. But Grane stirred not, and Siegfried was troubled what he should do, for even he dared not smite the horse. Then he looked into the eyes of Grane and knew what was in his mind, so he gathered up the reins and leaped upon his back, and the gray horse tossed his mane for joy and galloped over the Waste, turning southward, steady and untiring.

—*Katherine F. Boult*

Questions: In what things was Siegfried trained? In what ways does this story remind you of *The Argonauts*? Do you know what happened later to Siegfried because one small place on his back was not covered by the blood of Fafnir? Does this strongly suggest one of the old Greek stories? Why was Siegfried anxious to hear Fafnir's last words? Did Siegfried follow Fafnir's advice? While we know that this story of Siegfried is not true, does it help us to learn something of a people who set Siegfried as their greatest hero? Do you think the world has changed its notion of a hero since the days of Jason and Siegfried? Do you think this notion will change still more?

Pleasure Reading:

Boult's Heroes of the Norselands
Baldwin's Story of Siegfried
Mabie's Norse Stories
Bradish's Old Norse Stories
Church's Heroes of Chivalry and Romance

TUBAL CAIN

(The Bible tells us that Tubal Cain was a teacher of workers in brass and iron. He is the first blacksmith mentioned in the Bible; and this fine poem by Charles Mackay, a Scotch poet, will help keep Tubal Cain in remembrance.)

OLD TUBAL CAIN was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;

He saw that men, with rage and hate,
  Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
  In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
  Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
  Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
  Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
  And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
  And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
  While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
  And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"—
  As he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
  In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
  And plowed the willing lands,
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
  Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
  To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
  Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
  We'll not forget the sword!"

—*Charles Mackay*

Questions: Is it historically true that Tubal Cain fashioned the first plowshare? Is it poetically true, if one of his descendants, long

centuries afterwards, did the work? Have men fully learned yet the lesson that Tubal Cain taught? Why are men so slow in learning this lesson? May we regard this poem as a prophecy, rather than as a statement of fact? How will disputes between nations be settled when this prophecy becomes a fact? Of what other famous blacksmith have you read in poetry? in prose?

Pleasure Reading:
True's The Iron Star

A WONDERFUL CITY

(You may remember how Charles Kingsley taught his children to read "God's great green book"—the outdoors. People who study Nature and learn her secrets are called naturalists. One of the best-known of these lovers of Nature was Arabella B. Buckley, the author of this selection. If you would have your eyes sharpened for the world round about you, read the book—"The Fairyland of Science"—from which this selection is taken.)

I AM going to ask you to visit with me one of the most wonderful cities in the world. It is a city with no human beings in it, and yet it is densely populated. In it you will find streets, but no pavements, for the inhabitants walk along the walls of the houses. In the houses you will see no windows, for each house just fits its owner, and the door is the only opening in it. Though made without hands, these houses are most evenly and regularly built, in tiers one above the other. Here and there a few royal palaces, larger and more spacious than the rest, catch the eye as they stand out at the corners of the streets.

Some of the ordinary houses are used to live in, while others serve as storehouses, where food is laid up in the summer to feed the residents during the winter. When it is very cold outside, the inhabitants, having no fires, keep themselves warm within the city by clustering together and never venturing out of doors. But the gates are never shut; that is not necessary, for in this strange city all of the citizens

obey the laws. They go out when it is time to go out, come home at proper hours, and stay at home when it is their duty to do so.

A queen reigns over this numerous population, and you might perhaps fancy that, having so many subjects to work for her and wait upon her, she would do nothing but amuse herself. On the contrary, she seldom goes out of the city, but works as hard as the rest in performing her own royal duties. From sunrise to sunset, whenever the weather is fine, all is life, activity, and bustle in this busy city. Though the gates are so narrow that only a few inhabitants can pass each other on their way through them, yet thousands go in and out every hour of the day. All seems confusion and disorder in this rapidly moving throng, but in reality each has her own work to do, and perfect order reigns over the whole.

No doubt you have guessed already that this wonderful city which I am describing is a beehive; for where in the whole world can we find so busy, so industrious, or so orderly a community as among the bees?

Let us suppose that we go into a country garden one fine summer morning, when the sun is shining brightly overhead, and that we see hanging from the bough a black object, which looks very much like a large plum pudding. On approaching it, however, we see that it is a large cluster or swarm of bees, clinging to one another by their legs. There may be from twenty thousand to forty thousand of these little creatures hanging together in this single swarm.

If these bees were left to themselves, they would find a home after a time in a hollow tree, or in some other cavity, and begin to build their honeycomb there. But, as we do not wish to lose their honey, we will bring a hive. Holding it under the swarm we shake the bough so sharply that the bees fall instantly into the hive, and cling to the sides as we place it on the stand where the hive is to rest. And now let us suppose that we are able to see what is going on in the hive. A number

of large, lumbering fellows will, it is true, wander aimlessly about the hive and wait for the others to feed them. But these are the drones, who never do any work, except during one or two days, in their whole lives. The smaller working bees begin to be busy at once. Some fly away in search of honey. Others walk carefully all around the inside of the hive to find any cracks that are there. Then they go off to the horse-chestnut trees, poplars, hollyhocks, or other plants which have sticky buds, and gather a kind of gum. With this they cement the cracks and make the hive air-tight.

But most of the bees begin to hang in a cluster from the roof just as they did from the bough of the apple tree. What are they doing there? Watch for a little while, and you will soon see one bee come out from among her companions and settle on the ceiling of the hive. With her fore legs she will take a scale of wax, hold it in her claws, and bite it with her hard, pointed upper jaws; then, moistening it with her tongue, she will draw it out like a ribbon and plaster it on the top of the hive.

The home of the bees is sometimes called a castle of wax. But where do they obtain the wax out of which to make the comb that is to hold the honey? They make it themselves. If you observe the bees closely during the height of the honey harvest, you will see little pearly disks or scales of wax protruding between the rings that form the body of the bee. If you will examine them with a magnifier, you will find these wax scales of rare beauty. Out of them the industrious little workers construct the six-sided tubes which are to contain their stores of honey and beebread, and in which they are to rear their young.

And now begins the work of comb building. It would seem that a careful observer ought to be able to tell with ease how the bees build their honeycomb. But the little fellows have such a quick, sleight-of-hand way of doing the work that it is difficult to find out exactly how they accomplish it.

Let us see what we can learn by close observation. Here is a hive where the bees are at this moment building their comb near the glass window. There! One of them picks the wax scale from the body of a fellow-worker and silently makes her way to the top of the hive, where the building is going on. Reaching her destination, she gives the little piece of wax a pinch against the comb. One would think she might stop awhile and carefully fashion the material into its place; but no, off she scampers for another load. After her follows another busy worker who has picked up her wax scale from the bottom of the hive. Quickly she deposits this lump of wax, gives it a little touch or a little rubbing and polishing, and she too is off again. Then come other bees, and then others and others, all with their burden of precious wax for the walls they are building. As a result of these maneuvers, in good time the honeycomb, with its six-sided cells, seems to grow out of nothing, as if by magic. No one bee makes an entire cell alone. The finished combs which will finally fill the hive are the product of the united efforts of the whole moving, restless mass.

As soon as a few inches of the first comb have been finished, the bees which are bringing home honey begin to store it in the cells. One cell will hold as much as many bees can carry, and so the busy little workers have to toil all day, filling cell after cell. The honey lies uncovered in the cells, being too thick and sticky to flow out, and is used for daily food. If there is any to spare, the bees close up the cells with wax, to keep the honey for the winter.

And so the life of this wonderful city goes on. The little worker bee lives only a few weeks, but in that time she has done her share of the work in the world.

—*Arabella B. Buckley*

Pleasure Reading:

Buckley's Fairyland of Science
Daulton's Wings and Stings

ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

(It seldom happens that there are two great poets in one family. But Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who wrote this pleasing poem, was nearly as great a poet as her husband Robert Browning. Through what poem did we get acquainted with Robert Browning? As you grow older you will enjoy other poems written by the Brownings, and you will learn of the beautiful home life of these two English poets. Their home life was as true and sweet as their poetry.)

LITTLE ELLIE sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly useth
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
For her future, within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth, "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile;°
And to *him* I will discover°
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed it shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed° in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,°
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,—
Tied the bonnet, donn'd the shoe,
And went homeward round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,°
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier° pathway leads,
Past the boughs, she stoops and stops:
Lo! the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth° I know not! but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

Words: **guile**—deceit; **discover**—reveal; **housed**—wearing a large ornamental saddle-cloth; **troth**—pledge; **copse**—a small wood; **osier**—willow; **sooth**—truth.

Questions: What pleasing picture have we in the first three stanzas? How old do you think Ellie is? What does she mean by *a steed of steeds*? What does she consider the greatest reward at her command? What changes her smile to tears? Do you know how she felt on the way home? Can you suggest a reason why this poem is just as pleasing to grown-up people as to children?

APRIL RAIN

IT ISN'T raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

—*Robert Loveman*

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

(In this beautiful little story we have a glimpse at the work of one of the greatest English novelists, Charles Dickens. While Sir Walter Scott wrote stories of unusual deeds of love and daring, Dickens chose for his books the lives of the people all about him. We say of his stories that they are true to life. This year you should read *The Christmas Carol* and *Cricket on the Hearth*, and in the eighth grade you will enjoy *David Copperfield* and *A Tale of Two Cities*.)

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They used to wonder at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church-spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

Brown's Famous Pictures

CHARLES DICKENS

But while she was still very young, O very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star, and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting turned their beautiful eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither,—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said,—

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader,—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet." And the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief,

and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, —

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

—*Charles Dickens*

Pleasure Reading:
Dickens' Cricket on the Hearth

THE EAGLE

HE CLASPS the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—*Alfred Tennyson*

CHRISTMAS AT BOB CRATCHIT'S

(Here we have another story told by Charles Dickens—a very different story from *A Child's Dream of a Star.* This charming picture of a family, poor in worldly goods but rich in love and happiness, is taken from Dickens' *A Christmas Carol.* You will surely enjoy the whole story.)

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted° Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar near choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"Whatever has got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit, "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother," said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious° zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking around.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension° in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely° from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied° Bob on his credulity,° and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs,—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby,—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer. Master Peter and the two ubiquitous[2] young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course,—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration.

Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern° of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy° to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges

were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers, and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed,—

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us everyone!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

—Charles Dickens

Words: **exalted**—praised; **officious**—eager; **exclusive**—without; **declension**—falling; **prematurely**—sooner than expected; **rallied**—joked; **credulity**—readiness to believe; **ubiquitous**—present everywhere; **livid**—pale; **quartern**—quarter of a pint, a gill; **heresy**—slander.

Note: To understand the second paragraph, it was the English custom in the days before stoves were made, to send meats to the baker's to be roasted. It was cheaper than to heat the home ovens in the stone walls of the fireplaces.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

CHRISTMAS SONG

THE EARTH has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night;
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ Child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched, and poor,
That voice of the Christ Child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod.
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

—*Phillips Brooks*

STORIES OF KING ARTHUR

(The old Greek stories of the capture of Troy, the wanderings of Ulysses, and the doings of the gods on Olympus were passed down in song and tale for hundreds of years before they were crystallized by Homer in his matchless poems. The old Norse sagas of Siegfried and the gods of Asgard were likewise passed on from lip to lip for many centuries. Another great group of songs and stories centers around Arthur, a legendary king of Britain before the land was conquered by the Angles and Saxons. For more than a thousand years these heroic stories of King Arthur and of the knights of his Round Table have delighted generation after generation. And as the Greek stories were finally given permanent form by Homer, so the legends and romances of King Arthur's court, after passing from one minstrel or story-teller to another for more than five hundred years, found complete and fitting expression in a book written by Sir Thomas Malory shortly before Columbus discovered America. The seven stories given here are taken, with a few changes, from the beginning of Sir Thomas's book. No doubt you will want to read one of the King Arthur books listed under Pleasure Reading.)

Of the Birth of Arthur and the Death of Uther

IN THE spring of the year a son was born to King Uther* and Queen Igraine.* Then the great enchanter Merlin came unto the king and said,—

"Sir, you must provide for the nourishing° of your child."

"It shall be as thou wilt," said the king.

"Well," said Merlin, "I know a lord of yours in this land that is a faithful man and passing true, and he shall have the nourishing of your child. His name is Sir Ector, and he is a lord of fair livelihood in many parts of England and Wales. Let this lord be sent for to come and speak with you, and desire him, as he loveth you, to take this child."

So, as Merlin advised, it was done. Then the king commanded two knights and two ladies to take the child, bound in a cloth of gold, and deliver him to the poor man at the postern gate of the castle. So the child was delivered unto Merlin, and he bare it forth unto Sir Ector, and made a holy man to christen him, and named him Arthur.

Then, within two years, King Uther fell sick of a great malady, and yielded up the ghost. Then was he interred° as befitted a king; and the queen, fair Igraine, and all the barons made great sorrow.

How Arthur Drew the Sword from the Stone

For a long while after Uther's death, the realm stood in great jeopardy; for every lord that was mighty of men tried to become king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and counseled him to send for all the lords of the realm and all the gentlemen of arms, to come to London by Christmas upon pain of cursing.° For, he said, Jesus that was born on that night would of His great mercy show by some miracle who should be the rightful king of this realm. So the archbishop did as Merlin had advised, and all the lords and gentlemen of arms came by Christmas unto London. And long before day, all those who came were in the greatest church of London to pray.

And there was seen in the churchyard against the high altar a great stone four feet square, like unto a marble stone. And in the midst thereof was an anvil of steel a foot high, and therein stuck a fair sword, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus:—

"Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil, is rightwise king born of all England."

Then the people marveled, and all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture,° some who would have been king essayed to pull the sword. But none might stir the sword nor move it.

"He is not here," said the archbishop, "that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel, that we provide ten knights, men of good fame, to keep this sword."

So the ten knights were appointed, but then there was made a cry that every man should essay to pull the sword that wished to.

Upon New Year's Day the barons made a joust[2] and a tournament,[3] that all knights that would joust or tourney there might play. And all this was ordained to keep the lords and commons together; for the archbishop trusted that God would make known him that should win the sword.

So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney. And so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great estates about London, rode unto the jousts; and with him rode Sir Kay, his son, and young Arthur that was his foster-brother.

Now, as they rode to the jousts, Sir Kay found that he had left his sword at his father's lodging; and he prayed young Arthur to ride back for it.

"I will gladly go," said Arthur; and he rode fast after the sword.

When he came home, the lady and all had gone out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wroth and said to himself,—

"I will ride to the churchyard and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day."

So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alighted and tied his horse to the stile. Then he went to the tent, but found no knights there, for they were all at the jousting. So he took the sword by the handle, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone; then he took his horse and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword.

How None Might Pull Out the Sword but Arthur

Now as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said,—

"Sir, lo! here is the sword of the stone; wherefore, I must be king of this land."

When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he took his sons and returned again to the church; and then they alighted all three, and went into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay swear upon a book how he came by that sword.

"Sir," said Sir Kay, "by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me."

"How gat you this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver it to me, and as I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any effort."

"Found you any knights about this sword?" said Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understand you must be king of this land."

"Wherefore I," said Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "because God will have it so; for no man ever could have drawn out this sword but he that shall be rightful king of this land. Now let me see whether you can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again."

"That is easily done," said Arthur; and so he put it in the stone. And therewith Sir Ector essayed to pull out the sword and failed.

"Now essay," said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might, but he could not move it. "Now shall you essay," said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"I will," said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector and Sir Kay knelt down to the earth.

"Alas," said Arthur, "my own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me?"

"Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so; I was never your father nor of your blood, but I wot° well that you are of higher blood than I weened° you were."

And then Sir Ector told him all the story of his life, and Arthur sorrowed greatly when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father.

"Sir," said Sir Ector unto Arthur, "will you be my good and gracious lord when you are king?"

"If I were not, then were I to blame," said Arthur; "for you are the man in the world I am most beholden to. And if ever it be God's will that I be king, as ye say, God forbid I should fail you."

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "I will ask no more of you, but that you will make my son, your foster-brother Sir Kay, seneschal° of your lands."

"That shall be done," said Arthur, "and more, by the faith of my body; for no man shall have that office but he, while he and I live."

Therewithal they went unto the archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved and by whom; and on Twelfth-day all the barons came thither to essay to take the sword. But there none might take it but Arthur. Wherefore there were many lords wroth; and they said it was great shame unto them all and unto the realm to be over-governed by a boy born of no high blood. And they fell out at that time, so that trial was put off till Candlemas, and then all the barons were to meet there again. But always the ten knights were ordained to watch the sword day and night; and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, and five always watched.

How Arthur Was Proclaimed King

Then at Candlemas many more great lords came thither to win the sword, but none was successful. And as Arthur did at Christmas, so did he at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily; whereof the barons were sore aggrieved, and

put off the trial again till the feast of Easter. And as Arthur succeeded before, so did he at Easter. Yet there were some of the great lords who had great indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off again till the feast of Pentecost.

And at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men essayed to pull the sword, but none might prevail but Arthur, and he pulled it out before all the lords and commons that were there. Then all the commons cried at once,—

"We will have Arthur for our king; we will delay no more, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king. And we will slay him who holdeth against it." And therewith they all kneeled at once, both rich and poor, and cried mercy from Arthur because they had delayed so long.

And Arthur forgave them, and took the sword in both hands, and offered it on the altar where the archbishop was, and so he was made knight over the best man that was there. And then anon was the coronation made. And there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons to be a true king, and to stand with true justice from thenceforth all the days of his life.

How Arthur Got the Sword Excalibur of the Lady of the Lake

And as he and Merlin rode, Arthur said,—

"I have no sword."

"No matter," said Merlin, "near by is a sword that shall be yours if I can get it for you."

So they rode till they came to a fair and broad lake; and in the middle of the lake Arthur saw an arm clothed in white samite,° and in the hand was held a fair sword.

"Lo!" said Merlin, "yonder is that sword that I spake of."

With that they saw a damsel walking upon the lake.

"What damsel is that?" said Arthur.

"That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin. "Within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on

earth. This damsel will come to you anon; and then speak you gently to her and ask her to give that sword to you."

Anon came the damsel unto Arthur, and saluted him; and he saluted her.

"Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that that yonder arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

"Sir Arthur, King," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and if you will give me a gift when I ask it, you shall have the sword."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what gift you shall ask."

"Well," said the damsel, "go into yonder barge and row yourself to the sword and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So Sir Arthur and Merlin alighted and tied their horses to two trees; and they went into the ship. When they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles and took it with him, and the arm and the hand went under the water. And so they came again unto the land and rode forth on their way.

Then Arthur looked on the sword and liked it passing well.

"Which do you like better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?"

"I like the sword better," said Arthur.

"You are unwise," said Merlin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword; for while you have the scabbard upon you, you shall never lose blood, be you ever so sorely wounded; therefore always keep the scabbard with you."

How Arthur Decided to Take Guenever to Wife, and Received the Round Table*

In the beginning of Arthur, after he was chosen king by adventure and by grace, most of the barons knew not that he was Uther's son, until Merlin made it openly known. Then

many kings and lords made great war against him for that cause; but Arthur overcame them all, for the most part of the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin.

So it befell that King Arthur said unto Merlin,—

"My barons will let me have no rest until I take a wife, and I will take none but by thy counsel and by thy advice."

"It is well," said Merlin, "that you take a wife; for a man of your attainments and nobility should not be without a wife. Now is there any that you love more than another?"

"Yea," said King Arthur, "I love Guenever, daughter of King Leodegrance* of the land of Cameliard.* This damsel is the most valiant and the fairest lady that I know living, or that ever I could find."

"Sir," said Merlin, "as for her beauty and fairness, she is one of the fairest on earth; but if you did not love her so well as you do, I should find you a damsel of beauty and of goodness that should like you and please you; but where a man's heart is set, he is loath to change."

"That is truth," said King Arthur.

Then Merlin sent forth unto King Leodegrance of Cameliard and told him of the desire of King Arthur to have Guenever for his wife.

"That is to me," said King Leodegrance, "the best tidings that I ever heard,—that so worthy a king of prowess° and noblesse° will wed my daughter. And as far as my lands, I would give him all if I thought it would please him, but he hath lands enough and needeth none. But I shall send him a gift which shall please him much more; for I shall give him the Round Table, which his father Uther gave me. When it is full complete, there are one hundred and fifty knights. An hundred good knights I have myself; but I lack fifty, for so many have been slain in my days."

And so Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever unto Merlin, and the Round Table with the hundred knights. And

they rode freshly with great royalty till they came nigh unto London.

When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever and the hundred knights with the Round Table, he made great joy and said openly,—

"This fair lady is passing welcome unto me, for I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so much to my liking. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than great riches."

And in all haste the king prepared for the marriage and the coronation in the most honorable fashion that could be devised.

How the Sieges° of the Round Table Were Filled by Merlin

"Now, Merlin," said King Arthur, "go thou and find me in all this land fifty knights which are of most prowess and worship."°

Within a short time Merlin had found knights to fill twenty and eight sieges, but no more could he find. And when this was done, Merlin said,—

"Fair sirs, you must all arise, and come to King Arthur to do him homage; for he will then have the better will to maintain you."

And so they arose and did their homage. And when they were gone, Merlin found in every siege letters of gold that told the knight's name that had sat therein. But two sieges were void.

"What is the cause," said King Arthur, "that there be two places void in the sieges?"

"Sir," said Merlin, "there shall be no man sit in those places but him that shall be of most worship. But in the Siege Perilous there shall no man sit but one; and if there be any other so hardy as to sit there, he shall be destroyed."

There the king established all his knights, and those that had no lands he made rich in lands. And he charged them

never to do outrage or murder, and always to flee treason. Also, by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asked it, upon pain of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of King Arthur for evermore; and always to give succour unto ladies, damsels, and gentlewomen, upon pain of death. Also that no man make battle in a wrongful quarrel, either for any law or this world's goods. Unto this oath were all the knights of the Round Table sworn, both old and young. And every year they were sworn anew at the feast of Pentecost.

And then when all this was done, the high feast was made ready, and King Arthur was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guenever in the church of Saint Stephens with much solemnity.

—*Sir Thomas Malory*

Words: **nourishing**—bringing up; **interred**—buried; **jeopardy**—danger; **cursing**—expulsion from the church; **scripture**—writing; **joust**—a combat between two knights on horseback as an exhibition; **tournament**—an exhibition of all knightly contests; **wist**—knew; **anon**—soon; **wot**—know; **weened**—thought; **seneschal**—keeper, steward; **samite**—heavy silk; **prowess**—bravery; **noblesse**—nobility; **sieges**—seats; **worship**—excellence; **succour**—help.

Questions: Does it matter where King Arthur held his court, or whether these stories are entirely true? Can the *spirit* of a story be true and helpful, even though the story itself may not be based on facts? Note carefully the commands laid by Arthur upon the knights of the Round Table. What do these stories teach us as to the lives and hearts of the people who made and loved them? How was it perhaps fortunate that these stories were not brought together and set down for at least five centuries? Ask your teacher to tell you the story of Caxton and his printing-press, and how he came to print Sir Thomas Malory's book.

Pleasure Reading:

Radford's King Arthur and His Knights
Baldwin's Stories of the King
Maitland's Heroes of Chivalry
Stevens and Allen's King Arthur Stories

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

NO STIR in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat was lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They can not see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore.
Now where we are I can not tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
"O God! it is the Inchcape Rock."

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Fiend below was ringing his knell.

—*Robert Southey*

Questions: Are you familiar with another poem written by Robert Southey? Note that these poems are really good stories—and stories with a point, too. What happened to Sir Ralph was *poetic justice*—a term that you will often hear used, and that has never been better illustrated than in this poem.

THE MAN WORTH WHILE

IT IS easy enough to be pleasant
While life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

THE STONE-CUTTER

(You may become better acquainted with Bayard Taylor, the author of this little story, by reading his interesting book, *Boys of Other Countries.* Taylor was a great traveler, passing on foot through many of the countries of the world.)

ONCE upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter—a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude; he worked much, gained little, and was not at all contented with his fate.

"Oh, if I could only be rich enough to rest, to sleep on thick matting, wrapped in a robe of soft silk!" Such was the sigh that he breathed to Heaven. An angel heard it.

"It shall be according to thy desire," said the angel.

The stone-cutter at once became rich; and he rested, slept upon thick matting, and wrapped himself in a robe of soft silk.

It happened that the emperor passed by. He was preceded by heralds on foot and on horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavaliers, and surrounded by persons who held over his head an immense parasol, shining with gold.

"What good does it do me to be rich," murmured the rich man, "as long as I have not the right to go out with an escort, and have my head protected by a golden parasol? Why am I not the emperor?"

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And, indeed, he became the emperor. He had an escort before and behind him, and people who held above his head an immense parasol, resplendent° with gold.

However, the sun, with his ardent beams, dried up the country, and the dusty road, quivering with his brightness, wearied the eyes.

"It is a great advantage to be emperor," cried the man, "when the heat of the day exhausts you, and the sun never ceases to make you feel his power! But if one could be the sun!"

"Behold! art thou satisfied?" the angel asked; for the emperor had become the sun, and he darted his beams up and down, right and left, and all around him. And he scorched the herbage of the earth and the faces of the princes upon the earth.

But now a cloud thrust itself between the earth and him; it held back the rays of the sun, and prevented them from falling upon the earth's surface.

"There is strength," cried the sun; "a cloud capable of resisting my power. It would be better if I were a cloud."

"Very well," said the angel.

And the change was at once accomplished. The new cloud placed itself haughtily between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted° the rays of the sun, that it soon saw the earth covered with its shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain, and pouring showers, and waterspouts to fall upon the lands, so that the torrents burst their bounds, and the rivers spread over and devastated° the fields.

Nothing resisted the force of the flood; only a rock defied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the bellowing waters beat in their fury; the rock yielded not, but the foaming waves died at its foot.

"A rock, then, is my superior," said the cloud; "I would rather be in its place."

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And he was transformed into a steep unshaken rock, insensible to the rays of the sun, indifferent to the torrents of rain and the shock of the tumultuous° waves.

Nevertheless, he distinguished at his feet a man of poor appearance, hardly clothed, but armed with a chisel and a hammer; and the man, with the help of these implements, struck off pieces of the rock, which he dressed into stones proper for cutting.

"What is that?" cried the rock; "has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my breast? Shall I be weaker

than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that man."

"Have thy will," said the angel.

And he became again what he had been—a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much, and gained little; but he was contented with his lot.

—*Bayard Taylor*

Words: **cavaliers**—knights on horseback; **resplendent**—shining, gorgeous; **ardent**—fierce; **intercepted**—cut off; **devastated**—laid waste; **tumultuous**—roaring; **distinguished**—saw.

TWO SURPRISES

(Many poems and stories teach the lesson of contentment—that happiness springs from a clean heart and a useful life rather than from owning lands and gold.)

A WORKMAN plied his clumsy spade
As the sun was going down;
The German king with his cavalcade
Was coming into town.

The king stopped short when he saw the man—
"My worthy friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide,
When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said,
"And I am always free;
Though I work from the time I leave my bed
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the king, "is thy gain in a day?"
"Eight groschen," the man replied.
"And canst thou live on this meager pay?"—
"Like a king," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,
And two for a debt I owe;
Two groschen to lend and two to spend
For those who can't labor, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the king. Said the toiler, "Yea,
To my mother with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend thy daily store?"
"To my three boys at school. You see,
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said.
"My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,
All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up in the good king's eyes—
"Thou knowest me not," said he;
"As thou hast given me one surprise,
Here is another for thee.

"I am thy king; give me thy hand"—
And he heaped it high with gold—
"When more thou needest, I command
That I at once be told.

"For I would bless with rich reward
The man who can proudly say,
That eight souls he doth keep and guard
On eight poor groschen a day."

—*Author Unknown*

THE VOYAGE

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone:
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—*Caroline Atherton Mason*

Questions: What does the voyage stand for, or symbolize, in this beautiful poem? What two great virtues does this poem hold up before us?

IN BLOSSOM TIME

(This musical poem of the spring was written by Miss Ina Coolbrith of San Francisco. For many years she was a close friend of Bret Harte and of Joaquin Miller. Have you ever heard of them?)

IT'S O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing—
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and blossoming!

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover beds—
There is none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
Entices my soul away!

For O but the world is fair, is fair—
And O but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak,
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
O skylark, sing in the blue;
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you!

—*Ina Coolbrith*

PART II

Brown's Famous Pictures

PRISCILLA

Boughton

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

I

MILES STANDISH

IN THE Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan* leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber, —
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden,* his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

2

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth:
"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here,
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage.
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straight-forward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"*

— 3 —

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;

Beautiful rose of love that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

— 4 —

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;
Barriffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London.
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower,

Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

II

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvelous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,
Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:
"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."
"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!
Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!
Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords! Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

— 2 —

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla;
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth:

"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:
" 'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

— 3 —

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:
"Such a message as that I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' pointblank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;
Surely you can not refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"
Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand

III

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.

All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshiped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth* blindly, and impious idols of Baal.*
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

— 2 —

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,

Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snowdrift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem.

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;
Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

— 3 —

So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

— 4 —

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Springtime,
Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together.
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy

Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I can not help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

— 5 —

Thereupon answered the youth:—"Indeed, I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

— 6 —

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—
Had no time for such things;—such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you can not.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

— 7 —

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,

Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire,* England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

— 8 —

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

IV

JOHN ALDEN

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

— 2 —

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

— 3 —

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;

Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us?
Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the victor?"
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord!"—and he thought of David's transgression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:
"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"

— 4 —

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay, Sir!"
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.

"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor!
Sacred and safe and unseen in the dark of the narrow chamber
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness,—
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

— 5 —

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault* or Brabant* or Flanders.

"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

— 6 —

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is the treason to friendship!
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping
I have entrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,—
You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter!
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

— 7 —

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,

Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

— 8 —

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
Found it already assembled impatiently waiting his coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting.
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,

Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger:
"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"
Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:
"Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

— 9 —

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

V

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok,* friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites* and Philistines.*
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

— 2 —

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the Mayflower;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,

He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the seashore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

— 3 —

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.

He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;
Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;
Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!"
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,—
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,—
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him
Put on his corslet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon,
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions;
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown,—the cornerstone of a nation!

— 4 —

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
Speaking to this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,

Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!
"Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

— 5 —

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing.

— 6 —

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Brown's Famous Pictures

DEPARTURE OF THE MAYFLOWER

Bayes

— 7 —

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI

PRISCILLA

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

2

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she.
"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.

You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:
"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."
"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;
"No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.
It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates,[3] through deserts of Havilah[4] flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"
"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden
"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.
This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

— 3 —

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.

So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:
"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

— 4 —

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the Mayflower,
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,—
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how much he had suffered,—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,—
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
"Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

— 5 —

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore,

All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!
Ah! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

— 2 —

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?
'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless;
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

— 3 —

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;

Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Peksuot* named, and the other was called Wattawamat.*
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English!" they said,—these words they had learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,

Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

— 4 —

Then stood Peeksnot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish:
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered:
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

— 5 —

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning.
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened, the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet

Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

— 6 —

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:
"Peeksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature,—
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

— 7 —

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

VIII

THE SPINNING-WHEEL

Month after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight, and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

— 2 —

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,

Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard;
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

— 3 —

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

— 4 —

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle:
"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:
"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia:*
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it ready for knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares,—for how could she help it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

5

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead! an Indian had brought them the tidings,—
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,

Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own and exclaiming:
"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

— 6 —

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX

THE WEDDING-DAY

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

— 2 —

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

— 3 —

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us,—

All save the dear, old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,

Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,

Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage,—

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

— 4 —

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,

Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,

Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,

Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,

Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,

Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,

He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,

Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

— 5 —

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

— 6 —

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,

Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

— 7 —

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.*
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

STUDY PLAN OF "THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH"

CANTO I—"MILES STANDISH"

Stanza 1—The Two Friends

Words: primitive, doublet, cutlass, corselet, mystical, fowling-piece, matchlock, sinews, russet, azure-eyed.

Questions: In what state is Plymouth? In what direction from Boston is Plymouth? In what year was the settlement at Plymouth made? Locate Cordova on the map of Spain. What does *buried in thought* mean? What expression might be used in place of *ever and anon*? Name the various weapons owned by Miles Standish. What does *his trusty sword of Damascus* mean?[1] Could you have read the inscription on the sword? Why? Why was it placed there?[2] How was the powder in the fowling-piece and the musket exploded? In what way was the matchlock different?[3] Who was the older, Standish or Alden? Why do you think so? What does *Saxon complexion* mean?[4] Who was Saint Gregory?[5] Memorize lines 11–14.

Notes: [1]**Sword of Damascus** (8)—Damascus is a city in Turkey in Asia. It is famed for the fine swords that were made there. They were skilfully made from the best and most finely-tempered steel. [2]**Mystical Arabic sentence** (9)—It was an old belief that armor could be charmed so that it would resist the thrust of any ordinary sword. The mystical sentence was probably intended as a counter-charm against such armor. [3]**Matchlock** (10)—A kind of musket used before the flintlock was invented. The powder in the pan of the lock was exploded by bringing the lighted end of a fuse into contact with it. In damp or windy weather the matchlock was a very unsatisfactory weapon. For a picture of a matchlock and rest, see Eggleston's "First Book in American History," p. 51. [4]**Saxon complexion** (17)—The Angles, Jutes, and Saxons were the fierce, warlike tribes that conquered the island of Great Britain during the fifth and sixth centuries. They had fair skins, large blue eyes, and yellow hair. The present English and American peoples are largely their descendants. [5]**Saint Gregory** (19)—In his younger days Gregory was a pious priest living in Rome. One day he saw in the Forum a number of fair-skinned, blue-eyed captives. Inquiring of their captors, he was told that the prisoners were Angles. "Not Angles but angels," replied the priest, "for truly they have faces like angels." Years afterward when Gregory became pope, he sent Saint Augustine with forty priests as missionaries to England. Their work was so well done that in a short time a great many of the people of England became Christians.

Suggestions: Since the general atmosphere of the poem is Scriptural, a definite effort to secure an acquaintance with the principal Biblical stories should now be made. It can not be doubted that such

acquaintance is indispensable from a literary standpoint, not only for their inherent merit but also as one of the great sources of allusions in all the pupil's subsequent work in literature. The child must not be denied an entrance to this treasure-house of literature.

As a working library, then, in connection with the study of this poem there should be on the teacher's desk: The Bible, Guerber's "Story of the Chosen People," and Baldwin's "Old Stories of the East." The latter contains the favorite Bible stories written in a simple, interesting style, free from sectarian bias. The **General Questions** covering these stories at the end of this study-plan indicate the minimum knowledge necessary to a successful continuance of the general plan of these volumes.

Stanza 2 Conversation Between Standish and Alden

Words: scribe, burnished, inspection, skirmish, morasses, stripling, arsenal, adage, inkhorn, invincible, rest, shillings, diet, pillage, howitzer, irresistible, logic, orthodox, heathen, sagamore, sachem, pow-wow.

Questions: Why did Standish take such good care of his weapons? In what country of Europe had Standish fought?[1] What had once saved his life there? What is an arcabucero?[2] What are John Alden's first words? What do they teach you of his nature? Compare Alden's pen with the one you use. What saying did Standish consider a good one? What do you know about Cæsar?[3] Why did Standish admire Cæsar? Do you see anything humorous in line 42? Did Alden think Standish's remark amusing? What kind of a roof did the church have? Who were the Indians mentioned in the last line?[4] What does *pow-wow* usually mean? In connection with line 33 read Psalms 33:20. With what book was Alden evidently familiar? Do you recall the use of *brazen* in "The Argonauts"?

Notes: [1]**Flanders** (25)—A country that extended from the Strait of Dover to the Schelde River. It included the present country of Belgium and parts of Netherlands and France. [2]**Arcabucero** (28)—A soldier armed with an arquebus, a gun similar to the matchlock but lighter. Spain was then at war with the Netherlands, or Low Countries. As England disliked Spain, many English soldiers aided the Netherlands. [3]**Cæsar** (42)—Julius Cæsar (100 B. C.–44 B. C.) was a great Roman statesman, scholar, and general. He is considered one of the greatest soldiers of all time. His greatest military success was the conquest of Gaul, now called France. [4]**Aspinet**, etc. (53)—Chiefs of different tribes of Indians living in Massachusetts.

Stanza 3—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: wistfully, landscape, vapory, subdued, emotion, regret, averted.

Questions: What made up the landscape that lay before Miles Standish? Why did it look silent and sad? What brought a sad expression to Standish's face? What relation had Rose Standish

been to the Captain?[1] To what does he compare her in line 62? How did the Pilgrims keep the Indians from knowing how many of their number had died? Why did the Pilgrims wish to keep this knowledge from the Indians? About how many died the first winter? (See history.)

Note: [1]**Rose Standish** (61)—She had been the wife of Miles Standish.

Stanza 4—Standish Reads and Alden Writes

Words: prominent, distinguished, bulk, transplanted, consolation, designed, belligerent, ponderous, margin, epistles.

Questions: What did Standish do to drive away his sad thoughts? Name the three books Standish liked best. Why did he like them best? What does *artillery* mean? In what language did Cæsar write his account of his campaigns in Gaul? By what name is Gaul known today? Locate it on the map of Europe. What book tells about the wars of the Hebrews? By what name are the Hebrews generally spoken of? Which book did Standish finally choose? What parts did he like best? How do you know? Why was Alden writing so rapidly? To whom do you think he was writing? What does the poet mean by "that terrible winter"? Do you know a book in which *epistles* is frequently used?

CANTO II—"LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP"

Stanza 1—Heading to be Writen by the Pupil

Words: achievements, smote, comely, dictate, memoirs, recorded, ensigns.

Questions: In what book are the words *smote* and *spake* used frequently? Why do you think Longfellow uses them in this poem? Explain lines 100–101.[1] Why does Standish say, "He, *too*, fought in Flanders"? Explain the *immortal Twelfth Legion*.[2] What did Standish consider good advice? Find where he had expressed the same thought before. Do you recall *immortal* in "The Argonauts"?

Notes: [1]**Iberian village** (100)—In Cæsar's time the peninsula of Spain and Portugal was called Iberia. [2]**Immortal Twelfth Legion** (108)—A Roman legion was a division of an army consisting of six thousand men. The Twelfth Legion of Cæsar's army was famed for gallant fighting in many battles.

Stanza 2—A Strange Request

Words: treacherous, confided, strove, pertains, embarrassed, Scriptures, desolate, abandoned, cherished, blunt, wooings, adapted.

Questions: How does a soldier ground his musket? Explain *culling his phrases; offers his hand.* In connection with line 133 read

Genesis 2:18. What had led Standish to admire Priscilla? What did the Captain seem to think was the principal thing needed in wooing a maiden? Do you recall the use of *valiant* in "The Argonauts"?

Stanza 3—A Reluctant Consent

Words: taciturn, aghast, mask, mar, maxim, air, gainsay, discreetly, reluctant, sacred, prevailed, subduing.

Questions: What effect did Standish's request have upon Alden? Why? What good reason for refusing did Alden offer? What two kinds of mouths did Standish mention? How did he regard each? Why did Standish wish Alden to do his courting for him? What finally led Alden to do as the Captain wished? Under the circumstances, what would probably have been the wisest thing for Alden to do? Explain the *graces of speech*. Give the meaning of lines 183–184. Do you recall the use of *sacred* in "The Argonauts"?

CANTO III—"THE LOVER'S ERRAND"

Stanza 1—Alden's Emotions

Words: tranquil, verdure, aerial, commotion, contending, foundering, surge, relinquish, lamentation, illusion, corruption, exhalation, phantoms, delusions, devices, impious, retribution.

Questions: Through what did Alden pass to reach the home of Priscilla? What seems to have been Alden's principal reason for coming to New England? What does Alden mean by saying, "This is the hand of the Lord"? Of what does he accuse himself? Is he fair to himself? Why? What do you know of the famous hanging gardens of Babylon?[1] Explain line 206.[2]

Notes: [1]**Hanging gardens** (188)—The hanging gardens of Babylon were one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. They were built by one of the kings of Babylon for his queen, a princess of Media. The level country surrounding Babylon tired the queen, and she longed for the valleys and mountains of her girlhood home. To please her, the king had terraces built supported by immense columns. On each terrace enough soil was placed to raise not only beautiful plants and flowers but also trees. [2]**Astaroth** (206)—Another name for Venus, the goddess of love. [2]**Idols of Baal** (206)—Baal is a general name for false gods. Read the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal in the Bible, I Kings 18:17–40, or in Guerber's "Story of the Chosen People," pp. 167–169.

Stanza 2—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: ford, type, disk, sombre, consoling, carded, ravenous, angular, relentless, tenantless, pallid, endureth.

Questions: What did Alden take to Priscilla? Why did he consider them suited to her? What was Priscilla doing as Alden drew

near the house? What fine compliment to Priscilla's beauty is paid by the poet? Why did the sight of Priscilla make Alden sorrowful? Turn to your Bible and read the Psalm Priscilla was singing. Who was the Psalmist?[1] Why so called? Who was Luther?[2] Ainsworth?[3] In connection with line 226 read Genesis 2:7; with line 245, Luke 9:62. Why did Alden quote this last verse? In connection with line 248, read Psalms 136. What is peculiar about this Psalm? What are compared in lines 210–212? What old story do these lines recall? What are *the flowers of life*?

Notes: [1]**Psalmist** (225)—King David, author of the Psalms. [2]**Luther** (225)—Martin Luther (1483–1546) was a German reformer, the founder of Protestantism. After separating from the Catholic church, he translated the Bible into German so that it might be read by the common people. He also wrote a hymn-book in which the Psalms were set to music. [3]**Ainsworth** (231)—Henry Ainsworth (1571–1622) was an English Separatist, who fled to Amsterdam in Holland to escape persecution at home. He was a sweet-spirited, talented man. He translated the Psalms into English and printed them in a hymn-book, using Luther's music. Priscilla was singing from a copy of this book.

Stanza 3—The Welcome and the Flowers

Words: reeling, encumbered, abashed.

Questions: How did Priscilla greet Alden? Did this greeting make it easier or harder for him to tell his errand? What do you think Priscilla said the winter before when she laughed at Alden's snowy locks? How did Alden now show his appreciation of Priscilla's words of welcome?

Stanza 4—Priscilla's Loneliness

Words: hedgerows, gossip.

Questions: What did Priscilla mean by saying that the hedgerows in England were in blossom? Can you see the old English village as Priscilla describes it? Why was Priscilla so sad?

Stanza 5—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: condemn, quailed, proffer.

Questions: What gave Alden a good opportunity to tell Priscilla that Standish wished to marry her?

Stanza 6—Priscilla's Answer

Words: dexterous, embellish, array, dilated, ominous, grating, rejecting, abrupt, avowal, suspected.

Questions: Why did Alden's words seem like a blow to Priscilla? What was Priscilla's first question? Why does she say "great" in

line 293? What unfortunate explanation did Alden make in reply to Priscilla's question? What reason did Priscilla give for refusing to marry Standish? What was her real reason?

Stanza 7—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: suit, expanding, affliction, zeal, pedigree, defrauded, hearty, placable, magnanimous, courtly.

Questions: Make a list of the good qualities of Standish mentioned by Alden. Why did Alden speak of these qualities to Priscilla? Did Alden's praise of Standish lead Priscilla to change her mind? Explain *a gentleman born*. Explain lines 324–325.[1]

Note: [1]**Family arms, etc.** (324)—A coat of arms was originally a design embroidered upon the coat worn over a knight's armor. Later on it was painted upon his shield. Still later it became the custom to engrave this family design upon the silverware and to stamp it upon the stationery. A coat-of-arms is sometimes called a crest. Standish's crest was a silver (argent) cock with a red (gules) comb and wattles. Blazon means the description of a coat-of-arms.

Stanza 8—A Straight Question

Words: glowed, archly.

Questions: What kind of a man did Alden prove himself by praising Standish? What made Priscilla laugh? Why was her voice tremulous? Do you blame Priscilla for asking the question she did?

CANTO IV—"JOHN ALDEN"

Stanza 1—Alden's Confusion

Words: perplexed, bewildered, apocalyptical,[1] splendors, turrets, reed.

Questions: In what manner did Alden leave Priscilla? Did he say good-bye? What caused his confusion? As he walked back and forth on the beach, what magnificent sight met his eyes? To what does Longfellow compare it? Read Revelation 21:9–23. What color is chrysolite? jasper? sapphire?

Note: [1]**Apocalyptical**—Pertaining to the vision of St. John, described in Revelation, the last book of the New Testament.

Stanza 2—The Cooling Wind

Words: exultation, dulse, grottos, allay.

Questions: To what does Alden speak in this stanza? What expressions show that he spoke as if to a person? Why did the wind feel pleasant to him?

Stanza 3—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: conscience, remorseful, mutable, importunate, transgression, abasement, self-condemnation, overwhelmed, contrition.

Questions: What two emotions were struggling for the mastery in Alden's heart? Explain the reference to David in line 362.[1] What prophet is meant in line 361? Do you think Alden was right in blaming himself?

Note: [1]**David's transgression** (362)—King David fell in love with Bathsheba, the beautiful wife of one of his soldiers. Wishing to marry her, David placed her husband in the front of a battle so that he might be killed. The prophet Nathan solemnly rebuked David for this great sin.

Stanza 4—A Sudden Resolve

Words: cordage, phantom, bondage, kindred, espousal.

Questions: What thought did the sight of the Mayflower suggest to Alden? Of what people have you read who left a land of bondage, passed on foot through a sea, and finally reached the land promised to them by the Almighty? (Read "Old Stories of the East," pp. 88–111.) What is meant by *the narrow chamber*? Memorize line 384. Point out the comparison in line 386.

Stanza 5—Alden's Return

Words: resolution, congenial, sombre, redoubtable, demeanor, issue, sacked, demolished.

Questions: What resolution had Alden just formed? Why was the gloom of the forest congenial? What was Standish doing when Alden returned? What answer did Standish evidently expect? Why do you think so? How did Standish speak to Alden upon his return? Did this make it harder or easier for Alden to tell Standish Priscilla's answer? What did Standish mean by saying that he had fought ten battles, etc.? Explain line 396.[1]

Note: [1]**Hainault, Brabant, Flanders** (396)—Provinces conquered by Cæsar. They now form part of Belgium and Netherlands.

Stanza 6—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: wondrous, minutely, sped, sinister, omen, hand-grenade, supplanted, defrauded, implacable.

Questions: How could Priscilla's last question be both tender and cruel? What made Standish so angry? Who was Wat Tyler?[1] Why did Standish say, "You too, Brutus"?[2] Had Alden done anything dishonorable?

Notes: [1]**Wat Tyler** (415)—A famous English rebel of the days of King Richard II. He led an army to London to protest against certain evils and to demand reforms. Part of the city was pillaged and

burned by his forces. A conference between him and the king was arranged. Tyler showed such violence and insolence in the presence of Richard that he was dragged from his horse and killed by a squire named "John Standysshe." [2]**You too, Brutus** (421)—Cæsar's words when he recognized Brutus among his assassins.

Stanza 7—The Summons to the Council

Words: chafing, uttermost, urgent, incursions, parley.

Questions: What brought Standish's harsh words to a sudden close? What weapon did Standish take with him? Why do you think he took that one? What made Alden's cheeks burn? For what do you think he prayed? Why is *Father* capitalized? In connection with line 437 read Matthew 6:6.

Stanza 8—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: choleric, austere, grave, deportment, sifted, chronicles, ferocious, quiver, debating, menace, contriving, converted, stalwart, husky, howitzer, irreverent, discoursing, pertaineth, righteous.

Questions: Why were the men in council? Describe the challenge of the Indians. Who only was in favor of peace? Why? To what does Longfellow compare him? Explain *nearest to heaven; covered with snow.* What answer did Standish make to the Elder's suggestion? Why did Standish say it was his right to answer the challenge? Do you think Standish was right in saying that war in a good cause is righteous? Explain line 443;[1] 444.[2]

Notes: [1]**Sifted three kingdoms** (443)—In England, France, and Netherlands many people had been persecuted for their religious beliefs. But as greater liberty of opinion was permitted in Netherlands than in the other two countries mentioned, the religious refugees went to Netherlands. Drawn by a common bond of persecution these people united with the Dutch sufferers and formed practically one church. [2]**Sifted the wheat** (444)—Only the bravest of these people left Holland to go to America.

Stanza 9—The Answer to the Challenge

Words: contemptuous, gesture, sinuous.

Questions: How did Standish answer the challenge? How did he speak to the Indian? Do you think Standish's actions and words were wise? What effect upon the Indians do you think this answer to their challenge had?

CANTO V—"THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER"

Stanza 1—The Army Moves

Words: imperative, suppressed, valorous, revolt, smiting, serried.

Questions: Imagine the scene in the early dawn. How many men were leaving the village? Where were they going? Of what nation

was David king? Who were the Midianites and Philistines?[1] What are the *crimson banners of morning*? To what are the billows compared?

Note: [1]**Midianites and Philistines** (492)—Two peoples of Palestine who warred with the Hebrews for many years.

Stanza 2—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: intent, manifold, thatch, menaced, consecrated, rent, anon, subdued, fervent, entreaty.

Questions: In what direction was the wind blowing when the people awoke? Why was it *blowing fair for the Mayflower*? To whom does *Captain* in line 502 refer? Why does the poet say, "Out of the sea rose the sun"? Explain line 507. In what direction were these mountains? How did the signal-gun affect the people? What morning ceremony was customary in every Pilgrim home? What does *desert* in line 522 mean?

Stanza 3—A Restless Night

Words: stalking, pallet, bivouac, essayed, corner-stone.

Questions: How had Alden spent the night? In what mood was Standish when he returned from the council? Why did Alden pretend to be asleep? Why did not Alden speak to Standish before the Captain left in the early dawn? After the morning prayer and the Scripture reading, where did Alden go? What had he determined to do?

Stanza 4—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: capacious, gunwale, thwarts, keel, dejected, divined, revulsion, recoiled, verge, ether, daunt, omen, wholesome, hover.

Questions: Who is meant by *the Master*? Why had Alden decided to go back on the Mayflower? Where was he standing? Why did he suddenly change his mind? Do you think he was right in staying? Do you recall the use of *thwarts*, *keel*, *ether*, and *wholesome* in "The Argonauts"?

Stanza 5—A Last Good-bye

Words: alert, tiller, victual.

Questions: How did the Master shake hands with the Pilgrims in farewell? Explain line 592. Why was the Master glad to go? Explain *plenty of nothing but Gospel*. How many of the Pilgrims went back on the Mayflower? What does this teach you of the character of these people? Does line 600 recall a preceding passage in this poem?

Stanza 6—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: hoisting, yards, stood, send.

Questions: What were the sailors doing as they hoisted the anchor? Why do sailors do that? In what direction was the wind blowing? Where is *the point of the Gurnet*?[1] What is meant by *the Field of the First Encounter*?[2] Do you recall the use of *ponderous* in a preceding stanza? of *yards* in "The Argonauts"?

Notes: [1]**Point of the Gurnet** (605)—A cape at the northern entrance to Plymouth Harbor. (See map.) [2]**Field of the First Encounter** (606)—Before making a settlement, a small party of the Pilgrims under Standish explored the coast looking for a suitable place for the colony. This party encountered some Indians and a brief fight took place, the Indians being driven away.

Stanza 7—Watching the Departing Vessel

Words: receding, endeared, prophetic, illumined, musing.

Questions: Who was the Elder of Plymouth? How did the Pilgrims find comfort and renewed courage? What startled the people as they turned to go to their homes? What are compared in line 618? In what respect are they alike? In what respects unlike?

CANTO VI—"PRISCILLA"

Stanza 1—The Meeting on the Shore

Words: mused, subtile.

Questions: Of whom was Alden thinking as he stood on the shore? What familiar example of the power of the loadstone have you seen?

Stanza 2—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: impulsive, decorum, exalting, irresistible, keeping, subterranean, chafing, misgiving, esteem, ethereal, aught, insipid.

Questions: How had Alden left Priscilla the day before? What is Priscilla now trying to explain? Is her explanation a good one? Memorize lines 638–641. To what is there an understood comparison of the heart in these lines? Do you think Alden was displeased with Priscilla because of the question she had asked? With whom was he displeased? To what does Priscilla compare the lives of many women? To what does Alden compare them? In connection with Alden's comparison read Genesis 2:8–11. Do you think Priscilla was right in saying that Alden used this beautiful comparison to flatter her? Why?

Stanza 3—A Loving Hand-clasp

Words: glibly, loyal, professions, affronted.

Questions: What only can make one's beauty appear divine? What made Alden so awkward and speechless? Memorize lines 687–688.

Why did Priscilla say "Our *terrible* Captain"? What did Priscilla wish to know? Was this quite natural? Do you think Alden was right in telling Priscilla about the trouble the evening before? What did Priscilla say about Standish when Alden told her? Do you think Priscilla knew Alden's real reason for remaining in Plymouth?

Stanza 5—Increasing Love

Words: devout, importunate, withheld, receding, remorseful.

Questions: What is the meaning of *pilgrim* as here used? Why were the Pilgrims at Plymouth so called? Locate Jerusalem on the map of Asia. In what country is it? Why is this country sometimes called the Holy Land? What used to prompt many pilgrims to make a journey to Jerusalem? What did Alden most desire? What was constantly urging him forward? What was holding him back? Do you recall the use of *zeal*, *contrition*, and *misgiving* in preceding stanzas?

CANTO VII—"THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH"

Stanza 1—An Angry Man

Words: trend, sulphurous, moody, revolved, discomfort, flouted, borne.

Questions: Where was Miles Standish all this time? What was he thinking about as he marched along with his men?

Stanza 2—Sour Grapes

Words: folly, grim, harness, sorry, constellations.

Questions: Upon whom does Standish place the blame in this stanza? Is this fair? What does Standish resolve? What old story does the title of this stanza suggest? What has that story to with this stanza?

Stanza 3—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: pitched, sabre, parley, braves, wampum, trenchant, cunning, touching, barter, chaffer, peltries, interpreter, plague, lofty, demeanor, vauntingly, riven, sinister.

Questions: How long did it take Standish and his men to reach the Indian encampment? What showed that the Indians were on the war-path? What bad habit of the Indians (line 748) was followed by the white men? With whom are the two Indian braves compared? Who killed Goliath? (Read I Samuel 17:1–54, or Baldwin's "Old Stories of the East," pp. 199–215.) What are two-edged knives? What did the braves offer Standish? Why? What did they ask Standish to give them? What was his reply? How did this answer affect them? How were Standish and the Indians able to understand each other? What part of Wattawamat's mind had been wea

developed? What did Wattawamat's look suggest would be done with the many knives that were to be born later? Do you recall the use of *sinister* in a preceding stanza?

Stanza 4—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: forth, self-vaunting, muttered.

Questions: Explain line 785. Of all that Pecksuot said, what do you think made Standish angriest? What did the Indians consider a woman's place in life? Read and explain Proverbs 16:18.

Stanza 5—The Fight

Words: feigning, ambush, dissembled, chronicles, taunt, temples, reeling, flurry, beset, unswerving, greensward.

Questions: As Standish talked with the two chiefs, what did he notice? Who began the fight? Why? Why does Longfellow say "*feathery arrows*"? Explain lines 803–804. Can you suggest a reason why the poet used the peculiar expressions found in these two lines? What are compared in lines 801–802?

Stanza 6—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: folded, length, mocked.

Questions: Why did Hobomok praise Standish? What is generally the fate of boasters? What effect had this fight upon the other Indian tribes living near Plymouth?

Stanza 7—A Timid Woman

Words: trophy, averted, lest, valor.

Questions: What did Standish send to Plymouth as a sign of victory? Where was it placed? What do you think was the principal reason for exposing it to view? Would such a thing be done now? How did it affect most of the people? How did Priscilla feel when she saw it?

CANTO VIII—"THE SPINNING WHEEL"

Stanza 1—Standish's Better Nature

Words: hewing, merestead, glebe, apprehension, waxing, remorse, succeed, brackish.

Questions: What does the poet mean by *corn* in line 826?[1] What lines of work were being carried on at Plymouth? What sometimes alarmed the people? Explain *scouring the land; the alien armies.* What nations are meant in line 835?[2] For what was Standish beginning to feel remorse? Do you recall *kindred* and *intent* in preceding stanzas?

Notes: [1]**Corn** (826)—The poet must mean wheat, barley, or oats. Before America was discovered *corn* was a general term meaning any

kind of grain. After the discovery *corn* gradually came to mean maize only. [2]**Nations** (835)—The two great families of Indians in the eastern part of North America were the Algonquins and the Iroquois.

Stanza 2—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: habitation, rushes, latticed, allotment, ruminate, cropped, pennyroyal.

Questions: Where had Alden lived before building a home of his own? Of what kind of timber was the new house built? How was the timber prepared for building? What kind of a roof had the house? What took the place of window-glass? Why was not glass used?[1] What animal belonged to Alden? How had he got him?

Note: [1]**Window-panes** (843)—Glass for windows was made in Europe in very early times, but it was so expensive that only the rich could afford it. Through improved methods of manufacture window-glass came into general use during the eighteenth century.

Stanza 3—Alden's Fond Thoughts

Words: illusions, romantic, subtile, deceptions, semblance, delved, flax.

Questions: Why does Longfellow speak here of Alden as a dreamer? Where did Alden often go? What did he tell himself was his reason for going? What was his real reason? Who wrote Proverbs? Read Proverbs 31:10–21. Why does not the poet quote the verses just as they are in the Bible?

Stanza 4—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: thrifty, treadle, impetuous, stall, palfrey, reel, skein, adjusted, chiding, disentangled.

Questions: What old belief is alluded to in line 867?[1] To whom did Alden compare Priscilla? Where is Helvetia?[2] Locate Southampton on the map of England. Has Alden's prophecy about the spinning-wheel come true? How did Alden's praise affect Priscilla? At what task did Priscilla set Alden? What reason did she give for setting him at work? What was Priscilla going to do with the yarn?

Notes: [1]**Thread—of his life** (867)—The old Greeks and Romans believed that the Fates were three sisters who controlled the lives of mortals. The youngest, Clotho, spun the thread of life; the next, Lachesis, twisted it; and the third, Atropos, waited with a pair of shears to cut it at her own pleasure. The snap of her shears brought a life to a close. See the picture of "The Three Fates" in Guerber's "Myths of Greece and Rome," p. 164. [2]**Helvetia** (876)—The ancient kingdom of Helvetia corresponded very nearly to the present Switzerland.

Stanza 5—"Tidings of Evil"

Words: beguiled, barb, sundered, bonds, excess, asunder.

Questions: Who interrupted the pleasing scene described in the preceding stanza? What news did he bring? How did the news affect Priscilla? What two emotions did the news arouse in Alden's heart? Do you think he was quite unconscious of what he was doing? Have you ever heard the words quoted by Alden? On what occasion?

Stanza 6—A Fine Comparison

Words: rivulets, twain, pursuing, devious, trysting-place, swerving, barriers.

Questions: To what does Longfellow compare the lives of Alden and Priscilla? What had caused the lives of Alden and Priscilla to swerve apart for a time?

CANTO IX—"THE WEDDING DAY"

Stanza 1—Sunrise

Words: issued, resplendent, pomegranates, grate, laver.

Questions: In preparation for the lesson read Exodus 28:31–38. To what is the rising sun compared? Who was the first high-priest? Describe his robe and the plate that he wore on his forehead. How can the sun be said to bless the world? Do you recall the use of *gleamed* in preceding work?

Stanza 2—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: graced, sanction, betrothal, laudable, devoutly, imploring, benedictions.

Questions: Who is meant by the *Magistrate*? Who performed the marriage ceremony? What part of the service was taken by the Elder? How are both the Law and the Gospel represented in a marriage today? Why is Divine spelled with a capital?

Suggestion: Read to the class the story of Ruth and Boaz as found in Baldwin's "Old Stories of the East," pp. 187–198. Some of the children may wish to read the story as told in the Book of Ruth in the Bible.

Stanza 3—Friendship Restored

Words: sombre, apparition, spectral, rack, mastered, fleeting, troth, cherished, atoning, gentry, commingled, lauding.

Questions: Why did the appearance of Standish startle the bride and the bridegroom? How did Standish prove himself a true gentleman? How do you think the Captain saluted Priscilla? What shows that Standish was now ready to laugh at himself? What old English saying was quoted by Standish? How did it apply to the situation?

Stanza 4—Heading to be Written by the Pupil

Words: mourned, overpowered.

Questions: Why were the people so glad to see Standish? What humorous remark did the Captain finally make?

Stanza 5—Through the Eyes of Love

Words: perfumed, autumnal, privation, barren, groves, transfigured.

Questions: What perfumed the morning air? What are the principal autumnal tints? Was the scene before Alden and Priscilla one of grace and beauty? What did it seem like to them?

Stanza 6—A Queer Palfrey

Words: vision, peasant, reassured.

Questions: What lines reveal the practical, industrious nature of the Pilgrims? What surprise had Alden in store for Priscilla? Explain the stanza title. What did Alden mean in lines 1003–1004?

Stanza 7—The Picture in the Brook

Words: bridal, azure, abysses, splendors, odorous, balm, primitive, pastoral, immortal, succession.

Questions: Explain the *azure abysses* of the brook. What pleasant picture was seen in the brook? For the story of the grapes of Eshcol, read Numbers 13:23. Explain *the youth of the world.* Can you suggest a reason why Longfellow speaks of Rebecca and Isaac?

Suggestion: Read to the class the story of Rebecca and Isaac as found in Baldwin's "Old Stories of the East," pp. 39–50. The children may read the story for themselves in Genesis 24.

DRAMATIZATION

Before leaving "The Courtship of Miles Standish" you will enjoy reviewing it by means of a series of simple scenes, using Longfellow's words in dialogue form. Make your own selections and write titles for them.

GENERAL QUESTIONS

1. Which do you like better, "The Argonauts" or "The Courtship of Miles Standish"? Give reasons for your preference.
2. What is the difference between prose and poetry? Which do you prefer?
3. Had Longfellow any special reason for his interest in Alden and Priscilla? (See the sketch of the author's life following.)
4. Find at least five Biblical words or terms used in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

5. Find at least five references or allusions to the Bible.

6. What was Longfellow's purpose in using so many Biblical expressions and references in this poem?

7. Who lived in the Garden of Eden? Why were they driven out? (See Baldwin's "Old Stories of the East," pp. 7–13. The page references accompanying the following questions are to this book of Baldwin's.)

8. Tell the story of Noah and the ark. (18–26)

9. What man was the founder of the Hebrew people? Who was his wife? (27–36)

10. Tell the story of Abraham and his son Isaac on the mountain. (36–39)

11. Who became the wife of Isaac. How did Isaac get her? (39–50)

12. Name Isaac's two sons and tell something of interest concerning them. (50)

13. Tell the story of Joseph and his brethren. (51–87)

14. Who led the children of Israel out of Egypt? Tell the story of his life. (88–111)

15. Tell the story of Gideon, the Idol-Breaker. (143–159)

16. Who was the strongest man told about in the Bible? Tell the story of his life. (160–186)

17. What famous marriage described in the Bible is mentioned in nearly all wedding ceremonies today? (187–198)

18. Tell the story of the boyhood of David. (199–215)

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

IT IS pleasing to think that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow had a special interest and enjoyment in telling the love-story of John Alden and Priscilla; for the poet was a direct descendant of that famous couple. He was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807, and lived there through a very happy boyhood. His love for the home of his boyhood is shown in his poem "My Lost Youth":

> "Often I think of the beautiful town
> That is seated by the sea;
> Often in thought go up and down
> The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
> And my youth comes back to me."

As a boy Longfellow was a well-behaved, studious little fellow. He liked to go to school and especially enjoyed reading the interesting books in his father's library. He must have been a bright boy, for he was ready for college at fourteen. He entered Bowdoin* College, which is not far from Portland, and was graduated four years later. One of his classmates was Nathaniel Hawthorne, who afterward became a great story-writer.

Longfellow's father was a lawyer and he wished his son to become one, also. But Longfellow soon found that he did not care for law. He was very fond of literature and decided to be an author. Soon after graduation he was offered the professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin. He was greatly pleased, and went to Europe to prepare himself thoroughly for the work. He spent three years in Germany, France, Spain, and Italy, mastering the four languages and acquainting himself with the literature of each.

At the age of twenty-two he began his work in Bowdoin. He was a faithful teacher and became a favorite with the students. He was always courteous and sweet-tempered. After five years' work in Bowdoin, Longfellow was offered the professorship of modern languages in Harvard College. He accepted the offer and went to Europe again for further study.

After a stay in Europe of nearly two years Longfellow returned to America. A good story is told of his experience in trying to find a pleasant place in which to live. He was attracted to the Cragie House in Cambridge because of its large rooms and quiet elegance. This place had pleasant historical associations, also, for Washington had made it his headquarters during the early days of the Revolution. So Longfellow called at the Cragie House to inquire if he might have a room there. Mrs. Cragie looked the youthful Longfellow over, and informed him that she did not care to take college students. When Longfellow assured her that he was really a professor in Harvard College, she let him have Wash-

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ington's own room. Here at the Cragie House Longfellow made his home for the rest of his life. For, after living there as a lodger for six years, he married Miss Frances Appleton; and the bride's father bought the place and presented it to the Longfellows as a wedding present.

Longfellow was twenty-nine when he began his work in Harvard. Thoroughly cultured, sincere, and pleasant, he soon became one of the best-liked professors in that famous college. He continued in this work for nearly twenty years, making a third trip to Europe in 1842.

During these years at Bowdoin and Harvard, Longfellow did considerable writing, both prose and poetical. In 1839 he published his first volume of poems. Among others it contained "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Footsteps of Angels," "The Light of Stars," and "Psalm of Life." These poems were widely read and admired, and made Longfellow famous as a poet. The "Psalm of Life" is a favorite not only in America but throughout the world, having been translated into many languages.

Longfellow's first long poem was "Evangeline," a story in verse, which you will read next year. The pathetic story of Evangeline was told to Longfellow by Hawthorne. It appealed to Longfellow and he expressed a desire to use it for a poem if Hawthorne did not want it for a story. The latter cheerfully gave it up. The beautiful poem won the hearts of the American people, and it has ever since been considered the poet's masterpiece.

The next long poem was "Hiawatha," known and loved by all children. The quaint Indian legends are so simply and beautifully told that many critics consider "Hiawatha" Longfellow's finest work.

"Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" were so well-received that the poet was encouraged to write another long poem dealing with American life and scenery. This was "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which we have just finished studying. We

have been interested in Longfellow's special reason for writing this delightful story.

Longfellow's children, however, meant far more to the poet than did his famous Pilgrim ancestors. Five children, two sons and three daughters, came to the Longfellow home. These children loved their father dearly, for he was always their best friend and chum. He was a very busy man with his teaching and writing. But in that poem we all love, "The Children's Hour," we are shown that Longfellow had time for a daily romp with the children. Longfellow's home life was very happy until the sad death of his wife, who was fatally burned in 1861.

Previous to this time, Longfellow had resigned his position in Harvard that he might have more time for his literary work. His poems had made him so well-known that he had many visitors. Ofttimes they came when he was very busy, but he was always kind and courteous. A great many children also came to see the poet, and he wrote his name in their albums. His poem "Children" proves that he truly loved them. Perhaps that is why Longfellow is best liked by the children. He has been called "the children's poet."

The children of Cambridge finally thought out a way to show their love for the kind old poet. You will remember "The Village Blacksmith," wherein are described a real Cambridge blacksmith and his shop. At last the "spreading chestnut tree" had to be cut down. The children had a fine arm-chair made from the wood, and on Longfellow's seventy-second birthday they presented it to him with their love. The poet greatly appreciated the gift and the spirit that prompted it. In return he wrote the children a poem entitled "From My Arm-Chair."

His life was drawing to its close. Like his poetry his life had been pure and sweet, simple and beautiful. The dreams of his youth had all been realized. He was acknowledged to be the most popular American poet. On his seventy-fifth

birthday (February 27, 1882) all the schools of the country held exercises in his honor, the pupils reciting or singing some of his best-loved poems. His old friend Whittier described the day in his charming poem "The Poet and the Children." A few days later Longfellow passed away.

—*Leroy E. Armstrong*

Questions: Where and when was Longfellow born? In what poem does he refer to the city in which he was born? From what college was he graduated? At what age? Name a classmate of Longfellow's who later became famous. What position was offered Longfellow soon after graduation? Why did he then make a trip to Europe? What countries did he visit? How long was he gone? How many years did Longfellow teach in Bowdoin? Why did he leave? What was the purpose of his second trip to Europe? How old was Longfellow when he began his work at Harvard? Name four of the poems in the first volume published by Longfellow. Which one of these is Longfellow's best-known poem? Name Longfellow's most popular long poem. Name two other long poems of his that deal with American subjects. In what beautiful poem are the poet's children mentioned? Why did Longfellow resign his position in Harvard? What brought many visitors to Cambridge? How were they always treated at the Longfellow home? How did the poet please the many children who came to see him? How did the children of Cambridge show their love for Longfellow? On what occasion? How did the children of the country show their regard for the poet? On what occasion? What poem refers to the celebration? Name the author. Where and when did Longfellow die? What is his rank among the poets of America? Make a list of the poems of Longfellow with which you are familiar.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

(Soon after Longfellow began teaching at Harvard, some workmen unearthed a skeleton near Fall River, Massachusetts. Longfellow's interest was greatly aroused because there was a thin plate of brass over the chest of the skeleton, and a belt of brass tubes around its waist. As the North American Indians have never been known to wear armor, Longfellow concluded that this must be the skeleton of one of the Norse rovers who visited our shores hundreds of years before Columbus came. Longfellow thought if the skeleton could only speak, what a wonderful story it might tell! Then in poetic imagination Longfellow fancies that the skeleton appeals to him to listen to its story, and commands him to tell it in verse. The poet complies, and we have one of the finest ballads ever written.)

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes,
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald° in song has told,
No Saga° taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,

Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;°
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly° bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark,
Followed the werewolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's° crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout°
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing.

As we the Berserk's° tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning, yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,

And as the wind gusts waft
The sea foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn,
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen,
When, on the white sea strand
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast;
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And, with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,°
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Midships, with iron keel,
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As, with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!°
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal!° to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

—*Henry W. Longfellow*

Words: **Skald**—minstrel; **Saga**—heroic poem; **gerfalcon**—large hawk; **grisly**—fierce (not the grizzly bear of North America); **corsair**—pirate, rover; **wassail-bout**—drinking contest; **Berserk**—a fierce warrior maddened by drink; **Skaw**—headland; **fen**—swamp; **Skoal**—Hail! An expression of good will.

Questions: Who is represented as speaking in the first stanza? With what stanza does the skeleton's story begin? Where and how does it end? Can you give a reason why this poem is so well-liked by boys and girls?

Pleasure Reading:

Kipling's Puck of Pook's Hill
Mabie's Norse Stories Related from the Eddas
Montgomery's Heroic Ballads
Scollard's Ballads of American Bravery

CHILDREN

COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the brooks and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow;
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Questions: Does this poem help you to understand why Longfellow was so well-liked by children, and why children are still so fond of his poems? Was it hard or easy for children to get acquainted with the poet? Why? What does Longfellow's picture tell you of his disposition? Have you read the sweet little poem, *The Children's Hour*, in which the author writes of his own three little girls? Do you remember for whom Charles Kingsley wrote *Greek Heroes*? In what pleasing way, then, were Longfellow and Kingsley alike?

THE HEART'S UPLIFT

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

THE DERVISE AND THE CAMEL

A DERVISE[1] was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and with wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked[2] him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you."

"A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?"

"I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi; but, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.[3]

They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer,[4] when the dervise with great calmness thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert.

"I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind of an eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of the path; and that it was lame in one leg, from the

faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand.

"I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side; and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

—*Walter Colton*

Words: dervise—a Turkish or Persian monk; that is, one whose life is devoted to religious thought and ceremonies; **marked**—noticed; **cadi**—judge; **adduced**—brought forth; **theft**—stealing; **sorcerer**—magician, wizard; **ground**—reason.

Dramatization: This selection lends itself admirably to presentation in dialogue form.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

WHAT do the robins whisper about
From their homes in the elms and birches?
I've tried to study the riddle out,
But still in my mind is many a doubt,
In spite of deep researches.

While over the world is silence deep,
In the twilight of early dawning,
They begin to chirp and twitter and peep,
As if they were talking in their sleep,
At three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps the little ones stir and complain
That it's time to be up and doing;
And the mother-bird sings a drowsy strain
To coax them back to their dreams again,
Though distant cocks are crowing.

Or do they tell secrets that should not be heard
  By mortals listening and prying?
Perhaps we might learn from some whispering word
The best way to bring up a little bird—
  Or the wonderful art of flying.

It may be they speak of an autumn day,
  When, with many a feathered roamer,
Under the clouds so cold and gray,
Over the hills they take their way,
  In search of the vanished summer.

It may be they gossip from nest to nest,
  Hidden and leaf-enfolded;
For do we not often hear it confessed,
When a long-kept secret at last is guessed,
  That "a little bird has told it"?

Perhaps—but the question is wrapped in doubt,
  They give me no hint or warning.
Listen, and tell me if you find out—
What do the robins talk about
  At three o'clock in the morning?

—*R. S. Palfrey*

Pleasure Reading:
Lovejoy's Nature in Verse

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

(This pathetic story was written by Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish author whose stories have been translated into many languages and read and loved by children everywhere. His best-known story is "The Ugly Duckling," which is really his own life in story form.)

IT WAS terribly cold; it snowed and was already almost dark, and evening came on, the last evening of the year. In the cold and gloom a poor little girl, bare-headed and barefoot, was walking through the streets.

When she left her own house she certainly had had slippers on; but of what use were they? They were very big slippers, and her mother had used them till then, so big were they. The little maid lost them as she slipped across the road, where two carriages were rattling by terribly fast. One slipper was not to be found again, and a boy had seized the other, and run away with it. He thought he could use it very well as a cradle, some day when he had children of his own.

So now the little girl went with her little naked feet which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and a bundle of them in her hand. No one had bought anything of her all day, and no one had given her a farthing.

Shivering with cold and hunger she crept along, a picture of misery, poor little girl! The snow-flakes covered her long fair hair, which fell in pretty curls over her neck; but she did not think of that now. In all the windows lights were shining, and there was a glorious smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. Yes, she thought of that!

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sat down, cowering. She had drawn up her little feet, but she was still colder, and she did not dare go home, for she had sold no matches, and did not bring a farthing of money. From her father she would certainly receive a beating, and besides, it was cold at home, for they

had nothing over them but a roof through which the wind whistled, though the largest rents had been stopped with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with the cold. Ah! a match might do her good, if she could only draw one from the bundle, and rub it against the wall, and warm her hands at it. She drew one out. R-r-atch! how it sputtered and burned! It was a warm bright flame, like a little candle, when she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful light! It really seemed to the little girl as if she sat before a great polished stove, with bright brass feet and a brass cover. How the fire burned! how comfortable it was! but the little flame went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the burned match in her hand.

A second was rubbed against the wall. It burned up, and when the light fell upon the wall it became transparent like a thin veil, and she could see through it into the room. On the table a snow-white cloth was spread; upon it stood a shining dinner service; the roast goose smoked gloriously, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more splendid to behold, the goose hopped down from the dish, and waddled along the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl.

Then the match went out, and only the thick, damp, cold wall was before her. She lighted another match. Then she was sitting under a beautiful Christmas Tree; it was greater and more ornamented than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of candles burned upon the green branches, and colored pictures like those in the print shops looked down upon them. The little girl stretched forth her hand toward them; then the match went out. The Christmas lights mounted higher. She saw them now as stars in the sky; one of them fell down, forming a long line of fire.

"Now some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star fell down a soul mounted up to God.

She rubbed another match against the wall; it became bright again, and in the brightness the old grandmother stood clear and shining, mild and lovely.

"Grandmother!" cried the child, "Oh! take me with you! I know you will go when the match is burned out. You will vanish like the warm fire, the warm food, and the great, glorious Christmas Tree!"

And she hastily rubbed the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast. And the matches burned with such a glow that it became brighter than in the middle of the day; grandmother had never been so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew in brightness and joy above the earth, very, very high, and up there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care—they were with God.

But in the corner, leaning against the wall, sat the poor girl with red cheeks and smiling mouth, frozen to death on the last evening of the Old Year. The New Year's sun rose upon a little corpse! The child sat there, stiff and cold, with the matches, of which one bundle was burned. "She wanted to warm herself," the people said. No one imagined what a beautiful thing she had seen, and in what glory she had gone in with her grandmother to the New Year's Day.

—*Hans Christian Andersen*

Pleasure Reading:
Hans Andersen's Stories (Riverside Literature Series)

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN

"I AM a pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling° words of a tiny stone;
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the driving rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.

"There's none that can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod;
I am a pebble! but who art *thou*,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment, abashed° and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane° sphere;
And she felt, for a time, at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone:
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another, so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,°
Abased, I will cover my head in dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one

Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon, in the earth, she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The pebble looked up, and wondering said:
"A *modest acorn!* never to tell
What was inclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up,
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide its worth!

"And oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humble pebble again be heard,
Till something, without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I have been."
The pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

—*Hannah F. Gould*

Words: **swelling** — boastful; **abashed** — confused; **mundane**— earthly; **august**—important.

Questions: What does *the pride of the forest* mean? What do you find to admire in the pebble in this story?

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER; OR, THE BLACK BROTHERS

CHAPTER I

How the Agricultural System of the Black Brothers was Interfered with by Southwest Wind, Esquire

IN A secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was in old time a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and past populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley: and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you could not see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that

did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas,° which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if with such a farm and such a system of farming they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes;° and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The hay had hardly been got in when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inunda-

tion; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door without the slightest regard.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard; and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing

a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his moustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured° by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and a more energetic concerto° on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with his mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his moustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there, blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head so long out of the window by this time that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry, there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching

for a quarter of an hour the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor; "may I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But,—sir,—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but —really, sir,—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively° for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor today. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but at the instant the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen—"

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew moustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest into the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water; and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode° you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room: I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition,° but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small, white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE

CHAPTER II

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER THE VISIT OF SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE; AND HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous° visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse° skies, abandoned° their valueless patrimony° in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as

they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers whenever they had sold anything used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into and mixed with a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink from the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once after emptying it full of Rhenish seventeen times he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they had gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder,"

thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately° to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day; and when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset. There were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he did not speak, but he could not help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft, running, effervescent° melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil.

Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in: yes, it seemed to be coming not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room for a minute or two with his hands up and his mouth open, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and distinct.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface was smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately, "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his

friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically° on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious° and intractable° disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt way of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations° out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute what he said.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with

dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns some six feet long in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct toward your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling,—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

CHAPTER III

How Mr. Hans set off on an Expedition to the Golden River, and how he prospered therein

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit° related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered° to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, Which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify° the combatants, sent for the constable.

On hearing this, Hans contrived° to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate,° fined for breaking the peace, and having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned° a character. So Hans went to vespers° in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some

meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was indeed a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and far beyond and above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept in the blue sky the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating° line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts

were fixed. Forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled[^] the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He mounted it though, with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never in his life traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance[^] to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles,[^] dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and

eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited° his hardy frame, and with the indomitable° spirit of avarice,° he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and penetrated° with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may at least cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched° and burning. Hans eyed it

deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain-sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hill-side, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy impenetrable° shade. The sun was setting; it plunged towards the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

CHAPTER IV

How Mr. Schwartz set off on an Expedition to the Golden River, and how he prospered therein

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine. He went then and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and he determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. He got up early in the morning before the sun rose, took some bread and wine in a basket, put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his

lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. As he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West. When he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun. The bank of black cloud too had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned. As he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you!*" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. When he had gone a few yards farther he looked back: but the figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. The bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. The sky where the sun was setting was all level, like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its

crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above, met as he cast the flask into the stream. As he did so the lightning glared into his eyes, the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

CHAPTER V

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN; WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, so he was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. After a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had crossed over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he became dreadfully thirsty, and

was going to drink as his brothers had done, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. The path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it; some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Having done this it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star. He then turned and began climbing again. And behold there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. Crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet after he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable° again; and when he looked at his bottle he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. But just as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—precisely as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden

River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt." He tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and he stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right"; for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance° grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of

clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River; its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. Now, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door: so that his barns became full of

corn, and his house of treasure. For him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

—*John Ruskin*

STUDY SUGGESTIONS

CHAPTER I

Words: **populous**—containing many people; **Schwartz**—The name means Black; **Gluck**—The name means Good Luck; **cicadas**—crickets; **tithes**—taxes paid to the church; **seniors**—elders; **turnspit**—a long slender iron rod to support a piece of meat while it was being roasted before an open fire. To roast the meat evenly, it was necessary to turn it slowly. Hence the word also means the servant who had charge of the turnspit; **inundation**—flood; **maledictions**—curses; **refractory**—weak, apt to go out; **obscured** hidden; **concerto** musical performance; **petulantly**—crossly; **meditatively**—thoughtfully; **deprecatingly**—humbly; **hospitality**—kindness to visitors; **melancholy**—sad; **incommode**—trouble; **admonition**—warning.

Questions: Why do we not care to know where Stiria is? What valley in California is suggested by the description of the mountains and waterfalls surrounding the Treasure Valley? How did the Golden River get its name? In what sense were Hans and Schwartz "very good farmers"? By what nickname were the two elder brothers known? Why was this a good nickname? Why does Ruskin say "the *honorable* office of turnspit" in the third paragraph? How did the elder brothers try to educate Gluck? What event finally brought out clearly the selfishness and cruelty of Hans and Schwartz? What light does the fifth paragraph throw on Gluck's character? Describe the appearance of the strange visitor? Do you wonder at the effect his appearance had upon Gluck? Why was Gluck unwilling at first to let him in? Should Gluck be praised or blamed for disobeying orders? Why do you think the old gentleman asked for a piece of

the meat? What happened when the Black Brothers returned? How did the old gentleman save Gluck from being hurt? What is particularly enjoyable about this scene? What strange promise did the visitor make before leaving? How was this promise fulfilled? What was the old gentleman's name? Can you pick up several hints as to his identity before reaching his card? How did the Treasure Valley look the next morning?

CHAPTER II

Words: momentous—important; **adverse**—unfriendly; **abandoned**—gave up, left; **patrimony**—property inherited from one's ancestors; **knave**—rascal; **averred**—declared; **Rhenish**—a wine from the vineyards of the Rhine; **malicious**—spiteful; **disconsolately**—sorrowfully; **effervescent**—bubbling; **crucible**—melting pot; **passionately**—angrily; **energetically**—vigorously; **contemplating**—viewing; **prismatic**—rainbow; **pertinacious**—determined; **intractable**—stubborn; **observations**—remarks; **diminutive**—wee, small; **consternation**—surprise; **auditor**—hearer.

Questions: To what occupation did the Black Brothers now turn? What was Schwartz's reason for taking up this trade? How does this fit in with his past life? What work in the second sentence of the third paragraph is used in sarcasm? What do we say instead of *alehouse*? Give a description in your own words of Gluck's mug. Why was Gluck so fond of it? Describe the scene that Gluck saw from the window. What does Ruskin mean by saying that "the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold"? Where have you heard voices that sounded metallic? Notice how Ruskin makes the dwarf seem real by his careful description of him. What was the dwarf's first remark to Gluck? What did he mean? What important information was given to Gluck by the King of the Golden River? What conditions had to be met in order to succeed? Give two reasons why Gluck was sorry to see his visitor vanish.

CHAPTER III

Words: exit—departure; **expiration**—end; **adhered**—stuck to; **credence**—belief; **pacify**—quiet; **contrived**—managed; **magistrate**—judge; **abandoned**—wicked; **vespers**—evening church service; **undulating**—waving; **scaled**—climbed; **monotonous**—of one tone; **resemblance**—likeness; **pinnacles**—peaks; **oppressive**—heavy; **incumbrance**—hindrance; **recruited**—renewed, refreshed; **indomitable**—determined; **avarice**—greed; **penetrated**—filled; **parched**—extremely dry; **impenetrable**—obscuring.

Questions: What effect did Gluck's news have upon the Black Brothers? Who was the shrewder, Hans or Schwartz? What is meant by "breaking the peace"? What peculiar custom of old days

is mentioned in the second paragraph? After deciding to make the trip to the Golden River, what was the first difficulty Hans had to overcome? How did he manage it? What is meant by "crossing himself"? Why did Hans ask Schwartz the question found in the sixth paragraph? Why did Hans show the holy water to Schwartz? How did crossing the strange glacier affect Hans? What did Hans mean by thinking, "Three drops are enough"? What three appeals were made to Hans' mercy? Does he become more or less cruel and insulting at each refusal? Is there a connection between his repeated refusals and the difficulties of his journey? What happened when Hans threw his flask into the Golden River? Had he not done as the King of the Golden River had directed?

CHAPTER IV

Words: **lowering** — threatening; **zenith** — the place in the sky directly above one.

Questions: Why was Gluck anxious to have Schwartz start for the Golden River? Why was Schwartz anxious to start? State in order the three appeals to Schwartz to be merciful. Note the answer Schwartz makes each time. Who treated the old man the more cruelly, Hans or Schwartz? How so? Is there a corresponding increase in Schwartz's difficulties after his refusals to be merciful? What happened when Schwartz threw his flask into the Golden River? Had he not done as the King of the Golden River had directed?

CHAPTER V

Words: **occasioned**—caused; **intolerable**—unbearable; **manifest**—plain; **symptoms**—signs; **countenance**—face; **diminished**—made less; **emerges**—comes out.

Questions: Compare Gluck's preparations for a visit to the Golden River with those of Hans and Schwartz. What was left out of Gluck's lunch that the older brothers had taken? What was the result of the appeals to Gluck's mercy? What was peculiar about the path and the sky after Gluck had shown mercy? Memorize:

"There is beauty in the sunlight
And the soft blue heaven above;
Oh, the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love."

Can you suggest why the dog should have been the first to appeal to Hans and the last to Gluck? Who was the more wicked, Hans or Schwartz? Why do you think so? Why was Gluck embarrassed when the dog was transformed into the King? Was the King of the Golden River cruel to Hans and Schwartz? Why? What did the

King mean by "the vessel of mercy"? Memorize: "The water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses." How did Gluck get the three drops of holy water that he threw into the Golden River? What was the result of throwing in the three drops? Why was Gluck disappointed? Had the King of the Golden River told the truth when he promised that the river would turn to gold? Do you think it adds to the story to have the promise fulfilled in a different way from the one expected?

JOHN RUSKIN

(From your study of *The King of the Golden River* you have surely been able to learn something of its author, John Ruskin. An author nearly always reveals his real self in a story or poem, if one will only think carefully as he reads. You will enjoy trying to answer the following questions before reading the story of Ruskin's life:

How did Ruskin look upon life and its duties, seriously or lightly? Did he have much or little sense of humor? Compare Ruskin in this respect with Kingsley; with Longfellow. Do you think Ruskin cared much or little for children? Compare with Longfellow; with Kingsley. Can you find out whether Ruskin had children of his own? Which do you think gave Ruskin the more pleasure, a real sunrise or a fine painting of one? Which do most people prefer? Do you think Ruskin was selfish or unselfish? On the whole, do you think he was serious or jolly? Compare him in this respect with Longfellow; with Kingsley.

Now you will be interested in a short account of Ruskin's life so that you may be sure that you have answered correctly the questions given above.)

THE AUTHOR of *The King of the Golden River* was born in London in 1819. You may remember that Charles Kingsley, the author of *The Argonauts*, was born in Devonshire the same year. Both of Ruskin's parents were Scotch. The father was a remarkable man. He went to London a poor boy, with few advantages. But in a few years by careful, faithful work he became a wealthy merchant. He was a successful business man, yet he cared for other things besides business. He was fond of books, paintings, and scenery. So the little boy John gained culture and refinement through the influence

of a good, intelligent father. The boy's mother was deeply religious. She hoped that some day her only child might become a famous preacher. She was his first teacher. She taught him to read the Bible, and during his early years he read the entire book aloud to her several times. She required him to memorize a great many of the finest passages. This study of the Bible with his godly mother had a great influence upon Ruskin's whole life. It gave him a strong, earnest style of writing; and the teachings of righteousness and truth gained from the Bible and the example of his parents became the guiding forces of his life.

As a boy he was a strange little fellow. Little Charles Kingsley had brothers and sisters to play with, but little John Ruskin was an only child. He had no pets or playmates, so he was forced to learn to amuse himself. He spent hours tracing the patterns of the carpet, the wall-paper, and the bedspread. He watched the people coming and going in the street. Left to himself he carefully examined the things in his father's yard. The trees were a never-ending pleasure. He admired them with the eye of a true lover of the beautiful. Like Charles Kingsley, he became a close observer of nature. He plucked the blossoms and pulled them apart till he had seen just how they were fitted together, and how the seeds were protected and ripened. The shiny pebbles on the walks attracted him, and he studied them as carefully as he did the blossoms. But the chief attraction of the trees, the flowers, the pebbles lay in their beauty. His was the eye of an artist. He would gaze enraptured at a bit of floating cloud, and mountains and rivers filled him with a strange feeling of delight and wonder.

In a book written when he was well on in years, Ruskin tells many interesting stories of his own solitary boyhood. He says, "First I was taught to be obedient. That discipline began very early. One evening—my mother being rather

Brown's Famous Pictures

JOHN RUSKIN

proud of this, told me the story often,—when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. My mother bid me keep my fingers back. I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said, 'Let him touch it, Nurse.' So I touched it,—and that was the first lesson in the meaning of the word Liberty. It was the first piece of Liberty I got, and the last which for some time I asked for.

"Secondly, I was taught to be quiet. When I was a very little child, my parents not being rich, and my mother having to see to many things herself, she used to shut me into a room upstairs, with some bits of wood and a bunch of keys, and say, 'John, if you make a noise you shall be whipped.'

"To that piece of education I owe most of my powers of thinking; and—more valuable to me still—of amusing myself anywhere and with anything."

The boy had an excellent opportunity to develop his liking for scenery. Every summer the father made a trip through different parts of Great Britain for orders, and his wife and son accompanied him. These journeys were made in a carriage; so the boy had time and opportunity to see the surrounding country clearly. In this way he soon learned much of the geography of England, Scotland, and Wales. With the geography he learned a great deal about history, art, and architecture. When in the course of their journeys the Ruskins came to some old castle or abbey, the father would delay a day to give his son a chance to examine every nook and cranny.

The boy was encouraged by his father to make notes on these journeys, and to write these notes out in full upon their return to their home in London. When a very small boy he wrote some fine descriptions of scenery and castles and made rough drawings to accompany his descriptions. Some of these descriptions were in poetry. One stanza written when he was

perhaps twelve years of age shows that the beauty of nature had already taken firm hold of him:

"There is a thrill of strange delight
That passes quivering o'er me,
When blue hills rise upon the sight
Like summer clouds before me."

When Ruskin grew old enough he went to Oxford University and was graduated there. At the same time Charles Kingsley was at Cambridge, another great university of England. Ruskin's health broke down during his college course, and his parents were much alarmed. They took him through France and Italy, and then went to a health resort in Scotland. While regaining his strength here, at the age of twenty-two, he wrote *The King of the Golden River* to please a little girl who afterwards became his wife.

As his father was now rich, Ruskin did not have to work for a living. But he became a great worker nevertheless. He wrote books on art, in which he told people why some pictures are good and others poor. He never tired of describing beautiful scenery. He believed that the sunrise, the river, the mountains, the clouds, all the beauties of nature, are more wonderful and beautiful than anything an artist may draw from his imagination. In his earnest, impulsive way Ruskin criticised with sharp satire the methods of nearly all the artists of his day. He told these artists to study nature closely, and then make their pictures as much like real scenes as possible. Ruskin is generally acknowledged to be the most interesting and forceful writer on art that the world has produced.

As Ruskin grew to be a middle-aged man, he saw that a kind, unselfish act is even more beautiful than a brilliant sunset. He saw that the life of the average workingman of England had little of beauty or hopefulness in it, a weary round of drudgery. So he turned his attention from art to forming plans to help his less fortunate fellow men. Charles Kingsley

also was laboring in his pulpit and with his pen to make the lot of the workingmen a little easier and happier. When Ruskin's father died he left his son more than half-a-million dollars. Ruskin spent nearly all this money trying to lift the laboring classes to better things. The books written during the latter part of his life teach the beauty of unselfishness, kindness, and charity. He died in 1900.

Although Ruskin was quite young when he wrote *The King of the Golden River*, yet this story clearly reveals the two most important qualities of the man. The descriptions of the mountains, the river, and the clouds show his love for beautiful scenery—the art side of the man; while the story itself is a sermon against greed and cruelty.

—*Leroy E. Armstrong*

Questions: Where and when was John Ruskin born? Of what nationality were his parents? What occupation did the father follow? In what way was he different from most successful business men? What did Ruskin's mother hope her son would become? Why? What book did she teach her boy to read? What did she require him to do besides reading the book? How did this early training affect Ruskin's style as a writer? What effect did it have upon his life? How was Ruskin's boyhood unlike that of most boys? Compare Ruskin's boyhood with that of Charles Kingsley. How did he show while very young that he loved the beautiful things of nature? What other spirit went hand-in-hand with a love of the beautiful? How so? What gave the boy a fine opportunity to learn geography, history, art, and architecture? How did the father encourage the boy to become a writer? How did the boy try to make his descriptions clearer? From what great school did Ruskin graduate? Kingsley? Longfellow? For whom was "The King of the Golden River" written? How old was Ruskin then? Why was it not necessary for Ruskin to work for a living? What did Ruskin teach concerning the painting of pictures? What did he advise artists to do? Why? What did Ruskin do with the money left him by his father? What other English author was helping the same cause along? Do you think these men should have statues in England's public parks, side by side with those of Nelson and Wellington?

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

(The opening scenes of the Revolutionary War are full of interest to young Americans everywhere, whether they live in Massachusetts where the war started, or in California, which then belonged to Spain. Of all these stirring events, none is more interesting than this famous ride which marked the beginning of actual fighting. Be sure to get the historical facts in your mind, so that you may enjoy fully this fine poem.)

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings° lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, –
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous,° stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral° glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Words: **moorings**—anchorage; **impetuous**—impatient, eager to go; **spectral**—ghostly.

Questions: Explain "One, if by land, and two, if by sea." Do you know who swung the lanterns in the Old North Church? Why did he swing two lanterns? Explain "Where the river widens to meet the bay." Trace Paul Revere's route on the map, locating Boston, Mystic River, Medford, Lexington, and Concord.

Pleasure Reading:

Guerber's Story of the Thirteen Colonies, pp. 228–236
Coffin's The Boys of '76

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

—*Henry Holcomb Bennett*

Questions: Why "Hats off" as the flag goes by? What are some of the things that the poet sees in the flag? Can you give illustrations for each line of the third stanza? What is the meaning of *State* in this stanza? What special message has the flag for us on the Fourth of July? on Memorial Day?

DRIVING HOME THE COWS

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
For two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came home at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late;
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb:
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

—*Kate Putnam Osgood*

Questions: On what war is this poem based? Why do you think so? What prompted the boy to disobey his father? What army did he join? Explain the first and second lines of the eleventh stanza Write a little story telling how the boy lost his arm.

Pleasure Reading:
Coffin's The Boys of '61

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

(Almost as famous as the stories of the Greeks, the sagas of the Norsemen, and the legends of King Arthur, are the tales of Robin Hood, the merry outlaw of Sherwood Forest in England. It seems that this gay robber had offended against the law by shooting one of the king's deer. So for many years he lived in the good greenwood with his boon companions—Little John, Friar Tuck, Will Scarlet, and other stout yeomen skilled in the use of the broadsword, the quarter-staff, and the tough yew bow. These gay outlaws robbed the rich and helped the poor.)

THE lieutenant of Robin Hood's band was named Little John, not so much from his smallness in stature (for he was seven feet high and more), as for a reason which I shall tell later. And the manner in which Robin Hood, to whom he was very dear, met him was this.

Robin Hood on one occasion being hunting with his men and finding the sport to be poor, said: "We have had no sport now for some time. So I go abroad alone. And if I should fall into any peril whence I can not escape I will blow my horn that ye may know of it and bear me aid."

And with that he bade them adieu and departed alone, having with him his bow and the arrows in his quiver. And passing shortly over a brook by a long bridge, he met at the middle a stranger. And neither of the two would give way to the other. And Robin Hood being angry fitted an arrow to his bow and made ready to fire.

"Truly," said the stranger at this, "thou art a fine fellow that you must draw your long bow on me who have but a staff by me."

"That is just, truly," said Robin; "and so I will lay by my bow and get me a staff to try if your deeds be as good as your words." And with that he went into a thicket and chose him a small ground oak for a staff and returned to the stranger.

"Now," said he, "I am a match for you so let us play° upon this bridge, and if one should fall in the stream the other will have the victory."

"With all my heart," said the stranger; "I shall not be the first to give out."

And with that they began to make great play with their staves. And Robin Hood first struck the stranger such a blow as warmed all his blood, and from that they rattled their sticks as though they had been threshing corn. And finally the stranger gave Robin such a crack on his crown that he broke his head and the blood flowed. But this only urged him the more, so that he attacked the stranger with such vigor that he had like to have made an end of him. But he growing into a fury finally fetched Robin Hood such a blow that he tumbled him from the bridge into the brook. Whereat the stranger laughed loudly and long, and cried out to him, "Where art thou now, I prythee,° my good fellow?"

And Robin replied, "Thou art truly a brave soul, and I will have no more to do with thee to-day; so our battle is at an end, and I must allow that thou hast won the day." And then wading to the bank he pulled out his horn and blew a blast on it so that the echoes flew throughout the valley. And at that came fifty bold bowmen out of the wood, all clad in green, and they made for Robin Hood, and said William Stukely, "What is the matter, my master? You are wet to the skin."

"Truly, nothing is the matter," said Robin, "but that the lad on the bridge has tumbled me into the stream." And on that the archers would have seized the stranger to duck him as well, but Robin Hood forbade them. "No one shall harm thee, friend," said he. "These are all my bowmen, threescore and nine, and if you will be one of us you shall straightway have my livery and accouterments, fit for a man. What say you?"

"With all my heart," said the stranger; "here is my hand on it. My name is John Little, and I will be a good man and true to you."

"His name shall be changed," said William Stukely on this. "We will call him Little John, and I will be his godfather."

So they fetched a pair of fat does and some humming strong ale, and there they christened their babe Little John, for he was seven feet high and an ell° round at his waist.

—*Thomas Bulfinch*

Words: **play**—contend; **prythee**—a shortened form of "pray thee"; **livery**—dress, uniform; **accouterments**—equipment, weapons; **ell**—forty-eight inches.

Pleasure Reading:

Bulfinch's Age of Chivalry
Warren's Robin Hood and His Merry Men
Skinner's Tales and Plays of Robin Hood
Mabie's Heroes Every Child Should Know

ROBIN HOOD AND KING RICHARD

(Though Robin Hood and his merry men of the greenwood were outlaws, it seems that Robin greatly admired Richard the Lion-Hearted, the hero of the Crusades. Robin Hood was the sworn enemy of King John, who ruled England during the absence of Richard. But soon after the latter's return to England, the brave outlaw and the generous king met—as will appear from the story which follows.)

NOW King Richard, hearing of the deeds of Robin Hood and his men, wondered much at them, and desired greatly himself to see him, and his men as well. So he with a dozen of his lords rode to Nottingham town and there took up his abode. And being at Nottingham, the king one day with his lords put on friars' gowns every one, and rode forth from Fountain Abbey down to Barnsdale.

And as they were riding there they saw Robin Hood and all his band standing ready to assail them. The king, being taller than the rest, was thought by Robin to be the abbot. So he made up to him, and seized his horse by the head, and bade him stand. "For," said he, "it is against such knaves as you that I am bound to make war."

"But," said the king himself, "we are messengers from the king, who is but a little away, waiting to speak with you."

"God save the king," said Robin Hood, "and all his well-wishers. And accursed be every one who may deny his sovereignty."°

"You are cursing yourself," said the king, "for you are a traitor."

"Now," said Robin Hood, "if you were not the king's messenger, I would make you rue° that word of yours. I am as true a man to the king as lives. And I never yet injured any honest man and true, but only those who make their living by stealing from others. I have never in my life harmed either husbandman° or huntsman. But my chief spite lies against the clergy, who have in these days great power. But I am right glad to have met you here. Come with me, and you shall taste our greenwood cheer."

But the king and his lords marveled, wondering what kind of cheer Robin might provide for them. And Robin took the king's horse by the head, and led him towards his tent. "It is because thou comest from the king," said he, "that I use you in this wise; and hadst thou as much gold as ever I had, it should be all of it safe for good King Richard's sake." And with that he took out his horn, and blew on it a loud blast. And thereat came marching forth from the wood five score and ten of Robin's followers, and each one bent the knee before Robin Hood.

"Surely," thought the king, "it is a goodly sight to see; for they are more humble to their master than my servants are to me. Here may the court learn something from the greenwood."

And here they laid a dinner for the king and his lords, and the king swore that he had never feasted better. Then Robin Hood, taking a can of ale, said, "Let us now begin, each man with his can. Here's a health to the king." And they all

drank the health to the king, the king himself, as well as another.

And after the dinner they all took their bows, and showed the king such archery that the king said he had never seen such men as they in any foreign land. And then said the king to Robin Hood, "If I could get thee a pardon from King Richard, wouldst thou serve the king well in everything?"

"Yes, with all my heart," said Robin. And so said all his men.

And with that the king declared himself to them, and said, "I am the king, your sovereign, that is now before you." And at this Robin and all his men fell down on their knees; but the king raised them up, saying to them that he pardoned each one of them, and that they should every one of them be in his service. So the king returned to Nottingham, and with him returned Robin Hood and his men, to the great joy of the townspeople, whom they had for a long time sorely vexed.

—*Thomas Bulfinch*

Words: **assail**—attack; **sovereignty**—royal authority; **rue**—regret; **husbandman**—farmer.

THE SHOOTING MATCH IN LONDON TOWN

(The legendary nature of the Robin Hood tales is shown clearly in this story. For it was more than three hundred years after the death of King Richard before Henry VIII—the king in this story—was born. Truth to tell, these Robin Hood stories appealed so strongly to the English people that the story-tellers and ballad-makers fitted the tales to this monarch or that, pretty much as they pleased.)

ROBIN HOOD on one occasion sent a present to Queen Katherine with which she was so pleased that she swore she would be a friend to the noble outlaw as long as she might live. So one day the queen went to her chamber and called to her a page of her company and bade him make haste and pre-

pare to ride to Nottinghamshire to find Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest; for the queen had made a match with the king, her archers against his archers, and the queen proposed to have Robin Hood and his band to shoot on her side against the king's archers.

Now as for the page, he started for Nottingham and posted all the way, and inquired on the road for Robin Hood, where he might be, but he could not find any one who could let him know exactly. So he took up his quarters at an inn at Nottingham. And in the room of the inn he sat him down and called for a bottle of Rhenish wine, and he drank the queen's health out of it.

Now at his side was sitting a yeoman of the country, clad in Lincoln green, with a long bow in his hand. And he turned to the page and asked him, "What is thy business, my sweet boy, so far in the north country, for methinks you must come from London?"

So then the page told him that it was his business to find Robin Hood the outlaw, and for that he asked every yeoman that he met. And he asked his friend if he knew anything which might help him.

"Truly," said the yeoman, "that I do. And if you will get to horse early to-morrow morning, I will show you Robin Hood and all his gay yeomen."

So the next morning they got them to horse and rode out into the forest, and the yeoman brought the page to where were Robin Hood and his yeomen. And the page fell down on his knee and said to Robin Hood, "Queen Katherine greets you well by me, and hath sent you this ring as a token. She bids you post up to London town, for that there shall be some sport there in which she has a mind you shall have a hand." And at this Robin took off his mantle of Lincoln green from his back and sent it by the page to Queen Katherine with a promise that he and his band would follow him as soon as they might.

So Robin Hood clothed all his men in Lincoln green and

himself in scarlet, and each man wore a black hat with a white feather stuck therein. And thus Robin Hood and his band came up to London. And Robin fell down on his knees before the queen, and she bade him welcome with all his band. For the match between the queen's archers and the king's was to come off the next day in Finsbury fields.

Here first came the king's archers marching with bold bearing, and then came Robin Hood and his archers for the queen. And they laid out the marks there. And the king laid a wager with the queen on the shooting. Now the wager was three hundred tun[2] of Rhenish, and three hundred tun of good English beer, and three hundred fat harts.

So then the queen asked if there were any knights with the king who would take her side. But they were unwilling, for said they, "How shall we bet on these men whom we have never seen, when we know Clifton and the rest of the king's archers, and have seen him shoot?"

Now this Clifton was one of the king's archers and a great boaster. And when he had reached the shooting field he had cried out, "Measure no marks for us, my lord the king, for we will shoot at the sun and moon." But for all that Robin Hood beat him at the shooting.

And the queen asked the Bishop of Herfordshire to back her archers. But he swore by his miter[2] that he would not bet a single penny on the queen's archers, for he knew them not.

"What will you bet against them," asked Robin Hood at this, "since you think our shooting is the worse?"

"Truly," said the bishop, "I will bet all the money that may be in my purse," and he pulled it up from where it hung at his side.

"What is in your purse?" asked Robin Hood.

And the bishop tossed it down on the ground, saying, "Fifteen rose-nobles, and that's an hundred pound." So Robin Hood tossed out a bag beside the bishop's purse on the green.

And with that they began shooting, and shot three bouts

and they came out even; the king's and the queen's. "The next three shots," said the king, "shall pay for all." And so the king's archers shot, and then Robin Hood, and Little John, and Midge the miller's son shot for the queen, and came every man of them nearer the mark in the willow wand than did any of the king's men.

So the queen's archers having beaten, Queen Katherine asked a boon° of the king, and he granted it. "Give me, I pray you," said the queen, "safe conduct for the archers of my party to come and to go home, and to stay in London here some time to enjoy themselves."

"I grant it," said the king.

"Then you are welcome, Robin Hood," said the queen, "and so is Little John, and Midge the miller's son, and every one of you."

"Is this Robin Hood?" asked the king, "for I had heard that he was killed in a quarrel in the north country."

And the bishop too asked, "Is this Robin Hood? If I had known that I would not have bet a penny with him. He took me one Saturday evening and bound me fast to a tree, and there made me sing a mass for him and his yeomanry about."

"Well, if I did," said Robin Hood, "surely I needed all the masses that I might get for my soul."

And with that he and his yeomanry departed, and when safe conduct was expired they journeyed north again to Sherwood Forest.

—*Thomas Bulfinch*

Words: **posted**—traveled rapidly by coach and horses; **tun**—a tub or barrel holding two hundred fifty gallons; **miter**—official headdress of a bishop, sign of his office; **boon**—favor.

Questions: Do you recall any archery contests in the stories of the Greeks and the Romans? What was the principal weapon of foot-soldiers for many centuries? Does this fact have a bearing on the tales of Robin Hood's skill with the long-bow?

Pleasure Reading:

Mabie's Heroes Every Child Should Know

ROBIN HOOD

(The young people of England and America are fond of the Robin Hood stories. Their appreciation of Robin Hood and "all the Sherwood clan" has found fitting expression in this beautiful tribute by John Keats. This English poet, full of eternal youth, makes us regret the passing of Robin Hood and his merry companions of the good greenwood.)

NO! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall°
Of the leaves of many years;
Many times have Winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight,° amazed to hear
Jesting deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray° to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold—
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can

Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;°
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris° din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe";°
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turféd grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—Strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,
Honor to the old bow string!
Honor to the bugle horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight° Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!

Honor to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden° try.

—*John Keats*

Words: **pall**—covering for the dead; **wight**—a simple fellow; **polar ray**—the north star; **pasture Trent**—a field near the Trent River in northwestern England; **morris**—a rough dance; **grenè shawe**—grove of green trees; **tight**—strong; **burden**—song.

Questions: What are Winter's shears? Explain *the ivory shrill.* Note how the poet through a series of pictures brings the old days clearly before us. What word is repeated several times in the fourth stanza? What is the purpose of repeating it? What word in the last stanza receives great emphasis? If this poem were made into a song, what lines might well be the chorus or burden?

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

—*William Shakespeare*

DAFFODILS

(This beautiful poem was written by William Wordsworth, the greatest lover of nature among the poets. Wordsworth was born in England in 1770. Two of his best-known poems are *Lucy Gray* and *We Are Seven*. Wordsworth was usually very serious in his poems.)

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
  In such a jocund° company;
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
  In vacant or in pensive° mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth*

Words: **jocund**—merry; **pensive**—thoughtful, saddened.

LUCY GRAY

OFT I have heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,°
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster° clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band;
He plied his work—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither° is the mountain roe;°
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse° the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
  She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
  But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
  Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
  To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
  That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
  A furlong° from their door.

They wept—and turning homeward, cried,
  "In heaven we all shall meet;"
When in the snow the mother spied
  The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
  They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
  And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they crossed:
  The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
  And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
  Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank:
  And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

—*William Wordsworth*

Words: **moor**—a barren, marshy plain; **minster**—church clock in the village; **blither**—happier; **roe**—deer; **disperse**—scatter; **furlong**—six hundred sixty feet.

Questions: Who is speaking in the first stanza? in the fourth stanza? in the fifth stanza? How does the fifth stanza give a notion as to the distance from the village? How does the sixth stanza give the impression that the day was cold? Why does the poet choose to end the story as he does? How does he prepare in the first stanza for this ending?

THE RAINBOW

MY HEART leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—*William Wordsworth*

THE HEROINE OF NANCY

IN THE year 1476, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy,° laid siege to the town of Nancy, capital of the duchy of Lorraine.* In the absence of the young duke, René* II, who had gone to raise troops among the enemies of Charles, the town and its little garrison were left in charge of a brave and patriotic governor who had an only daughter, named Telesile.* It is with the noble conduct of this heroic young girl that our story has chiefly to do.

Charles the Bold—who, from his headlong and violent disposition, ought rather to have been called the Rash, or the Furious, had sought to erect a kingdom within the dominions of his great rival, Louis XI of France. To extend his power, Charles had overrun provinces, which, as soon as his strong hand was withdrawn, took the first opportunity to revolt against him. Lorraine was one of these; and he now appeared before the walls of Nancy, resolved to punish its inhabitants whom he regarded as rebels.

But, thanks to the governor and his heroic daughter, the city held out bravely both against the assaults of Charles's soldiers, and the threats and promises with which he tried to induce a surrender. While the governor directed and encouraged the defenders, Telesile cheered their wives and daughters.

"Let us do," she cried, "as did the women of Beauvais* when this same cruel Charles laid siege to their town. Mothers armed themselves, young girls seized whatever weapons they could find—hatchets, broken lances which they bound together with their hair—and then joined their sons and brothers in the fight. They drove the invader from their walls; and so will we defeat and drive him back!"

"Put no trust in the tyrant!" said the intrepid° governor, addressing the people. "He is as faithless as he is cruel. He has promised to spare our lives and our property if we will

accept him as our ruler; but be not deceived. Once within our walls, he will give us up to massacre and will pillage the city that has cost him so dear.

"But if not for our own sakes," he went on, "then for the love of our rightful lord, Duke Rene, let us continue the glorious struggle. Already at the head of a brave Swiss army, he is hastening to our relief. He will soon be at our gates. Let us hold out till then; or, sooner than betray our trust, let us fall with our defenses and be buried in the ruins of our beloved city!"

Thus defended, Nancy held out until Charles, maddened to fury by so unexpected and so prolonged a resistance, made a final, desperate attempt to carry the town. By stratagem, quite as much as by force, he succeeded in gaining an entrance within the walls; and Nancy was at his mercy.

In the flush of success and vengeance, he was determined to put all the inhabitants—men, women, and children—to the sword, when a young maiden was brought before him.

"Barbarian!" she cried, "if we are all to perish, over whom will you reign?"

"Who are you, bold girl, that dare to speak to me thus?" asked the astonished Charles.

"Your prisoner, and one who would prevent you from adding to the list of your cruelties!"

Her beauty, her courage, and the prophetic tones in which she spoke, arrested Charles's fury.

"Give up to me your governor whom I have sworn to punish," he said, "and a portion of the inhabitants shall be spared."

But the governor was her own father—for the young girl was no other than Telesile. Listening to the entreaties of his friends, he had assumed the dress of a private citizen. All loved the good old man too well to point him out to the tyrant.

When Telesile sorrowfully reported to her father the duke's words, he smiled. "Be of good cheer, my daughter," he said.

"I will see the duke Charles, myself, and do what I can to persuade him."

When brought before the conqueror, he said, "There is but one man who can bring the governor to you. Swear on your sword to spare all the inhabitants of the town, and he shall be given up."

"That I will not!" cried the angry duke. "They have braved° my power too long; they have scorned my offers; they have laughed at my threats; now woe to the people of Nancy!"

Then, turning to his officers, he commanded that every tenth person in the town should be slain, and orders were at once given for the decimation.

The inhabitants, young and old, women and infants, were assembled in a line which extended through the principal street of the city; while soldiers ransacked the houses in order to drive forth or kill any that might remain concealed.

It was a terrible day for the doomed city. Families clung together, friends embraced friends—some weeping and lamenting, some trying to comfort and sustain those who were weaker than they, others calmly awaiting their fate.

Then, at a word from the conqueror, a herald gathered the multitude and began to count. Each of those on whom fell the fatal number ten was to be given at once to the sword. But at the outset a difficulty arose.

Near the head of the line Telesile and the governor were placed; and the devoted girl, watching the movements of the herald and hearing him count aloud, saw by a rapid glance that the dreaded number was about to fall upon her father. Quick as thought she slipped behind him and placed herself at his other side. Before the old man was aware of her purpose, the doom which should have been his had fallen upon his daughter. He stood for a moment stupefied with astonishment and grief, then called out to the herald, "Justice! justice!"

"What is the matter, old man!" demanded the herald before passing on.

"The count is wrong! There is a mistake! Don't take her!" exclaimed the father, as the executioners were laying hands upon Telesile—"take me, for I was the tenth!"

"Not so," said Telesile, calmly. "You all saw that the number came to me."

"She put herself in my way—she took my place—on me! let the blow fall on me!" pleaded the old man; while Telesile as earnestly insisted that she was the rightly chosen victim.

Amazed to see two persons striving for the privilege of death, the executioners dragged them before Charles the Bold, that he might decide the question between them.

Charles was no less amazed at beholding once more the maiden and the old man who had already appeared before him and at learning the cause of their strange dispute; for he knew not yet that they were parent and child. Notwithstanding his violent disposition, the conqueror had a heart which pity could sometimes touch, and he was powerfully moved by the sight that met his eyes.

"I pray you hear me!" cried Telesile, throwing herself at his feet. "I am a simple maiden; my life is of no account; then let me die, my lord duke! But spare, oh, spare him, the best, the noblest of men, whose life is useful to all our unhappy people!"

"Do not listen to her!" exclaimed the old man, almost too much affected to speak; "or, if you do, let her own words confute her argument. You behold her courage, her piety, her self-sacrifice—I see you are touched! You will not, you can not, destroy so precious a life! It is I who am now worthless to my people. My days are almost spent. Even if you spare me, I have but a little while to live."

Then Telesile, perceiving the eyes of Charles bent upon her with a look of mingled admiration and pity, said, "Do not think there is anything wonderful in my conduct; I do but my simple duty; I plead for my father's life!"

"Yes, I am her father," said the old man, moved by a sudden resolve. "And I am something more. My lord duke, behold the man on whom you have sworn to have revenge. I am he who defended the city so long against you. Now let me die!"

At this a multitude of people broke from the line in which they had been arranged, and, surrounding the governor and his daughter, made a rampart of their bodies about them, exclaiming, "Let us die for him! We will die for our good governor!"

All the better part of Charles's rude nature was roused. Tears were in his own eyes, his voice was shaken by emotion. "Neither shall die!" he cried. "Old man! fair maiden! I spare your lives; and for your sake, the lives of all these people. Nay, do not thank me; for I have gained in this interview a knowledge which I could never have acquired through years of conquest—that human love is greater than kingly power, and that mercy is sweeter than vengeance!"

Well would it have been for the rash Charles could he have gained that knowledge earlier, or have shaped his future life by it even then. Still fired by ambition and the love of power, he went forth to fight Duke Rene, who now appeared with an army to relieve his fair city of Nancy. A battle ensued, in which Charles was defeated and slain; and in the midst of joy and thanksgiving, the rightful duke entered and once more took possession of the town.

Warmly as he was welcomed, there were two who shared with him the honors of that happy day—the old man who had defended Nancy so long and well, and the young girl whose heroic conduct had saved from massacre one-tenth of all its inhabitants.

—*Author Unknown*

Words: Burgundy—a province in the eastern part of France, but an independent dukedom at the time of the story; **intrepid**—courageous; **braved**—defied; **confute**—answer.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

(Leigh Hunt was an English author, who was born in 1784. He wrote several fine poems, among which the best-known are *The Glove and the Lions* and *Abou Ben Adhem*. This last poem has been loved and memorized by thousands of people. Will you be one more to learn it by heart? On a monument erected in England to the memory of Leigh Hunt, there is this inscription: "Write me as one that loves his fellow men.")

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—*Leigh Hunt*

Questions: By whom and under what circumstances were these words used: "And the King shall answer and say unto them, verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me"?

Pleasure Reading:

Burt's Poems Every Child Should Know

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show—
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love; then looked at him, and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.

"By Heaven," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose
from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity sets love a task like that."

—*Leigh Hunt*

IN MARCH

(This cheering song of spring was written by William Wordsworth, the author of "Lucy Gray." Wordsworth understood and loved nature as very few poets or writers have.)

THE COCK is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and the youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon.
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

—*William Wordsworth*

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

(You have read several fine stories—some true and some fanciful—in this book. You have enjoyed the old Greek story of *The Argonauts*; the Norse story of *Siegfried and the Dragon*; the stories of *King Arthur* and *Robin Hood* from English sources. The maker of this book believes, however, that you will decide that this true Hebrew story from the Bible is the best of them all. It is one of the best-known and best-loved stories in all literature.)

AND Jacob dwelt in the land of Canaan.° Now Jacob loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed. Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose and stood upright; and behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf." And his brethren said to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us?" And they hated him yet more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, "Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me." And he told it to his father and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to the earth?"

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Jacob said unto Joseph, "Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them." And he said to him, "Here am I." And he said to him, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word again."

And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said one to another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, 'Some evil beast hath devoured him:' and we shall see what will become of his dreams." And Reuben heard it and he delivered him out of their hands; and said, "Let us not kill him." And Reuben said unto them, "Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him;" that he might restore him to his father.

And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him; and they took him and cast him into a pit. And the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery° and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, "What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh." And his brethren were content, and they lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit; and behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his brethren, and said, "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?" And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood. And they brought the coat of many colors to their father; and said, "This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no."

And he knew it, and said, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." And Jacob rent his clothes, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted: and he said, "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." Thus his father wept for him. And the Ishmaelites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's,[c] and captain of the guard.

And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him: and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put in his hand. And it came to pass from the time that he had made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the field.

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it." And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, "It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river: and behold there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favored;[d] and they fed in a meadow. And behold seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favored and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness. And the lean and the ill-favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine. And when they had eaten them up, it could not be known that they had eaten them; but they were still ill-favored, as at the beginning. So I awoke. And I saw in my dream, and behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good. And behold,

seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them. And the thin ears devoured the seven good ears; and I told this unto the magicians, but there was none that could declare it to me."

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, "God hath shown Pharaoh what he is about to do. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt. And there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land. Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hands of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for a store to the land against the seven years of famine."

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou. See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck. And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, "Bow the knee;" and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And Joseph gathered up all the food of the seven years, and laid up the food in the cities. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number.

And the seven years of plenteousness were ended. And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had

said; and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread. And when all the land of Egypt was famished,° the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, "Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do." And the famine was over all the face of the earth. And Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

II

Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, "Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die."

And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, "Lest peradventure mischief befall him." And Joseph was the governor over the land, and he it was that sold to all the people of the land: and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said unto them, "Whence come ye?" And they said, "From the land of Canaan to buy food."

And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them, and said unto them, "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come." And they said, "Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not."

And Joseph said unto them, "Hereby ye shall be proved By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him

fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be proven, whether there be any truth in you: or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies." And he put them all together into ward° three days. And Joseph said unto them the third day, "If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in prison, but go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, and bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified,° and ye shall not die."

And they said one to another, "We are very guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." And Reuben answered them, saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, 'Do not sin against the child;' and ye would not hear?" And they knew not that Joseph understood them, for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and returned to them again, and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way: and thus did he unto them. And they laded their asses with the corn, and departed thence. And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money; for behold, it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren, "My money is restored; and lo, it is even in my sack;" and their heart failed them, and they were afraid, saying, "What is this that God hath done unto us?"

And they came unto Jacob their father, and told him all that had befallen them. And Jacob their father said unto them, "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me." And Reuben spake unto his father, saying, "Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee: deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again." And

he said, "My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

And the famine was sore in the land. And it came to pass when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, "Go again, buy us a little food." And Judah spake unto him, saying, "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, 'Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.'" And their father Jacob said unto them, "If it must be so now, do this: take of the best fruits in the land, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts, and almonds. And take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight. Take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man, and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin."

And the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin; and rose up, and went down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph. And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house, "Bring these men home, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon." And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet; and he gave their asses provender. And they made ready the present against Joseph came at noon: for they heard that they should eat bread there.

And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?" And they answered, "Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive." And they bowed

down their heads, and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, "Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me?" And he said, "God be gracious unto thee, my son." And Joseph made haste; for he did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep: and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained° himself, and said, "Set on bread." And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians, which did eat with him, by themselves, because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews. And they sat before him, the firstborn according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth: and the men marveled one at another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs. And they drank, and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn money." And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken.

As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city, and not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward, "Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, 'Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my lord drinketh? Ye have done evil in so doing.'" And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these same words. And they said unto him, "Wherefore saith my lord these words? God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing. Behold, the money which we found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan: how then shall we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be

found, let him die, and we also will be thy lord's bondmen."° And he said, "Now also let it be according unto your words: he with whom it is found shall be my servant; and ye shall be blameless."

Then they speedily took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest, and left at the youngest: and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city.

And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house; for he was yet there: and they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them, "What deed is this that ye have done?" And Judah said, "What shall we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants: behold, we are my lord's servants, both we, and he also with whom the cup is found." And he said, "God forbid that I should do so: but the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my servant; and as for you, get you up in peace unto your father."

Then Judah came near him, and said, "O my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant; for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, 'Have ye a father, or a brother?' And we said unto my lord, 'We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his father loveth him.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him.' And we said unto my lord, 'The lad can not leave his father: for if he should leave his father, his father would die.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more.' And it came to pass when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord.

The Perry Pictures

Doré

JOSEPH MAKING HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS BRETHREN

"And our father said, 'Go again, and buy us a little food.' And we said, 'We can not go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.' And thy servant my father said unto us, 'Ye know that my wife bare me two sons: and the one went out from me, and surely he is torn in pieces. And if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us, seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life, it shall come to pass when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die: and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, 'If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father forever.' Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me?"

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, "Cause every man to go out from me." And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known to his brethren. And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard. And Joseph said unto his brethren, "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?" And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, "Come near to me, I pray you." And they came near. And he said, "I am Joseph your brother, whom you sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years, in which there shall neither be earing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to save your lives. So

now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and He hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, 'Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not. And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast. And there will I nourish thee; for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty.' And behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And you shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither."

And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, and told him, saying, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt." And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived; and he said, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die."

—*The Bible*

Words: **Canaan**—a portion of Palestine lying between the Jordan river and the Mediterranean sea; **obeisance**—a deep bow; **spicery**—spices; **Pharaoh**—ruler of Egypt; **kine**—cows; **well-favored**—good-looking; **corn**—grain of all kinds; **famished**—extremely hungry; **ward**—prison; **verified**—proved; **provender**—food; **refrained**—controlled; **bondmen**—slaves; **iniquity**—wickedness.

Questions: How old do you think Joseph was at the beginning of this story? In what spirit do you think he told his dreams? What were the two principal reasons of Joseph's brethren for hating him? Which one of the brothers evidently cared for Joseph? Explain *he rent his clothes.* Why was Joseph called to interpret Pharaoh's

dream? When was Joseph's dream fulfilled? Why was Jacob unwilling to let Benjamin go into Egypt? How did the sight of Benjamin affect Joseph? (Remember that Joseph and Benjamin were full brothers, while all the other brethren were sons of Jacob's first wife.) After Joseph made himself known, why were his brethren troubled? How were their fears removed? Can you give a reason why this story is considered one of the greatest stories ever written?

PARABLE OF THE SOWER

THE same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea-side.

And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying: Behold a sower went forth to sow:

And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up:

Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth:

And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:

But others fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

—*The Bible*

THE APPLE BLOSSOMS

HAVE you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
A blooming apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis pipes his story
In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring!

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

—*William Wesley Martin*

THE SINGING LEAVES

(This ballad was written by James Russell Lowell, one of America's leading poets and her greatest literary critic. Lowell's best-known work is his poem *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, which we shall study in the eighth grade.)

"WHAT fairings[1] will ye that I bring?"
Said the King to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am boun;[2]
Now say what shall it be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"O bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning
And sang 'neath my bower-eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the singing leaves.'"

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;"
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

II

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 't was easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no singing leaves were there.

Then deep in the green wood rode he
And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if you have ever a singing leaf,
I pray you to give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of sea far away.

Only the pattering aspen°
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,°
And will bring to me the singing leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
"Now pledge ye me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at the castle gate,
And the princess shall get the singing leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropped upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
" 'T will be my dog," he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight° to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The singing leaves are therein."

III

As the King rode in at his castle gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the singing leaves," quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures° the summer rain.

And the first leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."°

And the second leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."°

And the third leaf sang: "Be mine! be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine."

At the first leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 't was as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and° broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.°

—*James Russell Lowell*

Words: **fairings**—gifts bought at a fair; **boun**—bound; **aspen**—a tree with trembling leaves; **hose and shoon**—stockings and shoes; **plight**—pledge, promise; **transfigures**—brightens, glorifies; **heritage**—inheritance, property left to one by a relative; **fee**—worth, wealth; **but and**—and also; **of his lute in fee**—in possession through his lute.

Questions: What were the Singing Leaves? Explain *Then he saw her dead mother in her face.* Can you explain the song of the second leaf a little further? Into how many parts is this ballad divided? Write a topic heading for each part. What other ballad have you read this year? Whose do you prefer? Why?

THE CURATE AND THE MULBERRY TREE

DID YOU hear of the curate° who mounted his mare
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable° none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again, with a word, when the curate said "Hey!"
She put forth her mettle° and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung, large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure, never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile,° so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been if some traveler this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry 'Hey'?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;°
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-brier bush.

He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

—*Thomas L. Peacock*

Words: curate—priest; **tractable**—easily managed; **mettle**—high spirit; **docile**—gentle; **reverie**—daydream, deep musing.

THE STORY OF BUCEPHALUS*

(This story is taken from *Plutarch's Lives*, a book that has been read and enjoyed by many generations. For Plutarch was born in Greece about 50 A. D. His book gives excellent biographical sketches of the great men of Greece and Rome. This story, taken from the life of Alexander the Great, treats a well-known incident of the boyhood of Alexander. Alexander's father was Philip, King of Macedonia.)

PHILONICUS* the Thessalian brought the horse Bucephalus to Philip, offering to sell him for thirteen talents;[2] but when they went into the field to try him, they found him so very vicious and unmanageable that he reared up when they endeavored to mount him, and would not so much as endure the voice of any of Philip's attendants. Upon which, as they were leading him away as wholly useless and untractable, Alexander, who stood by, said, "What an excellent horse do they lose, for want of address[3] and boldness to manage him!"

Philip at first took no notice of what he said; but when he heard him repeat the same thing several times, and saw he was much vexed to see the horse sent away, Philip said, "Do you reproach those who are older than yourself, as if you knew more, and were better able to manage him than they?"

"I could manage this horse," replied Alexander, "better than the others do."

"And if you do not," said Philip, "what will you forfeit for your rashness?"

"I will pay," answered Alexander, "the whole price of the horse."

At this the whole company fell a-laughing; and, as soon as the wager was settled amongst them, Alexander immediately ran to the horse. Taking hold of the bridle, he turned him directly towards the sun, having observed that the horse was disturbed at and afraid of the motion of his own shadow; then letting him go forward a little, still keeping the reins in his hand, and stroking him gently when he found him beginning to grow eager and fiery, Alexander let fall his upper garment softly, and with one nimble leap securely mounted him; and when he was seated, by little and little drew in the bridle, and curbed him without either striking or spurring him. Presently, when he found Bucephalus free from all rebelliousness, and only impatient for the course, he let him go at full speed, inciting him now with a commanding voice, and urging him also with his heel.

Philip and his friends looked on at first in silence and anxiety for the result, till seeing Alexander turn at the end of his career, and come back rejoicing and triumphant for what he had performed, they all burst out into acclamations of applause; and his father, shedding tears, it is said, for joy, kissed him as he came down from his horse, and in his transport said, "O my son, look thee out a kingdom equal to and worthy of thyself, for Macedonia is too little for thee!"

—*From Plutarch's Lives*

Words: talent—about one thousand dollars; **untractable**—not to be taught; **address**—skillful management; **career**—course; **transport**—great joy.

Questions: Of what other famous horses have you read? Do you know other stories of the boyhood or manhood of Alexander the Great?

Pleasure Reading:

Plutarch's Lives
Baldwin's The Horse Fair
Guerber's Story of the Greeks

SOLOMON AND THE BEES

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came
(So in the Talmud° you may read the story),
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone: much had her Highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the Queen had heard—which piqued her most—
How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the Queen had come—a royal guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled° from Nature's choicest bowers;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

"Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head;
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle,° and fain,
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king;
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learnèd Liege,° with such a trivial° thing."
But still the sage was silent; it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement,—so the story goes,—
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the King's command;
Within the room the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter° hand!
And so the king and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was Nature's;—and the baffled queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches—every tale should bear
A fitting moral—that the wise may find
In trifles light as atoms in the air
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,—
Some truth designed to profit or to please,
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees!

—*John G. Saxe*

Words: **Talmud**—A book of Jewish laws and traditions; **piqued**—aroused her curiosity; **culled**—selected; **miracle**—wonder; **Liege**—king; **trivial**—ordinary; **dexter**—right.

Questions: In what book of the Bible is Solomon's wisdom expressed? Are you familiar with the story of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon? If not, read 2 Chronicles, 9:1–12. For the most famous test to which Solomon's ready wisdom was put, read Guerber's *Story of the Chosen People*, Chap. XLIV.

Courtesy of Luther Burbank

THE SHASTA DAISY

THE FLOWER MAGICIAN[1]

(There lives at Santa Rosa a man whom California and the world honor as a benefactor of mankind. This man is Luther Burbank, known throughout the world as a wonder-worker in plants. This interesting story of Luther Burbank's life and work is taken from Mary H. Wade's *The Wonder Workers*. As the selection given here is abridged, you will enjoy reading the complete story of Luther Burbank, and the other stories, too, in the book itself.)

WHAT has been most interesting to you in the fairy stories you have read? Was it not the magic wand by means of which common stones were turned into gold, and rags into silk and satin garments? It was very wonderful and no doubt you wished for such a wand yourself, but believed it was quite impossible to find one, even if you hunted the world over.

There is a quiet man in California who has found a magic wand and uses it for the good of others. The name of this man is Luther Burbank, and the wand which he possesses was given him by no fairy godmother. It is his own patient, observing mind, which has knocked so persistently at Dame Nature's door that she has been forced to open and reveal her secrets.

Luther Burbank was born in the little town of Lancaster, Massachusetts, in 1849. The boy's father was a great lover of books; his mother cared most for the beautiful things in the world around her. Even when Luther was a baby he was not like other children. If his mother or one of his sisters placed a flower in his tiny hands, he did not crush or drop it, as other babies would have done, but held it tenderly until it drooped and faded. It seemed as though he felt it was a living thing.

One day something happened to one of the flowers Luther's sister had brought him. A petal fell off while the baby was

[1]From Wade's *The Wonder Workers*. Copyright, 1912, by Little, Brown & Company.

holding it. This seemed to trouble him very much. He picked up the petal and tried to put it back in its place. He worked very patiently to make the flower perfect once more, but the tiny fingers could not do what the baby mind wished.

As the boy grew older and could trot about from place to place, he did not care for pet animals. Instead of these he chose plants for his friends. One of the plants he loved very dearly was a lobster-cactus, that grew in a pot. With this in his arms, the little fellow toddled about, indoors and out. One day Luther fell down, and the plant he was carrying so tenderly was broken from its stem. He could not be comforted; he felt that he had lost a dear friend.

When he was sent to school, all his teachers were pleased with him, for they quickly noticed his fondness for study. It was not only what he found in the books of the schoolroom, however, that interested him. The book of Nature was spread out for him to read. The pages were many, and there was no end to the treasures to be found there. The birds and the insects, the flowers and the trees—there was so much to learn about them!

Luther enjoyed boys' sports, too. He played games. He fished and hunted; but he was happiest when in the company of Nature herself. His eyes were so bright they saw many things that others passed by.

When the time came for him to choose his life-work, he decided to help Nature make old things better than they were, and new things better than the old. He began to raise seeds and vegetables in a little market-garden and then a great day came—a red letter day in the young man's life.

For some time he had been watching very closely the potatoes in his garden. The green tops were not all alike, and one of them had something not found in any of the others. It was a seed-ball. Luther said to himself: "If I plant this seed-ball quite different potatoes will grow from it than from the

other plants." From this very seed-ball came the delicious Burbank potato. At the very time when Mr. Burbank first raised it in his little market-garden, many people feared there would soon be a potato famine, because good potatoes were becoming scarcer every year. It is now said that our country has gained twenty millions of dollars through Mr. Burbank's discovery. He himself sold the seed he had raised for one hundred and fifty dollars.

Not long afterwards he started for California, taking with him ten of his new potatoes. He was now twenty-one years old and had saved only a small sum of money. He reached San Francisco and then traveled northward till he came to a valley among the Coast Range mountains. There he tried to find work, but it was not so easy to get as he had hoped. At last he got work in the nursery of a hothouse. The job was a steady one, but the pay was so small Mr. Burbank did not have money enough to rent a good lodging. His employer allowed him to sleep in a bare, damp room over the hothouse.

He had never been very strong, and before long the hard work and the dampness brought on a fever. A kind-hearted neighbor found out how sick and poor he was. She was poor herself and had a large family to care for, but she insisted on bringing him every day some of the fresh milk which her one cow gave her. Mr. Burbank begged her not to do this, as he might not live to be able to pay her for her kindness; but the good woman would not listen to him and insisted on giving him daily a pint of milk. There is no doubt that this kept him from dying.

Think of it! This man, who had already done what would gain for his country millions of dollars, was sick and starving, and was kept alive only by the generosity of a poor woman.

He was brave and hopeful through all this trouble, and at last the fever left him. Then, pale and thin, he started out once more in search of work. He was able to find it now. He took one job after another, and as the weeks passed by he

managed to save small sums of money, which he put in the bank. All this time he had an ambition to have a garden of his own, where he could work and make experiments. He would create new plants. It was a happy day for him when he had saved enough money to get a small plot of ground where he could start a nursery. He little thought that the time would come when people all over the country would speak of the wonders of this place.

He was now quite well. Every morning found him at his work; every evening saw him tired, yet happy and contented. One day an order came from a man who wished to start an orchard for growing prunes. He asked Mr. Burbank for twenty thousand young prune trees. He must have them ready in nine months.

"I will fill that order," the young nurseryman said to himself. But how was it to be done? Any one else would require at least two years and a half to get so many trees ready for planting. No matter how carefully they were nursed, they would grow only so fast. Now it was that Mr. Burbank began to play the magician. He would make use of a secret he had forced Nature to give up to him.

First of all, he sent out in different directions for men and boys to work for him. As soon as they arrived he set them to planting almonds. Perhaps you wonder what almonds have to do with prunes, but you will quickly find out. It was already late in the season, but the almond seed would sprout at this time when any other which could be used in the way that Mr. Burbank planned, would not sprout. Then, too, the almond tree grows very fast.

As the seeds sprouted and shot up into the air, it seemed to the young nurseryman that he could see them grow. The time soon came when they were ready for budding. Twenty thousand prune buds had been made ready by this time and these were budded into the young almond shoots. You can hardly imagine how eagerly Mr. Burbank watched and tended his

nursery. Everything went well, and when the nine months came to an end, behold! there were twenty thousand prune trees ready for the orchardist. He was very much pleased, and gladly paid Mr. Burbank a sum of money which made him feel quite rich.

From this time Mr. Burbank was more and more successful in his business. It was not very long before he was making ten thousand dollars a year. But he was not satisfied. He had been reading the best books about plant growing. He was thinking and making new plans all the time. His nursery was good, but he believed he could do still better work than he had already done. After thinking it over very carefully, the day came when he said: "I will sell my nursery, and will give all my time to breeding new plants."

Then Mr. Burbank began the work that was dearest to his heart. He took fruits and flowers that had been improved through great care and nursing. From these he made still others that were better or more beautiful. Slowly but surely he met with success, and people all over the world began to hear of Luther Burbank and the wonderful things he was doing. He had actually created new berries, new flowers, new fruits. He was Nature's helper in making the world richer and more beautiful.

Perhaps you would like to hear of some of the good and beautiful things which never grew upon the earth until Mr. Burbank's busy mind and hands set to work. You have probably seen cactus plants with their sharp thorns and prickly leaves. As you looked at them you felt that you did not wish to handle them. These plants have their home in the hot deserts, and woe to the poor horse who plants his foot on them.

Mr. Burbank thought about the cactus for a long time. Since it grows in the deserts where other plants will not thrive, he felt it would be good to change it so that there would be no sharp thorns or spicules on the edges of the leaves. Better still, if it could only bear a fruit that would be good to eat, it

would furnish food to animals and travelers crossing the deserts. He set to work, and in the course of time he produced cacti which were not only thornless but edible. It was as wonderful as the changing of Cinderella's rags into silk garments.

This new cactus fruit is shaped somewhat like a fat cucumber flattened at the ends. Sometimes its color is a beautiful yellow. Sometimes the flesh is crimson. Every one who tastes it calls it delicious. Some say it reminds them of peaches; others say it is like a melon; still others say it is more like a pineapple.

How did Mr. Burbank create this new fruit? First of all, he made a picture in his mind of the kind of cactus he wished. The thorns and the spicules must be done away with, of course. They took much of the strength of the plant. Mr. Burbank learned all he could concerning the different kinds of cactus. In some countries he found that it bore a fruit which could be eaten. In others it had few or no thorns.

"I will bring three kinds together," he said to himself, "and from them I will breed a plant which shall have all the good qualities of each of the different cacti that I know." Much time passed by before he could get seeds from the different kinds of cactus, because they were widely scattered over the world. After he had obtained them, beds of earth were prepared with great care, in which thousands of these seeds were planted. Then, as the plants grew and blossomed, the bees came to help Mr. Burbank by carrying the pollen from one plant to another. From this came crossings, that is, when the seeds of the plants ripened, they were quite different from the seeds of the old plants, because the germs of life inside of them partook of the nature of two very different cacti.

The habits of the old plants, in which they had been growing for perhaps thousands of years, must be changed. Over and over again Mr. Burbank made such crossings, for the cacti could not change their habits easily and grow in new ways. They were like stubborn children. Time and care and the

greatest of patience were needed. But the man who had the plan of a useful and beautiful cactus in his mind could not be discouraged. In and out among his plants he went, choosing, out of thousands, one that showed a change for the better. From these he selected the seeds to be used for the next planting. Years passed by and at last came a new gift to men, by means of which deserts can be changed into gardens. Even now Mr. Burbank is not satisfied. There is still work to be done before the cactus will be quite what he wishes it to be.

Do you like the field daisy which is so common in many parts of America? The farmers call it a weed, for it sometimes chokes out the grass they wish to raise for hay.

On the hillsides near Mr. Burbank's New England home many wild flowers grew. As a boy he loved them all. He watched for their coming in the springtime. He knew how late in the autumn he could find them. They were his friends. Among them was the little field daisy, so common that many pass it by without noticing its beauty.

After Luther Burbank grew up, he remembered this little friend of his childhood. He thought: "I will make a daisy which every one will admire." He learned that in England there are daisies which are larger and have coarser stems than those he had always known. In far-away Japan the daisy is small, but of the purest white. The New England daisy, though neither large nor perfectly white, is strong. It can not be easily killed. He would join together the best daisies of the three continents, and make a fourth one which should possess the best qualities of each. He trusted in Nature to help him, and she did not disappoint him.

Before Mr. Burbank could make what he wished, he had to plant thousands of daisies. He had to give them the most watchful care. Again and again one out of thousands was chosen on account of its improved qualities. Season after season the bees gave their aid in carrying the pollen from the blossoms of one plant to the blossoms of another. Only the

best and strongest plants were allowed to live; for, first of all, the new daisy must be strong.

At last the wonderful Shasta daisy was created. There was never such a daisy before. It will grow in the cold lands of the north as well as close to the equator. The flower will remain fresh in water for weeks after it has been cut from the plant. It is very large and beautiful, with snow-white petals and a center of velvety yellow. It is now grown all over the world.

Not far from Mr. Burbank's California home there is a high mountain peak whose summit is always covered with snow. It is called Mt. Shasta, the word meaning snow. "I will call my new daisy after the mountain peak that I love so well," Mr. Burbank said, and so it came to be known as the Shasta daisy.

"Up with the birds," we often say of people who rise early to begin the work of the day. It might be more fitting to speak of Mr. Burbank as up with the bees; for, during the season when the pollen is carried from flower to flower, these little insects are the friends on whom he depends so much for help.

The men who aid him in tending his plants are chosen with the greatest care. They must love their work or they would fail to do it as they should. Every part of it needs delicate and thoughtful attention. If you watch the faces of these men as they bend over the ground, pulling out the weeds, making new beds, digging up the delicate plants and setting them out in new places, you will see that they show pride in their work and a desire to help their employer in every way possible.

He moves in and out among them, noticing a thousand things which we would pass by without a glance. In a few minutes he may have chosen one plant among hundreds as the best one of its kind for the special purpose he has in mind.

In a town not far from Mr. Burbank's home, a new park was given recently by a certain man in memory of his child. Mr.

Burbank was asked to speak on the day the park was opened. These are some of the things he said:

"I love sunshine, the blue sky, trees, flowers, mountains, green meadows, and sunny brooks; I love the ocean when its waves softly ripple along the sandy beach, or when, with thunder and roar, it pounds the rocky cliffs; I love the birds of the field, the waterfalls, the rainbow, the dawn, the noonday, and the evening sunset;—but above them all, I love children. Trees, plants, flowers are always educators in the right direction; they always make us happier and better, and, if well grown, they speak of loving care and respond to it as far as is in their power; but in all this world there is nothing so appreciative as children,—these sensitive, quivering creatures of sunshine, smiles, showers, and tears."

—*Mary H. Wade*

CALIFORNIA

(Poets, dramatists, and historians are quite as useful and helpful to society as are wonder-workers in plants. John Steven McGroarty has served the people of California well by writing the *Mission Play*—a highly interesting portrayal of the days when California was owned by Spain. Mr. McGroarty has also written a pleasing book entitled *California: Its History and Romance*. The introduction to this book is a poem that is a worthy tribute to California. The author's love for our beautiful State is felt in every line.)

'TWIXT the seas and the deserts,
'Twixt the wastes and the waves,
Between the sands of buried lands
And ocean's coral caves,
It lies not East nor West,
But like a scroll unfurled,
Where the hand of God hath hung it,
Down the middle of the world.

It lies where God hath spread it,
In the gladness of His eyes,
Like a flame of jeweled tapestry
Beneath His shining skies;
With the green of woven meadows,
And the hills in golden chains,
The light of leaping rivers,
And the flash of poppied plains.

Days rise that gleam in glory,
Days die with sunset's breeze,
While from Cathay that was of old
Sail countless argosies;
Morns break again in splendor
O'er the giant, new-born West,
But of all the lands God fashioned,
'Tis this land is the best.

Sun and dews that kiss it,
Balmy winds that blow,
The stars in clustered diadems
Upon its peaks of snow;
The mighty mountains o'er it,
Below, the white seas swirled—
Just California stretching down
The middle of the world.

—*John Steven McGroarty*

PRONUNCIATION OF NAMES

Aberdeen, ăb-er-dēen′
Absyrtus, ăb-sir′-tŭs
Achilles, à-kĭl′-lēz
Adriatic, ād-re-ăt′-ic
Alden, awl′-den
Algidus, ăl-jī′-dŭs
Alvernus, ăl-ver′-nus
Amphitrite, am-fī-trī′-te
Anauros, a-naw′-rōs
Anceos, an-sē′-os
Andvari, än′-dwä-rē
Anthemusa, an-the-mū′-sà
Aphetai, ăf′-e-tē
Apollo, à-pŏl′-lō
Arretium, ă-rē′-shĭ-um
Asclepius, as-clē′-pĭ-us
Astoroth, ăs′-tà-rŏth
Athamas, ăth′-à-mas
Athene, à-thē′-nē
Aunus, aw′-nus
Azores, à-zōrz′

Baal, bā′-àl
Bathsheba, băth-shē′-bà
Beauvais, bō-vā′
Beethoven, bā′-tō-ven
Beotia, bē-ō′-shĭ-à
Blenheim, blĕn′-im
Bou Akas, bōō-ăk′-às
Bowdoin, bō′-dn
Brabant, brä′-bănt
Brimo, brē′-mō
Brynhild, brün′-hĭlt
Bucephalia, bū-sē-fā′-lĭ-a
Bucephalus, bū-sĕf′-à-lus

Calliope, kăl-lī′-ō-pē
Calydon, kăl′-ĭ-don
Cameliard, kà-mē′-lyard
Campania, kăm-pā′-nĭ-à
Caucasus, kaw′-kà-sus
Ceneus, sē′-nūs
Centaur, sĕn′-taur
Chalciope, kăl-sī′-ō-pē
Cham, kăm
Charybdis, kà-rĭb′-dĭs
Chersonese, ker′-sō-nēs
Chiron, kī′-rŏn
Cicon, sī′-kŏn
Circe, sir′-sē
Clusium, klū′-sĭ-um
Colchis, kŏl′-kĭs
Coleridge, kōl-rĭj
Comitium, kō-mĭsh′-ĭ-um
Cordovan, kôr′-dō-văn
Crete, krēt
Crustumerium, krŭs′-tu-mē′-rĭ-um
Cyzicus, sĭz′-ĭ-kus

Dardanelles, dăr′-dà-nĕlz′
Delphi, dĕl′-fī
Dodona, dō-dō′-nà

Eetes, ē-ē′-tēz
Enceladus, ĕn-sē-lā′-dus
Eneas, ē-nē′-às
Eshcol, esh′-kŏl
Eson, ē′sŭn
Ethiopia, ē-thē-ō′-pĭ-à
Etruria, ē-trū′-rĭ-a
Euphrates, ū-frā′-tēz
Eurydice, ū-rĭd′-ĭ-sē
Euxine, ūks′-in

Fafnir, fäv′-nēr
Falerii, fä-lē′-rĭ-ī
Guenever, gwĕn′-e-vēr

Hainault, hā-nō′
Hamelin, hä′-mä-lĭn
Havilah, hăv′-ĭ-là
Hellas, hĕl′-lăs
Helle, hĕl′-lē
Hellespont, hĕl′-lē-spŏnt′
Helvetia, hĕl′-vē′-shĭ-a
Hemonia, hē-mō′-nĭ-a

Hera, hē′-rȧ
Herminius, her-mĭn′-ĭ-us
Hobomok, hō′-bŏm-ŏk
Horatius, hō-rā′-shŭs

Igraine, ē-grān′
Iliad, ĭl′-ĭ-ȧd
Iolcos, ī-ŏl′-kŭs
Ithaca, ĭth′-ȧ-kȧ

Janiculum, jăn-ĭk′-ū-lŭm
Jason, jā-sŭn

Laconian, lȧ-kō′-nĭ-ăn
Lancashire, lăŋk′-ȧ-sheer
Lausulus, law′-sŭ-lŭs
Leodogrance, lē-ō′-de-grăns
Libyan, lĭb′-ĭ-ăn
Lilybeum, lĭl-y-bē′-ŭm
Lochgyle, lŏk-ǧyle′
Loki, lō′-kē
Lorraine, lō-rān′
Lynceus, lĭn′-sŭs

Macedonian, măs′-ē-dō′-nĭ-an
Malea, mā′-lē-ȧ
Marmora, mär′-mō-rȧ
Massilia, măs-sĭl′-ĭ-a
Medea, mē-dē′-ȧ
Meleager, mel′-e-ā′-jer
Midianites, mĭd′-ĭ-ȧn-ītēs
Minuai, mĭn′-ū-ē

Nequinum, nē-quĭn′-ŭm
Nizam, nē-zäm′
Nurscia, nûr′-shĭ-ȧ

Odyssey, ŏd′-ĭ-sĭ
Oileus, ō-ī′-lŭs
Olympus, ō-lĭm′-pus
Orpheus, ôr′-fŭs

Pagasai, păg′-ȧ-sē
Palatinus, păl-ȧ-tī′-nus
Pecksuot, pĕk′-swot
Peleus, pē′-lŭs
Pelias, pē′-lĭ-ȧs
Pelion, pē′-lĭ-ŏn
Peloponnese, pĕl-o-pŏn-nēse′
Penelope, pĕn-ĕl′-o-pē
Perseus, per′-sūs
Philistines, fĭ-lĭs′-tĭns
Philonicus, fĭl-ō-nī′-kŭs
Phrixus, frĭck′-sŭs
Picus, pē′-kŭs
Porsena, pór′-sĕ-nȧ
Prometheus, prō-mē′-thūs

Regin, rā′-yĭn
Rene, rē-nā′

Sardinia, sär-dĭn′-ĭ-ȧ
Scylla, sĭl′-lȧ
Seius, sē′-yūs
Siegfried, sēg′-frēd
Sleipner, slīp′-nēr
Southey, south′-ĭ
Spurius Lartius, spū′-rĭ-us lär′-shŭs
Sutrium, sū′trĭ-ŭm

Talus, tā′-lŭs
Tarpeian, tär-pē′-yăn
Telemachus, tĕ-lĕm′-ȧ-kŭs
Telesile, tĕl′-e-sēl
Thebes, thēbz
Thessaly, thĕs′-ȧ-lĭ
Thetis, thē′-tĭs
Thrace, thrāce
Tifernum, tī-fer′-nŭm
Tiphys, tī′-fŭs
Tokamahamon, tŏk′-ȧ-mȧ-hăm′-ŏn
Uther, ū′-ther

Verbenna, ver-bĕn′-nȧ
Volscian, vŏl′-shăn

Wattawamat, wŏt-tȧ-wäm′-at
Weser, vā′-zer

Yosemite, yō-sĕm′-ĭ-tē

Zeus, zūs

LIBRARY LIST FOR THE SIXTH GRADE

(Get the books listed under **Pleasure Reading** first.)

Alcott's An Old Fashioned Girl
Alcott's Little Men
Alcott's Little Women
Baldwin's Don Quixote for Young People
Baldwin's Fifty Famous People
Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories Retold
Barnes's Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors
Baylor's Juan and Juanita
Beebe's Four American Naval Heroes
Bellamy and Goodwin's Open Sesame Vol. I
Bellamy and Goodwin's Open Sesame Vol. II
Blaisdell's Short Stories from English History
Blaisdell and Ball's Hero Stories from American History
Bouvet's Little Marjorie's Love Story
Boyesen's The Modern Vikings
Brooks' Historic Boys
Brooks' Historic Girls
Brooks' The Boy Emigrants
Brooks' The Boy Settlers
Burnett's Editha's Burglar
Burnett's Little Lord Fauntleroy
Chandler's In the Reign of Coyote
Church's The Crusaders
Clemens' Adventures of Tom Sawyer
Davis's Stories for Boys
De la Ramee's The Dog of Flanders
Dodge's Hans Brinker
Du Chaillu's Wild Life Under the Equator
Eggleston's Stories of American Life and Adventure
Eggleston's The Hoosier Schoolboy
Ewing's The Story of a Short Life
Garland's Boy Life on the Prairies

Haaren and Poland's Famous Men of Rome
Harris's Nights With Uncle Remus
Holder's Stories of Animal Life
Horne and Scobey's Stories of Great Artists
Keary's Heroes of Asgard
Kennan's Tent Life in Siberia
Kingsley's The Water Babies
Kipling's Just So Stories
Kipling's The Jungle Book
Knox's In Wild Africa
Lang's Animal Story Book
Long's Wilderness Ways
Martin's Emmy Lou
Miller's Bird Ways
Miller's Four Handed Folk
Montgomery's Anne of Green Gables
Mulock's The Little Lame Prince
Otis's Mr. Stubbs' Brother
Otis's Toby Tyler
Page's A Captured Santa Claus
Page's Two Little Confederates
Porter's Pollyanna
Price's Lads and Lassies of Other Days
Ray's Teddy: Her Book
Richards' Captain January
Richards' Melody
Seton's Krag and Johnny Bear
Tappan's American Hero Stories
Tappan's European Hero Stories
Whittier's Child Life in Poetry and Prose
Wiggin's The Birds' Christmas Carol
Wiggin's The Story of Patsy
Wyss' Swiss Family Robinson

The American's Creed

I BELIEVE in the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of Freedom, Equality, Justice, and Humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I THEREFORE believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its CONSTITUTION; to obey its laws; to respect its FLAG; and to defend it against all enemies.

AUTHORIZED VERSION.

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